



FEATURE

COMICS

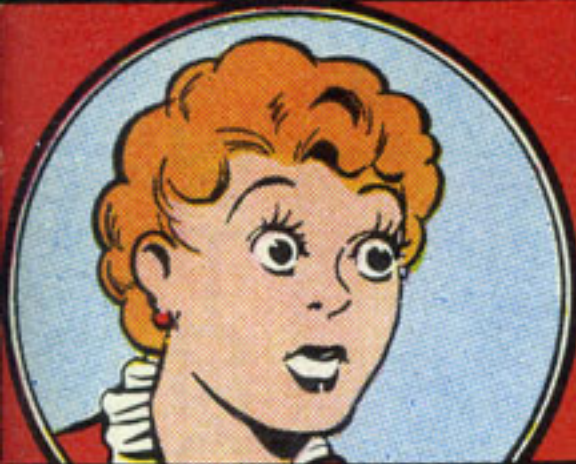
SM
8

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

AUGUST



BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



MICKEY FINN

No. 70 10¢





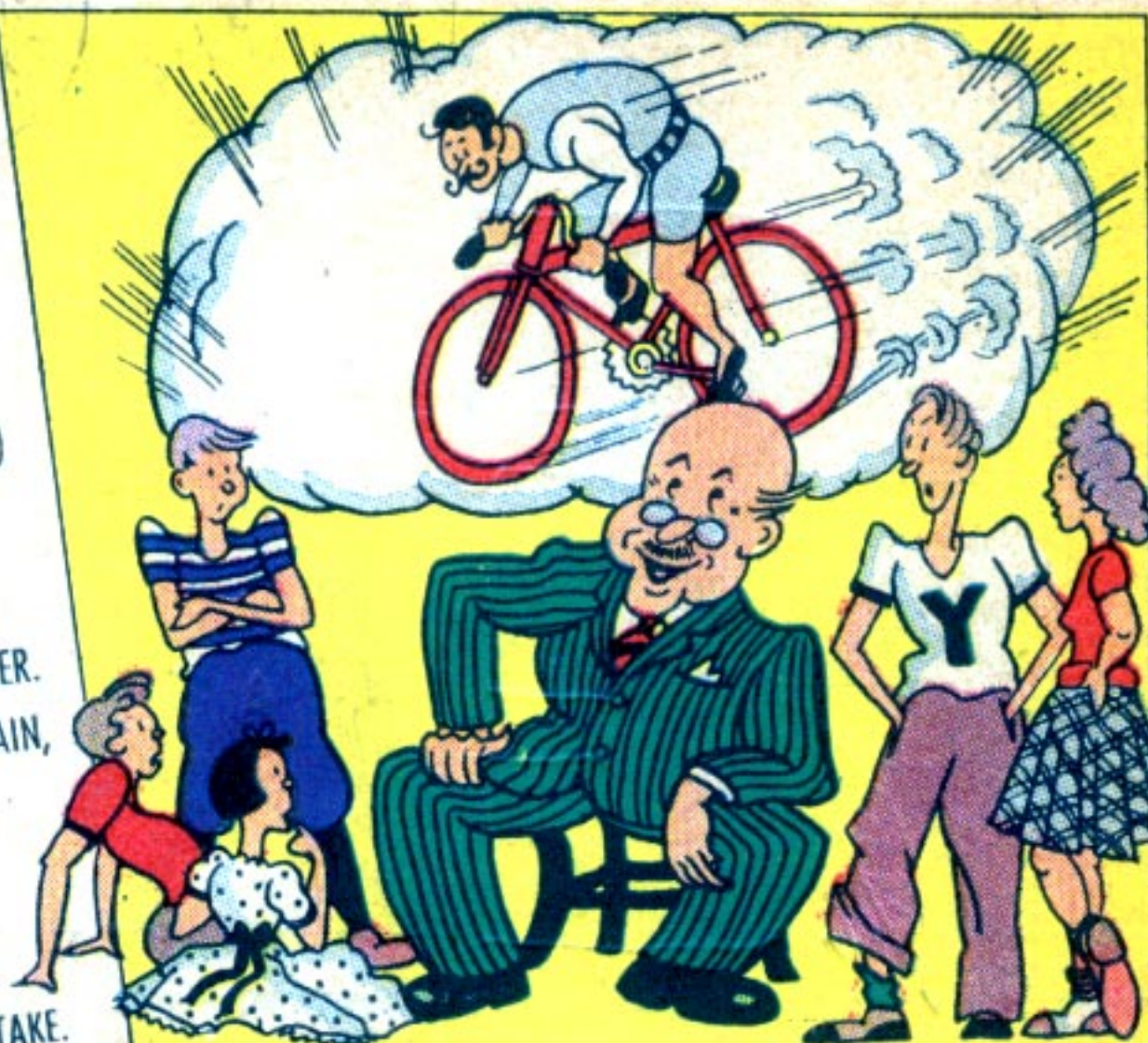
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

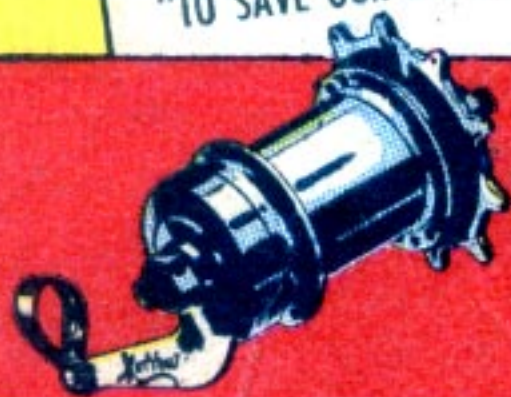
OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE.
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew"—the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORP., ELMIRA, N. Y.

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

HEY, READERS!!

THERE'S NO RATIONING OF

ACTION ADVENTURE OR HUMOR

IN THE

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S GREATEST
COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY ✂ UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

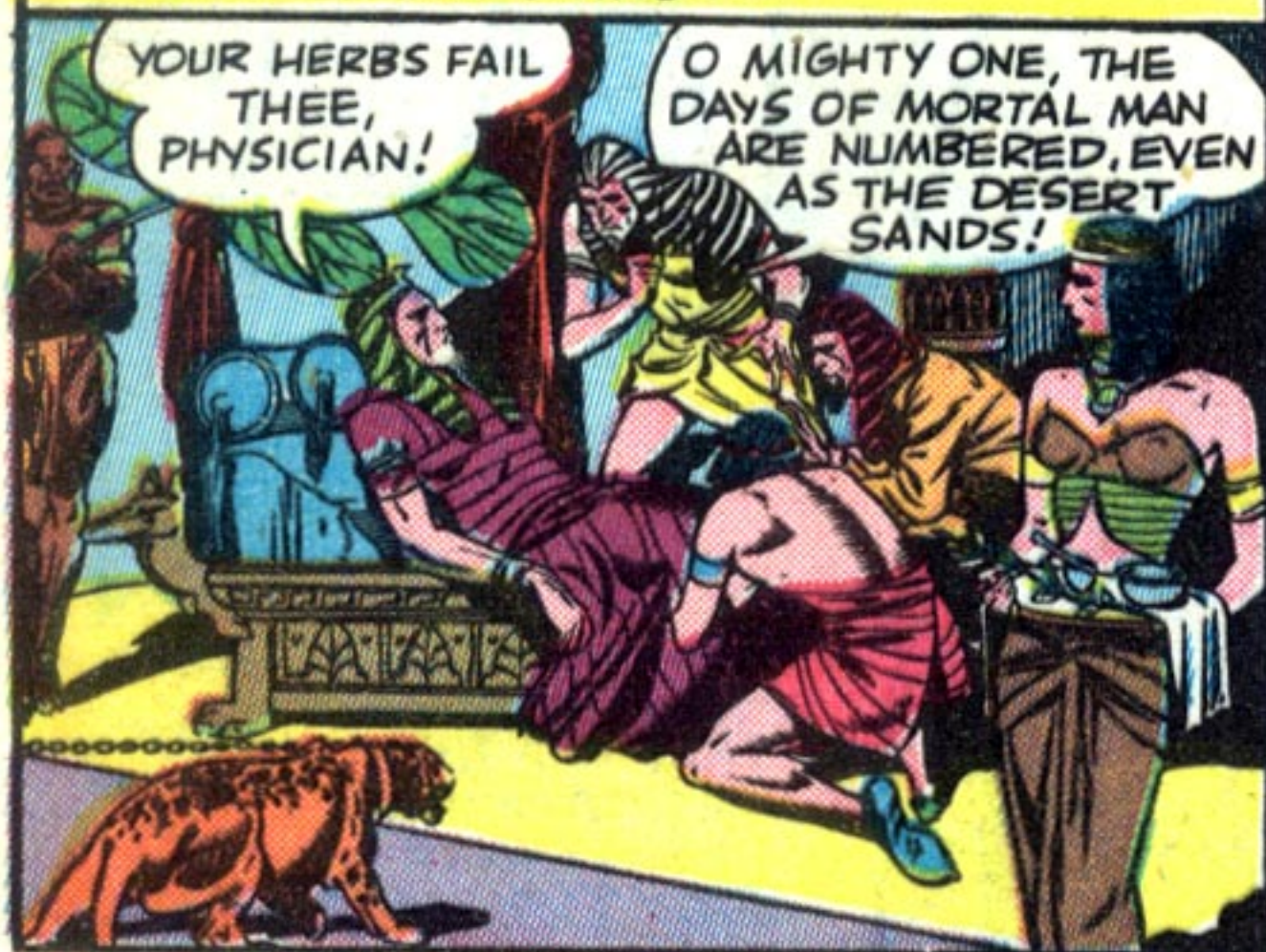
The DOLL MAN

Here IS A STORY OF VENGEANCE THAT OUTLIVED THE TOMB, A TALE OF MYSTERY AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS WHICH SAW ITS BIRTH. IT IS THE STORY OF MODERN MEN OF SCIENCE, SKEPTICAL AND WISE, WHO SCOFFED AT THE UNKNOWN -- UNTIL THEY WERE CONFRONTED WITH SECRETS BEYOND THE SCOPE OF HUMAN MINDS!

This IS A THRILLING RECORD OF THE MIGHTY MITE, **THE DOLL MAN**, WHO PLUNGED INTO BATTLE AGAINST THE AGE-OLD TERROR FROM THE TOMB IN "THE CASE OF THE PHARAOH'S CURSE"!



THIS STORY REALLY BEGINS IN THE LAND OF EGYPT MANY CENTURIES AGO -- WHEN A PHARAOH LAY DYING...



YOUR HERBS FAIL THEE, PHYSICIAN!

O MIGHTY ONE, THE DAYS OF MORTAL MAN ARE NUMBERED, EVEN AS THE DESERT SANDS!

DEATH IS EMPEROR OF A KINGDOM EVEN GREATER THAN THINE!

GO NOW! I WOULD SPEAK ALONE WITH MY HIGH PRIEST!



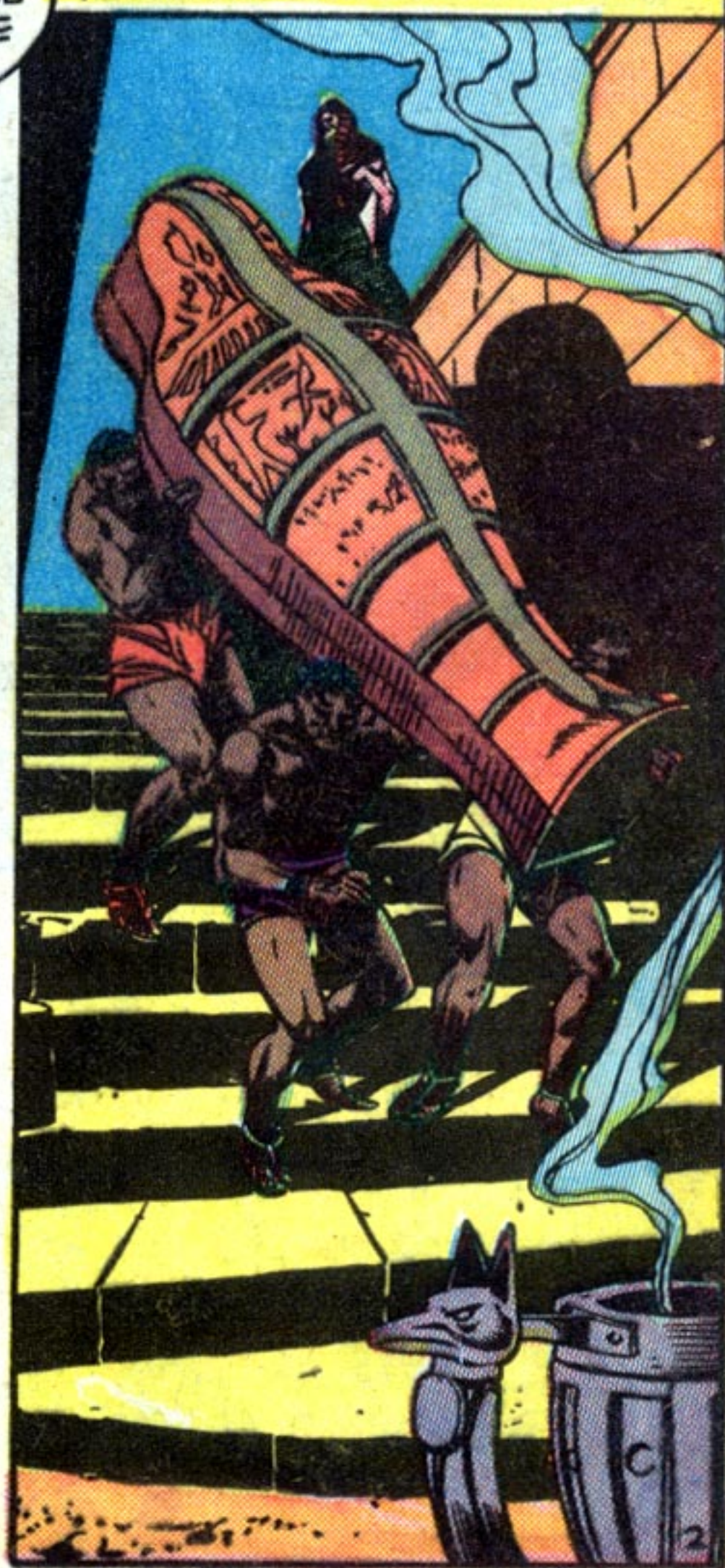
YOU ARE MY HIGH PRIEST, RATH SHEDA! YOU SHALL SEE TO IT THAT MY LAST COMMAND IS OBEYED!

MY LIFE IS YOURS, O PHARAOH!

BURY ME IN A TOMB UNKNOWN TO MEN! MY PEOPLE MUST WORSHIP THE LIVING--NOT THE DEAD! LET WHOEVER DISTURBS MY SLEEP, MEET DEATH!



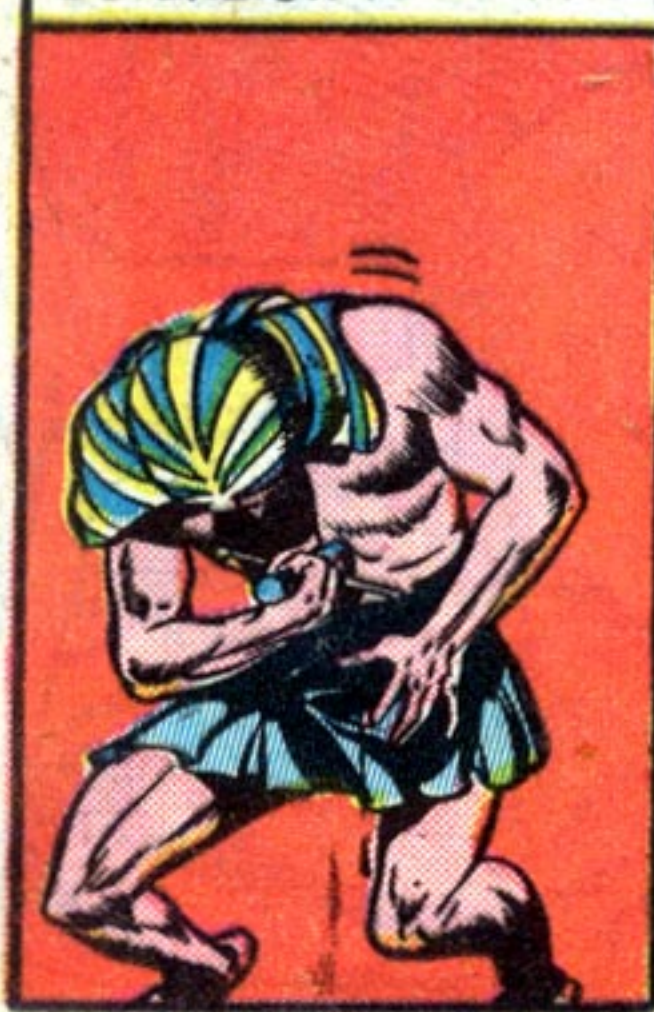
BY HIS WISH, THE PHARAOH WAS ENTOMBED IN A LONELY DESERT REGION UNVISITED BY MAN...



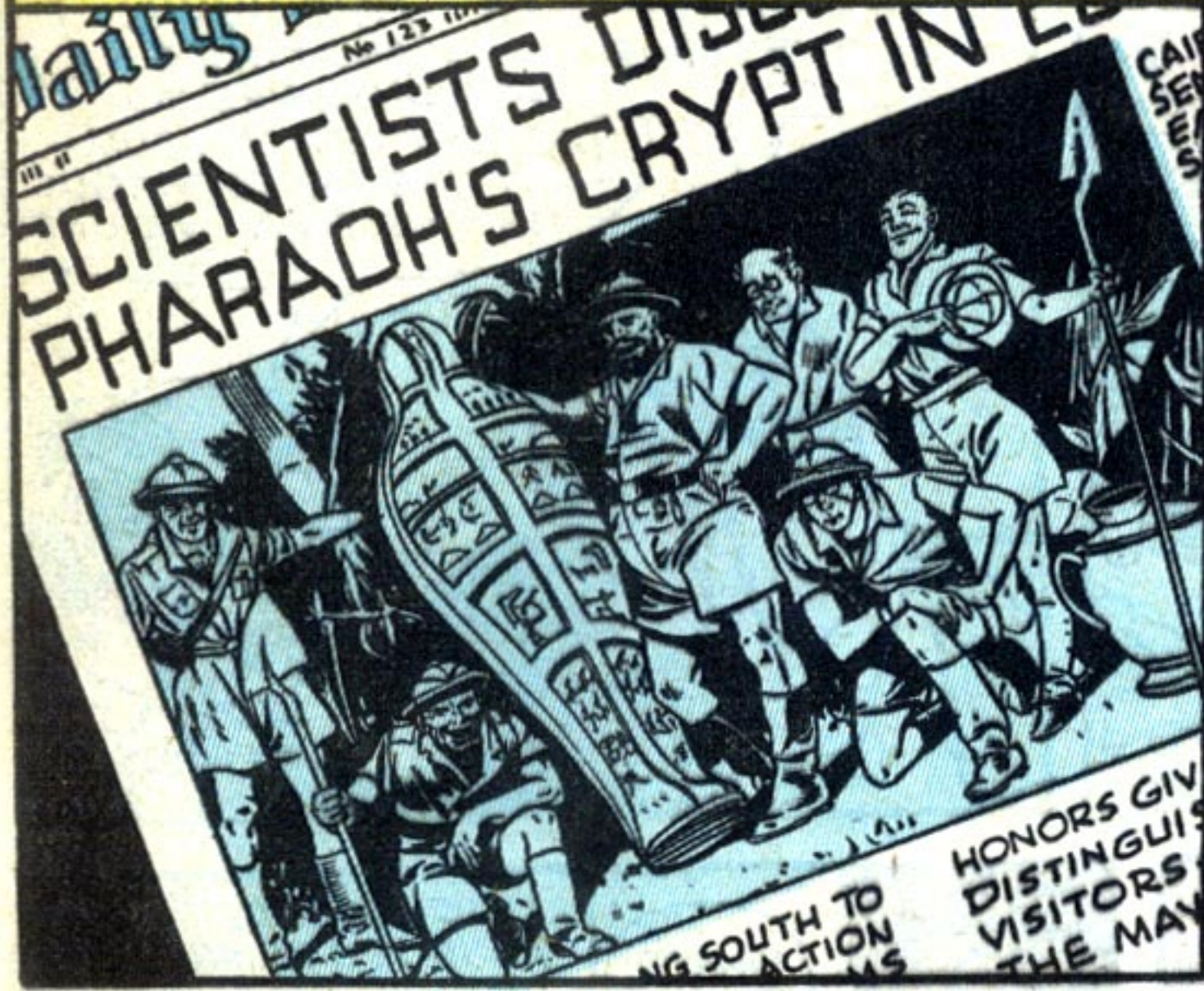
THE SLAVES WHO BURIED HIM WERE THEMSELVES SLAIN SO THAT NO ONE MIGHT KNOW THE PHARAOH'S BURIAL PLACE-- SAVE THE FAITHFUL RATH SHEDA...



AND RATH SHEDA THEN FOLLOWED HIS SOVEREIGN TO DEATH!



FOR MANY CENTURIES THE PHARAOH HAS SLEPT
IN PEACE -- UNTIL ONE DAY...

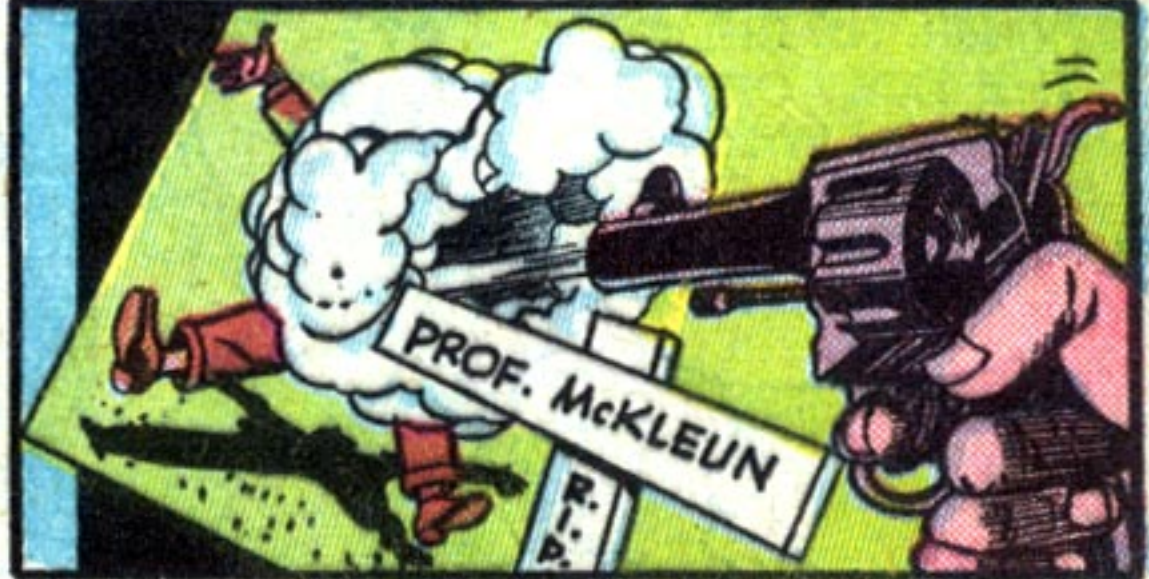
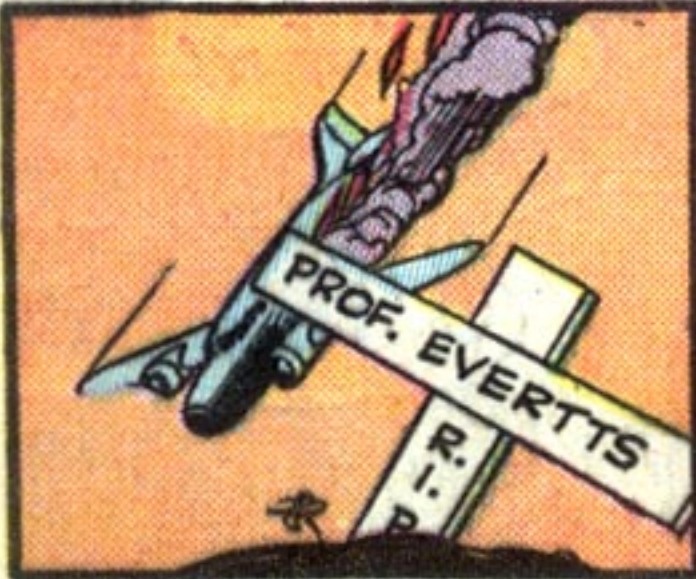


ISN'T THERE
SOME KIND OF
LEGEND THAT A
PHARAOH'S CURSE
WILL FALL ON
THOSE WHO
OPENED
HIS TOMB?

PERHAPS - BUT
WE SCIENTISTS
HAVE NO FAITH
IN SUCH
SUPERSTITIONS!



YEARS PASS ... AND ONE BY ONE THE
MEN WHO DISCOVERED THE PHARAOH'S
TOMB MEET VIOLENT DEATHS!



AFTER TEN YEARS ONLY THREE REMAIN...

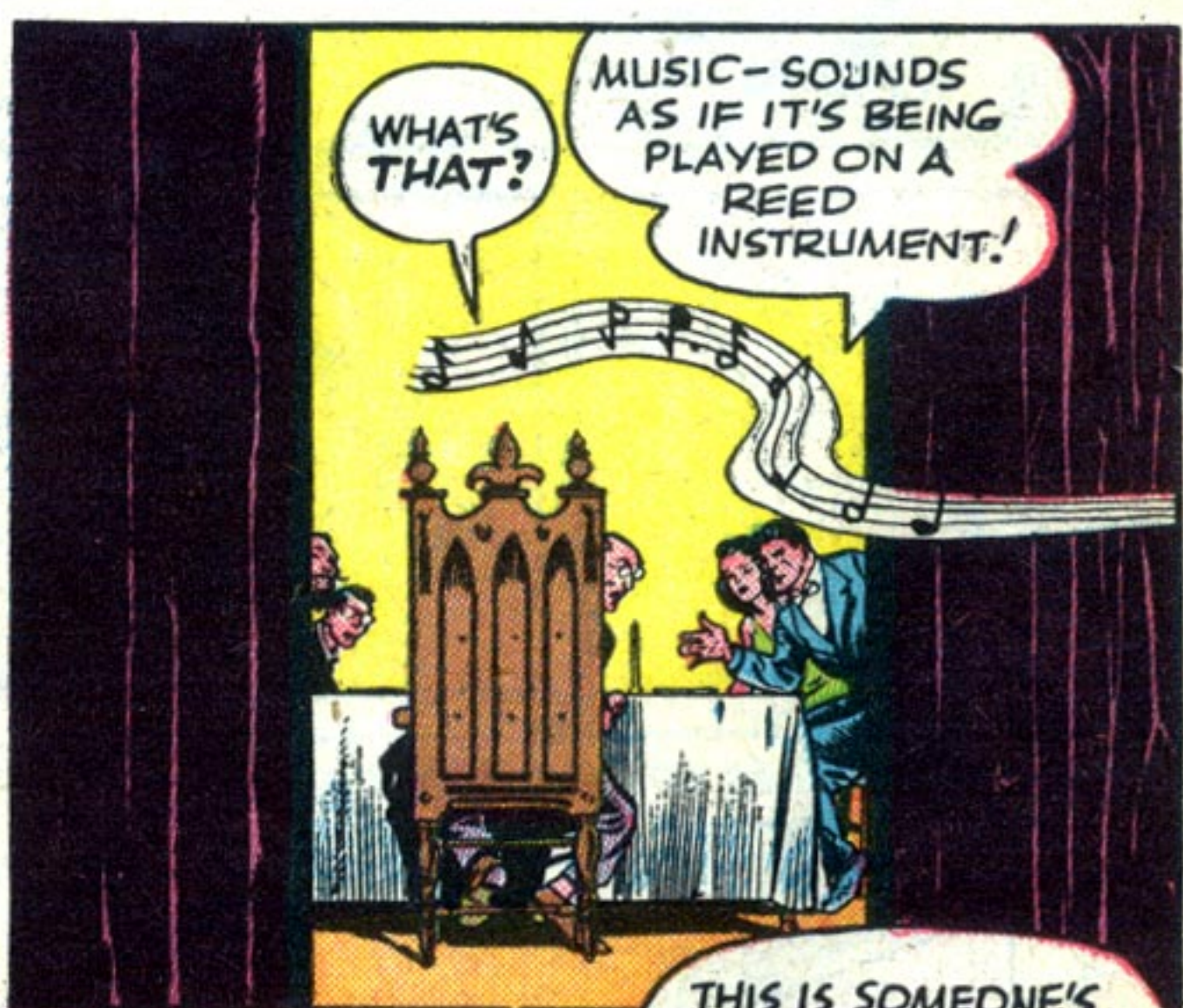
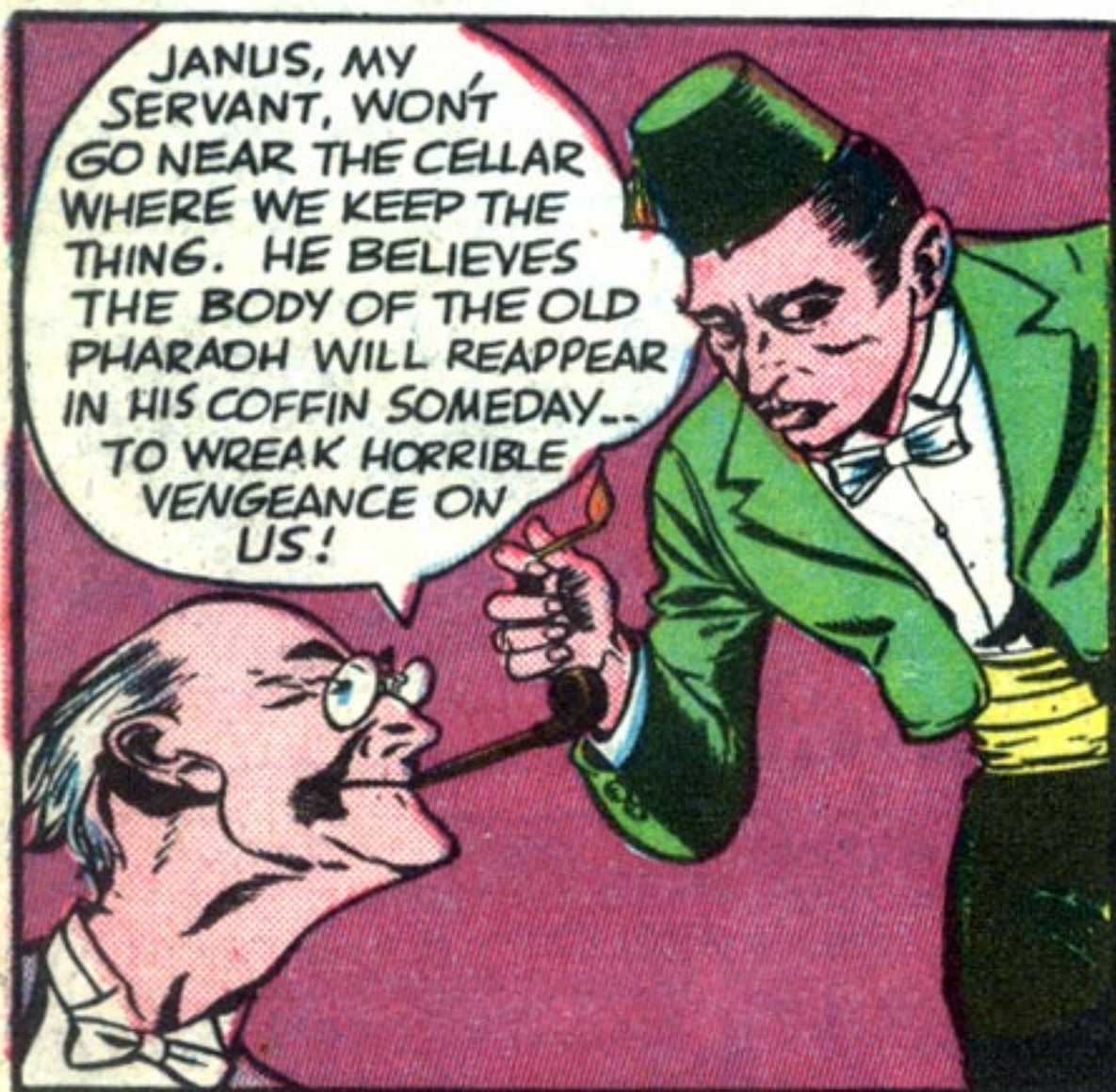
COME IN, MR. DANE
AND MISS ROBERTS -
PROFESSOR VALTIN
IS EXPECTING
YOU!



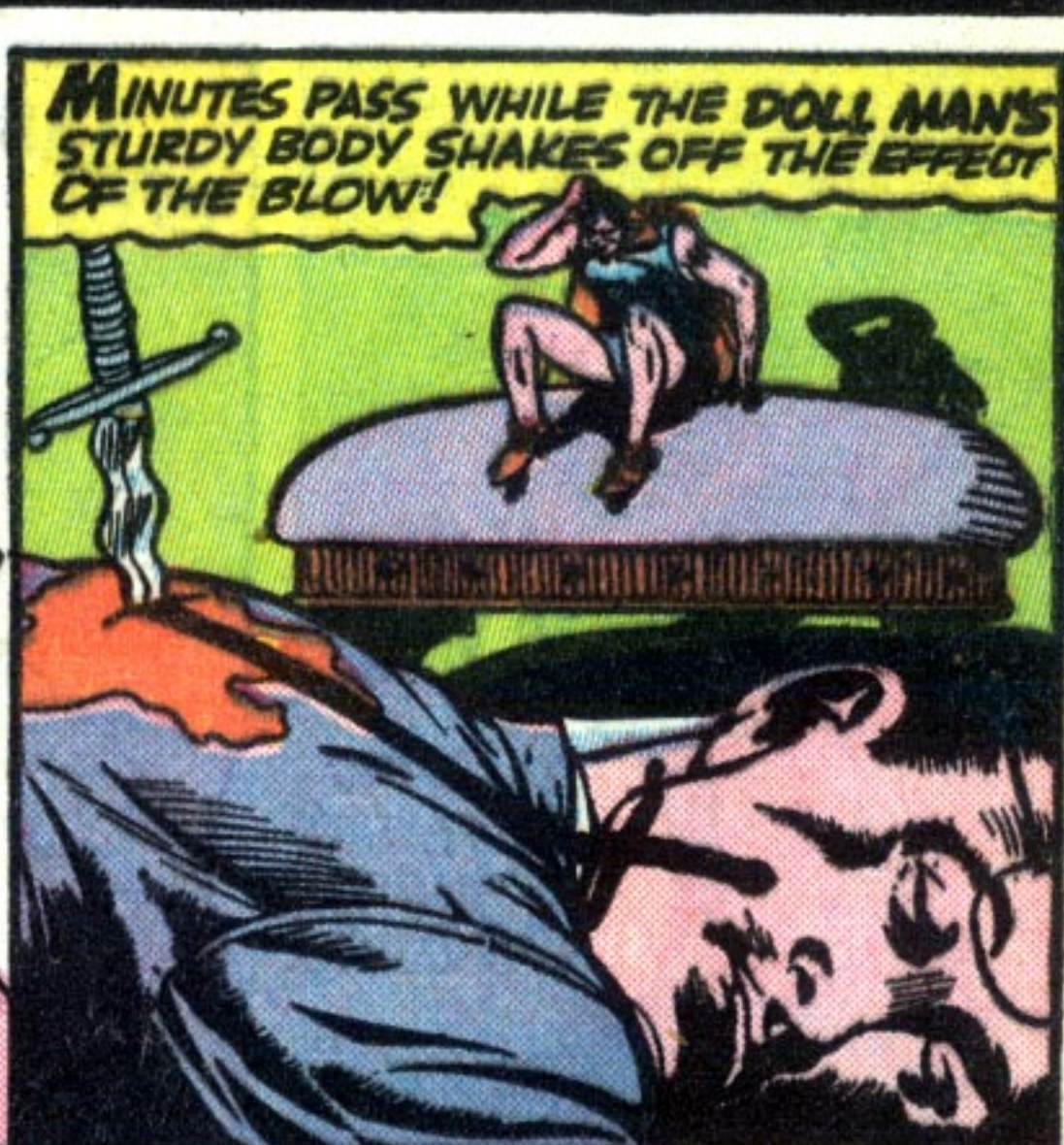
IT'S BEEN A LONG
TIME SINCE YOU
WERE A STUDENT
IN MY
CLASSES!

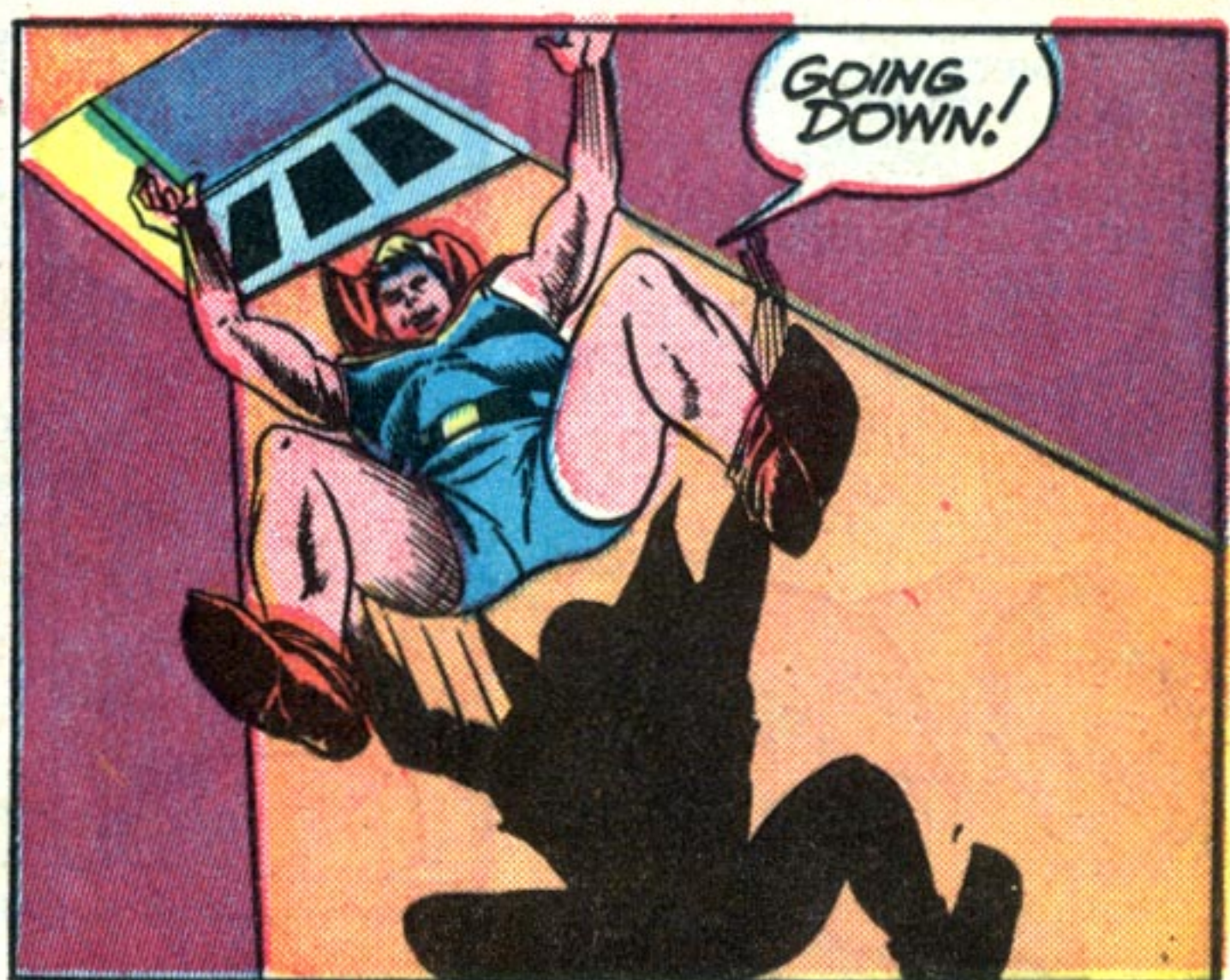
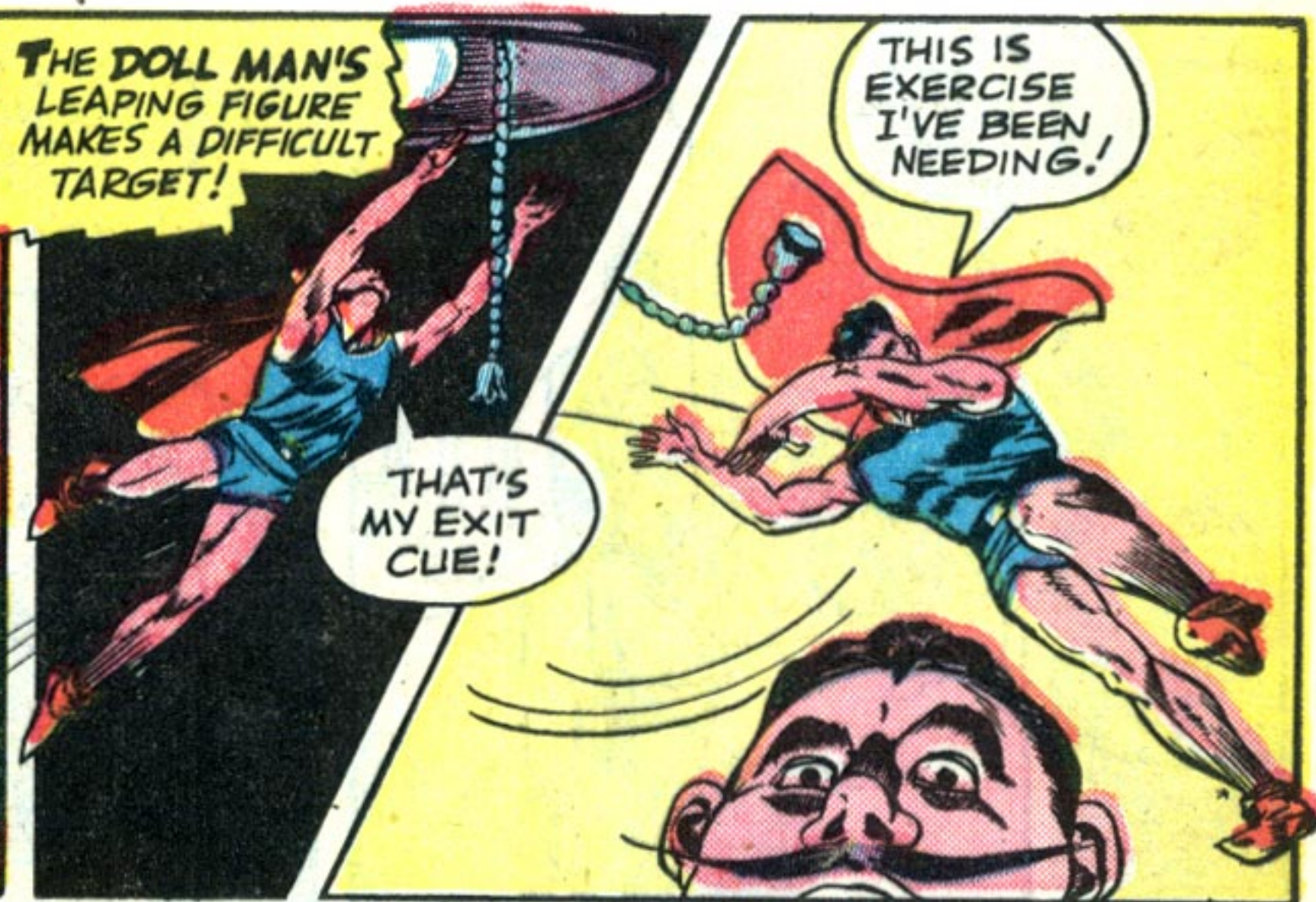
I COULDN'T RESIST
AN OPPORTUNITY TO
CELEBRATE THE TENTH
ANNIVERSARY OF YOUR
DISCOVERY, PROFESSOR!

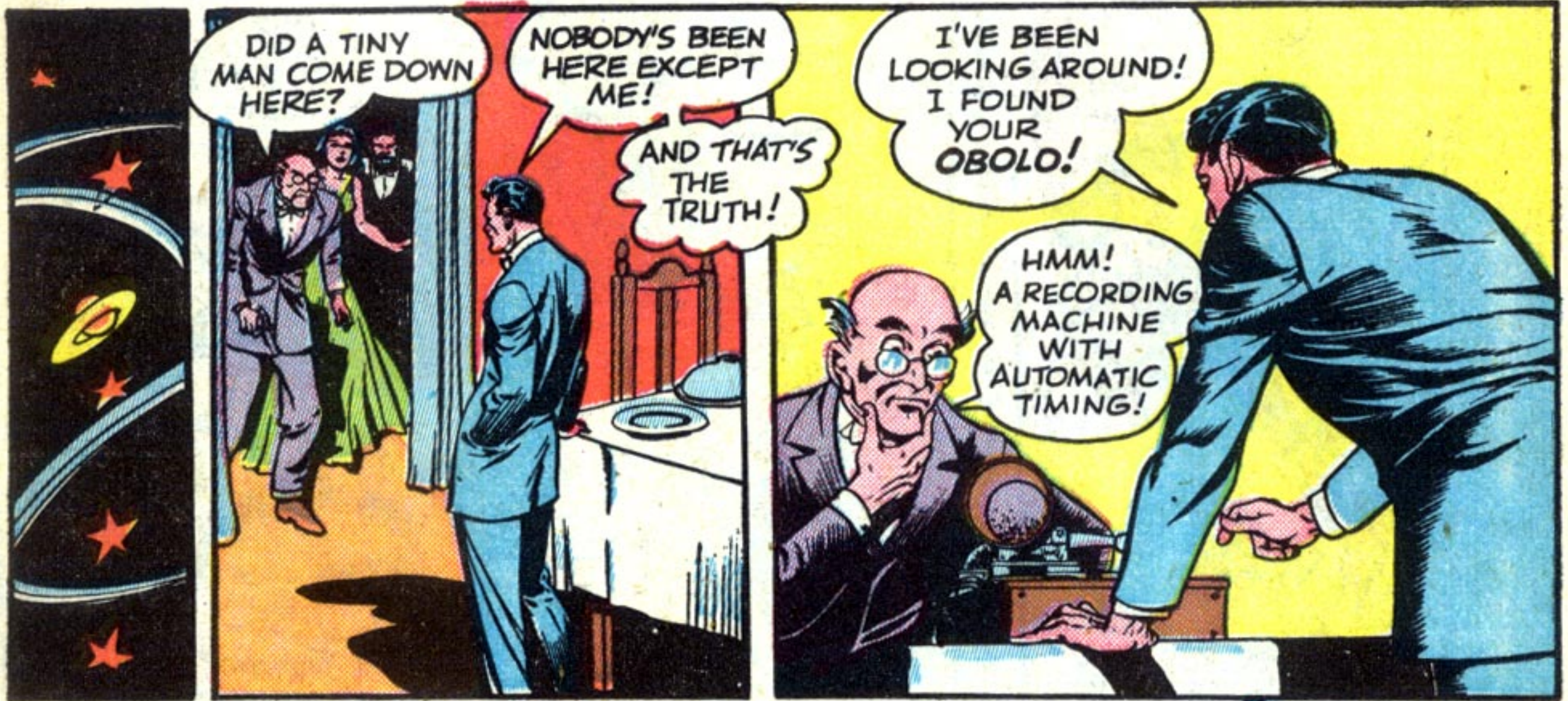


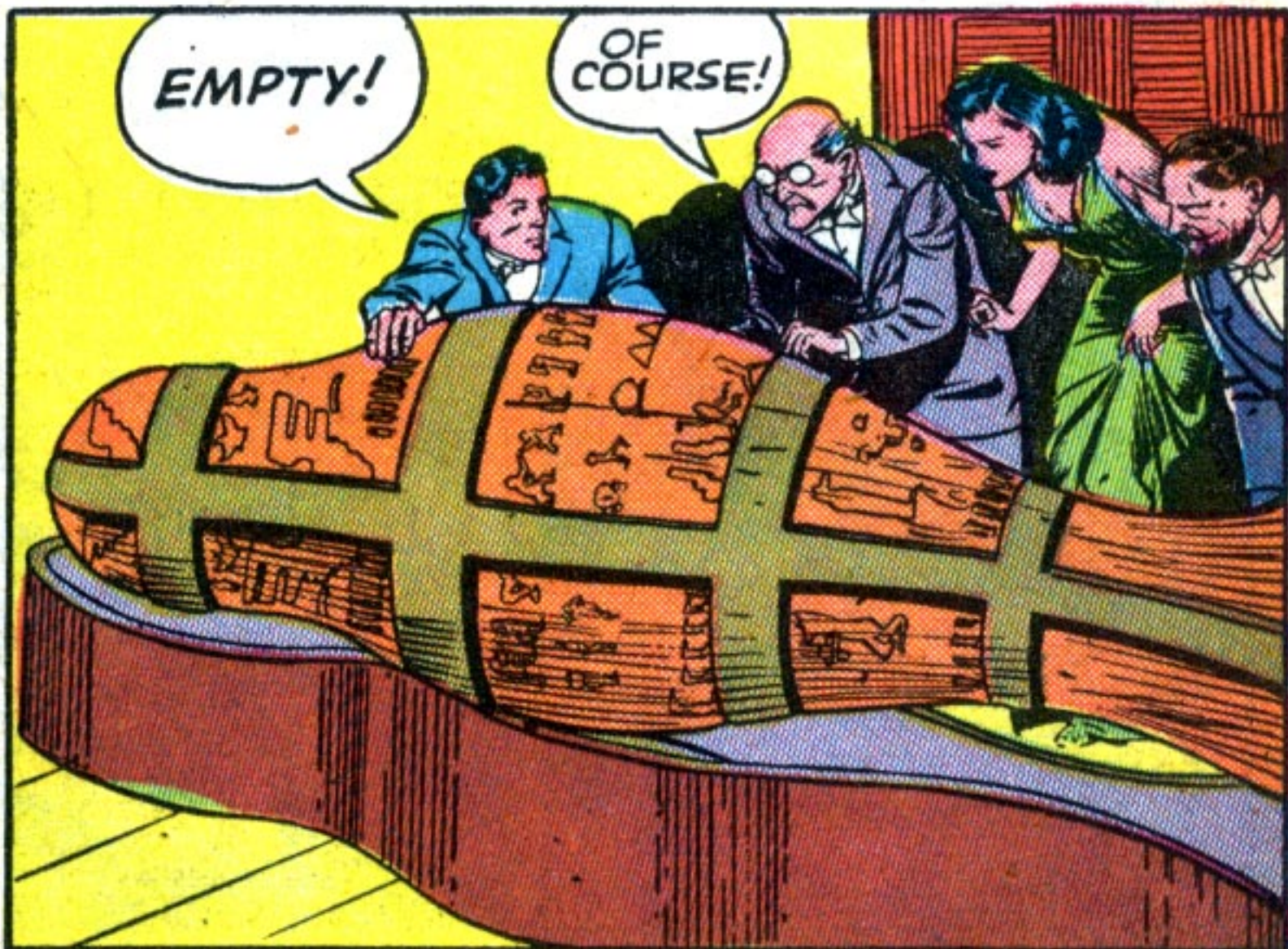


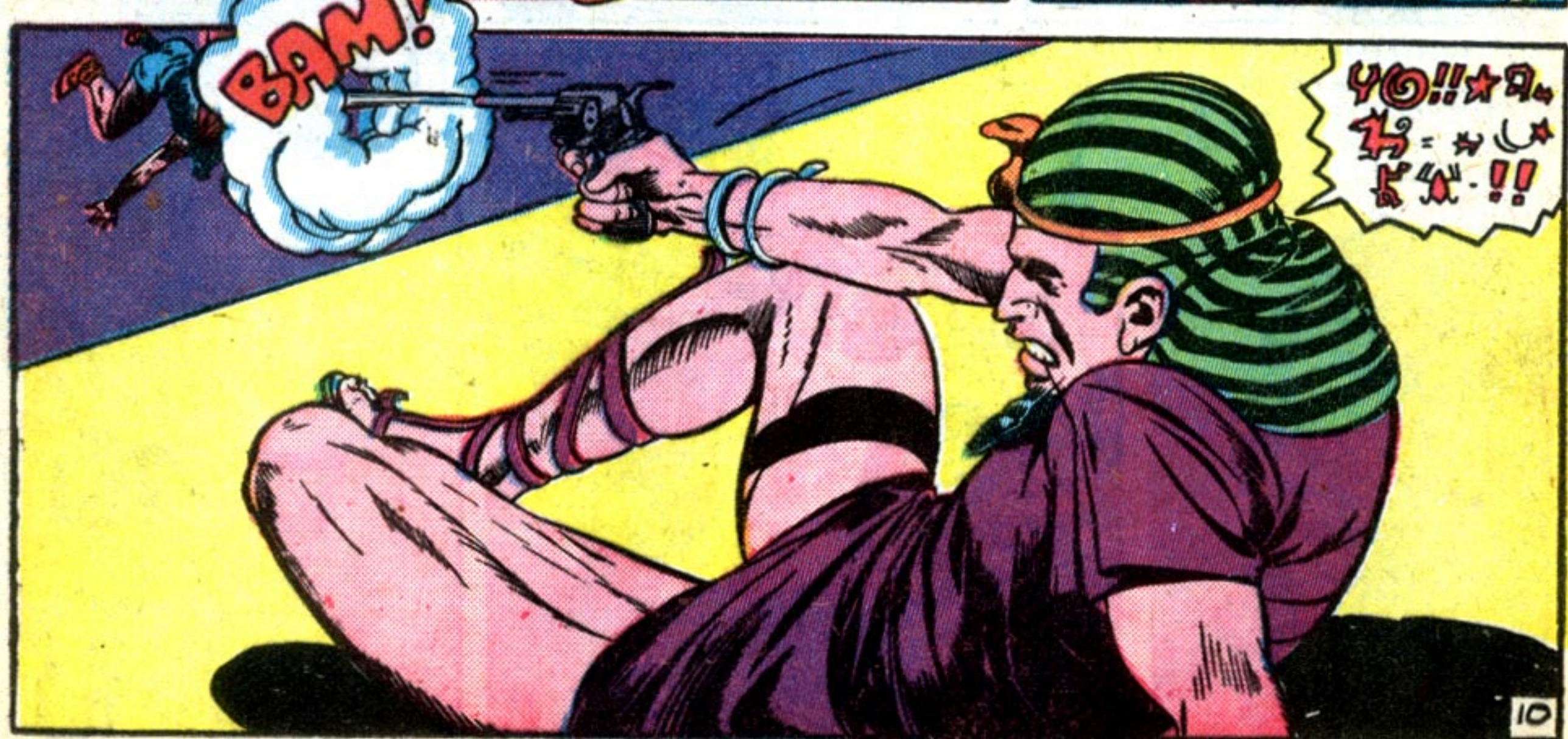


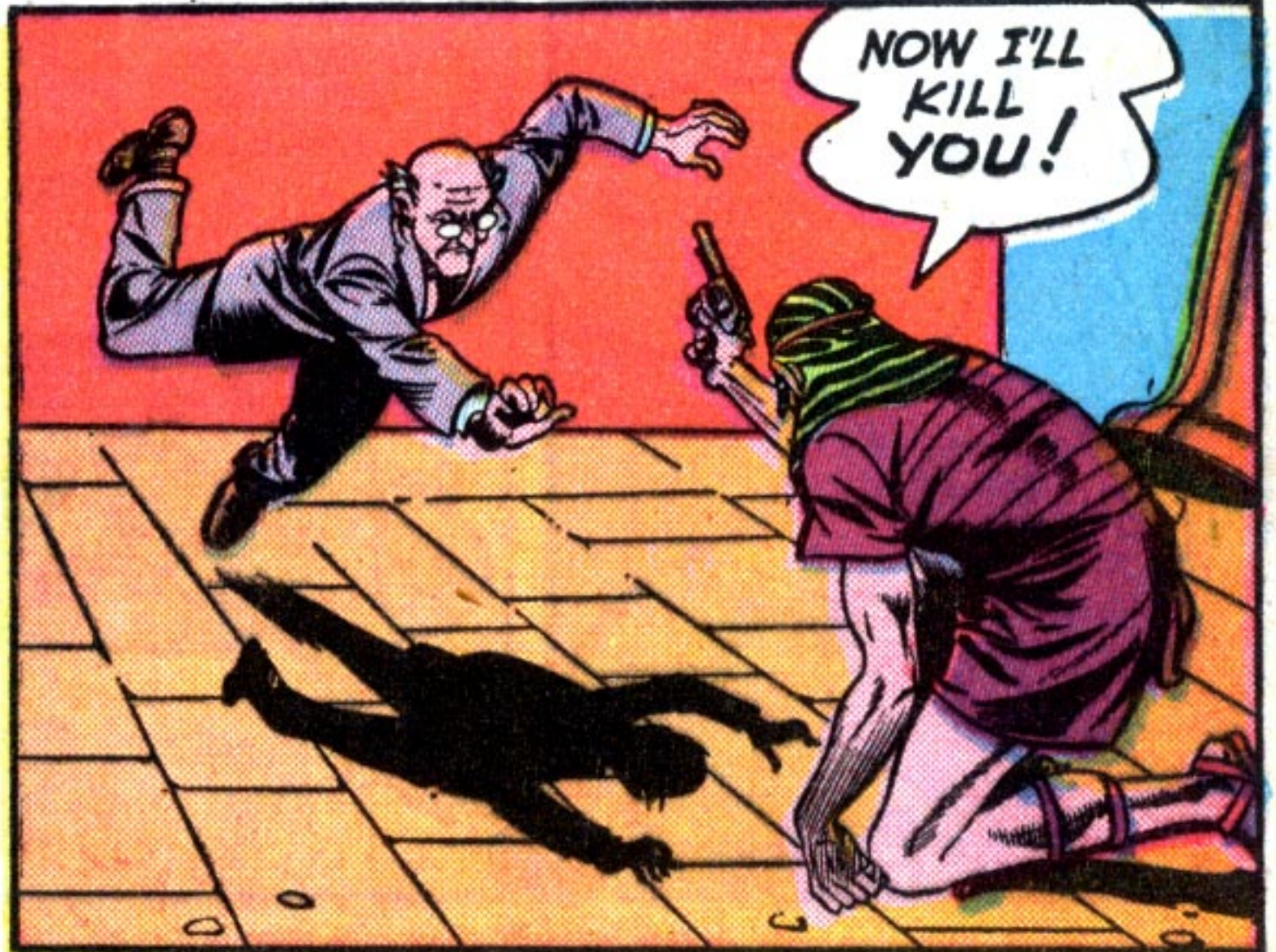
















YOU'RE PITCHING, JANUS!



BUT I'M AT BAT!

SOCKO!



THAT'LL HOLD YOU UNTIL THE POLICE GET HERE! HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!



SO ENDS THE CURSE OF THE PHARAOH! LATER... AT DR. ROBERTS' HOME...

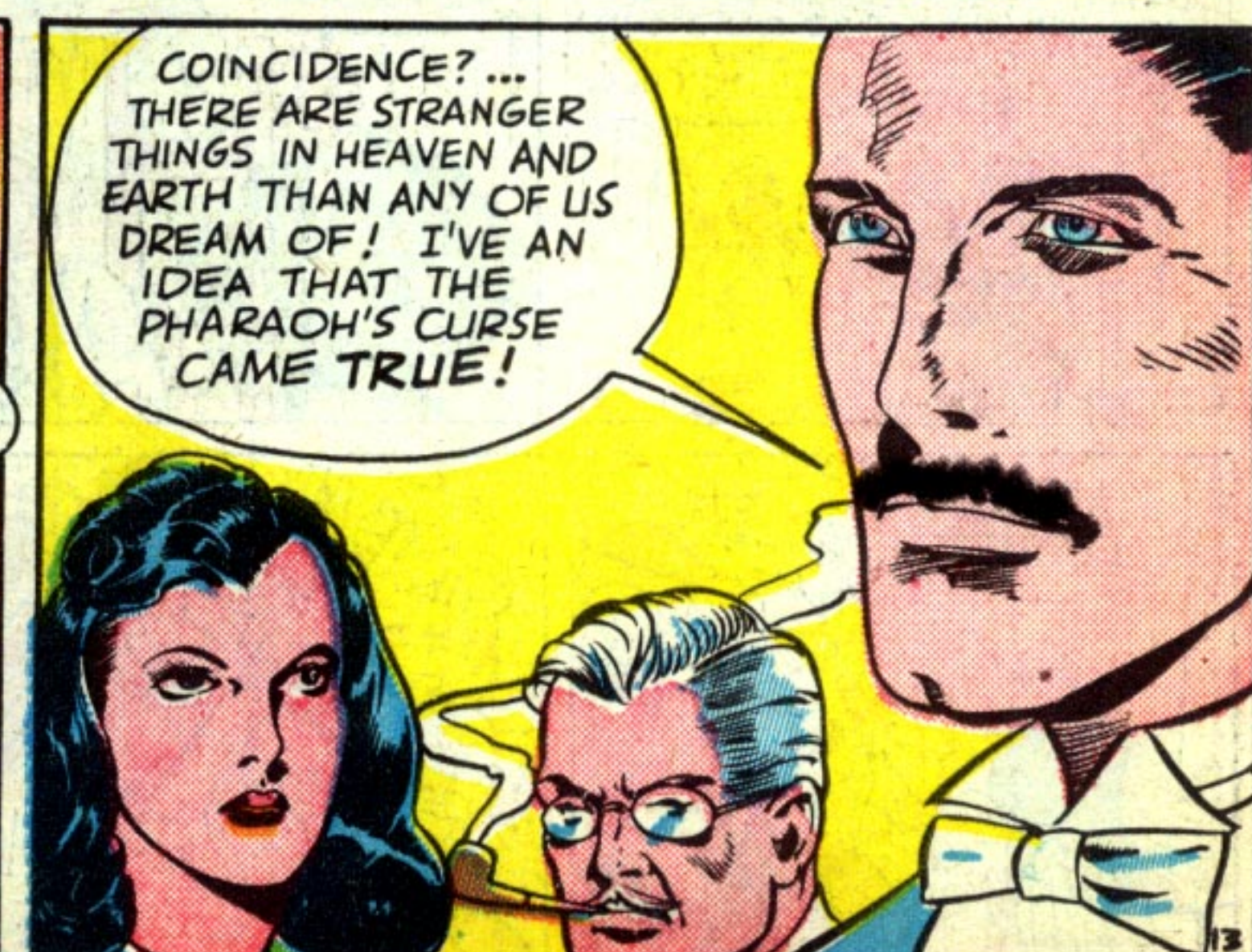
FOR A WHILE, I WAS AFRAID THE PHARAOH'S CURSE WAS REALLY AT WORK!

I'M NOT SURE THAT IT WASN'T!



ALL THE MEN WHO DISCOVERED THE PHARAOH'S TOMB MET WITH VIOLENT DEATH! THERE MAY BE SOME EXPLANATION! BUT THEN AGAIN ---

IT WAS A STRIKING COINCIDENCE!



COINCIDENCE? ... THERE ARE STRANGER THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ANY OF US DREAM OF! I'VE AN IDEA THAT THE PHARAOH'S CURSE CAME TRUE!

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

YOUR MOTHER SAID
YOU WERE TO TAKE
A BAG OF LAUNDRY
OVER TO MRS. SUDDS,
NIPPIE!

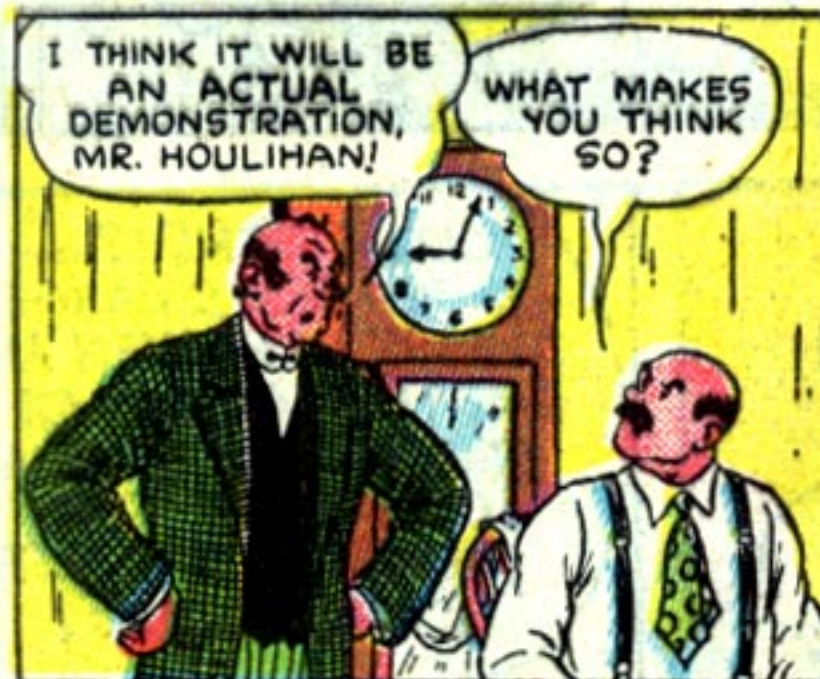
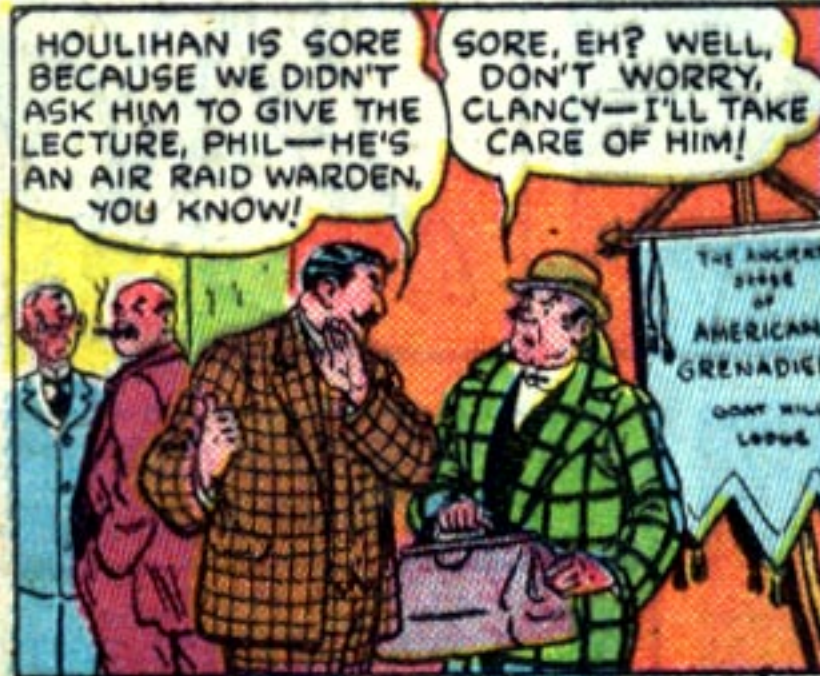
GEE—I
ALMOST
FORGOT!

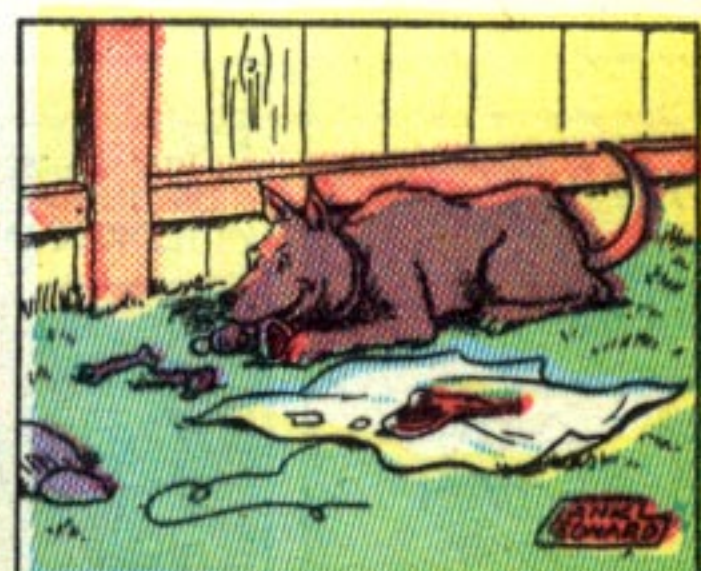
WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE IT IN THE
BAG, NIPPIE—YOU
CAN'T GET IT ALL
INTO THAT
SUITCASE!

OH, YES I CAN!
AND THIS WAY
NOBODY WILL
KNOW THAT
IT'S LAUNDRY!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





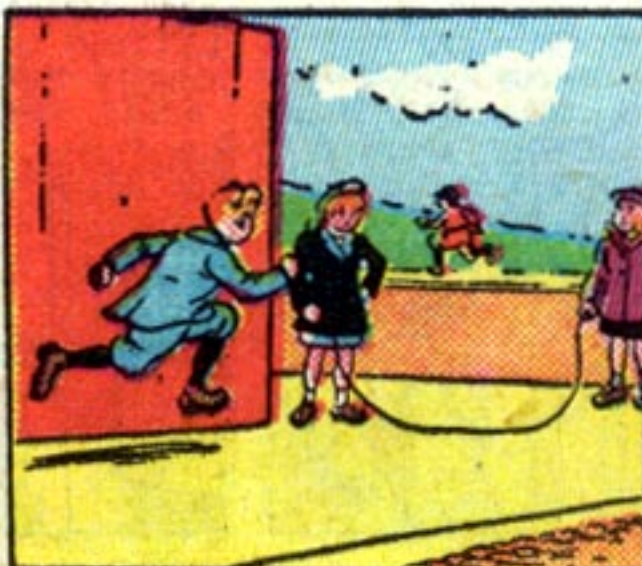
MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



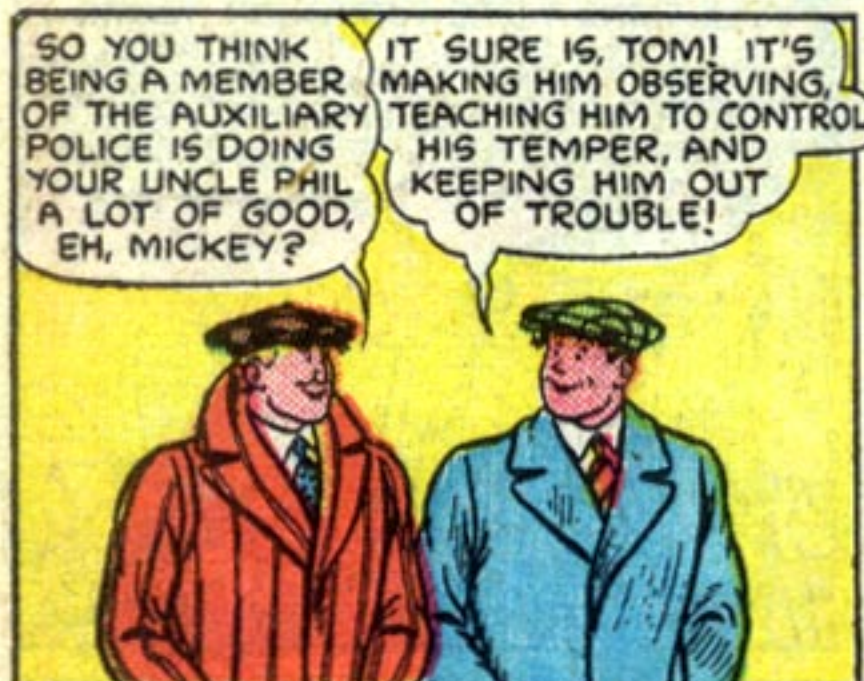
NIPPIE

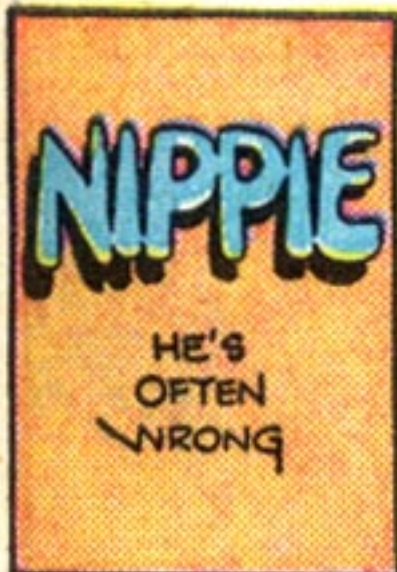
HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



LOOK, NIPPIE!
A POCKET-
BOOK!!

YEAH—AND PROBABLY
TEN KIDS HIDING
BEHIND THE FENCE
WAITING TO YELL
"APRIL FOOL!"



WELL—WE'LL
FOOL THEM!



THANKS,
BOYS!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



WHERE'S UNCLE
PHIL, MA? DOWN
AT THE LODGE?

YES, MICHAEL—THERE'S
A JOINT MEETING OF THE
AUXILIARY POLICE AND
AIR RAID WARDENS!
SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL!



DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS,
GENTLEMEN, THIS LODGE HAS OFTEN
BEEN A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST
ITSELF—BY CLIQUES AND FACTIONS!
BUT TONIGHT WE ARE UNITED
AS NEVER BEFORE!

RIGHT!

ALL FOR
ONE AND
ONE FOR
ALL!



HALF OF US ARE AIR RAID
WARDENS AND HALF ARE
AUXILIARY POLICEMEN—AND
I'M PROUD TO SAY THAT I'VE
NEVER SEEN TWO FINER
BODIES OF MEN!

HURRAH!

IN
UNITY
THERE
IS
STENGTH!



THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY,
GENTLEMEN, EXCEPT THAT THERE'S
ONE SMALL QUESTION WE OUGHT
TO SETTLE BEFORE WE
ADJOURN—AND THAT IS
PRIORITY IN PARADES!

WHAT'S
THAT?

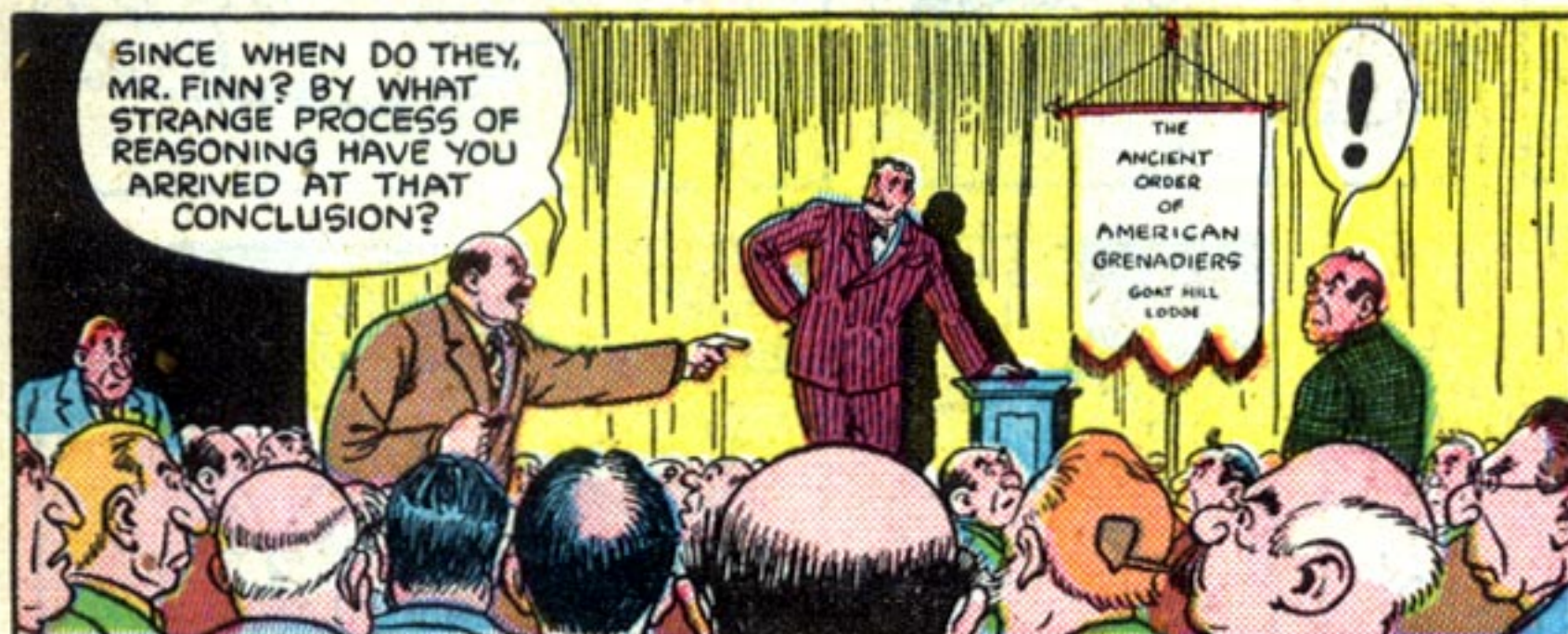


WE'VE GOT TO DECIDE
WHICH GROUP WILL LEAD
THE OTHER IN ANY PARADE
WE MAY ENTER!



THAT IS VERY SIMPLE TO
SETTLE! THE AUXILIARY
POLICE ALWAYS MARCH
FIRST—NATURALLY!!

THE
ANCIENT
ORDER
OF
AMERICAN
GRENADIER



SINCE WHEN DO THEY,
MR. FINN? BY WHAT
STRANGE PROCESS OF
REASONING HAVE YOU
ARRIVED AT THAT
CONCLUSION?

THE
ANCIENT
ORDER
OF
AMERICAN
GRENADIER
GOAT HILL
LODGE

!



BEFORE ENLIGHTENING THIS
HOT AIR WARDEN, I WOULD SUGGEST
THAT ALL MEMBERS OF THE
AUXILIARY POLICE MOVE OVER
TO THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM!

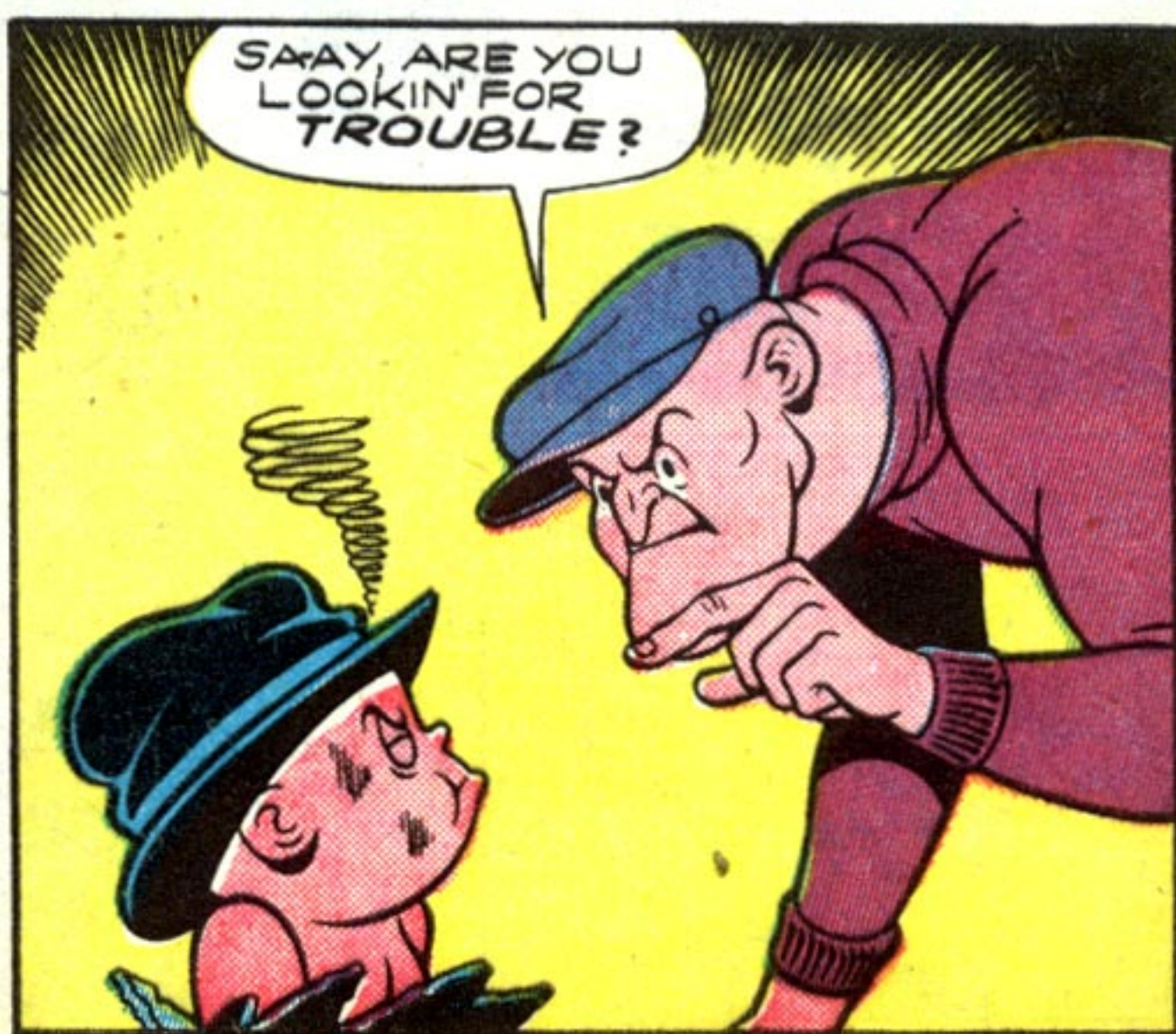
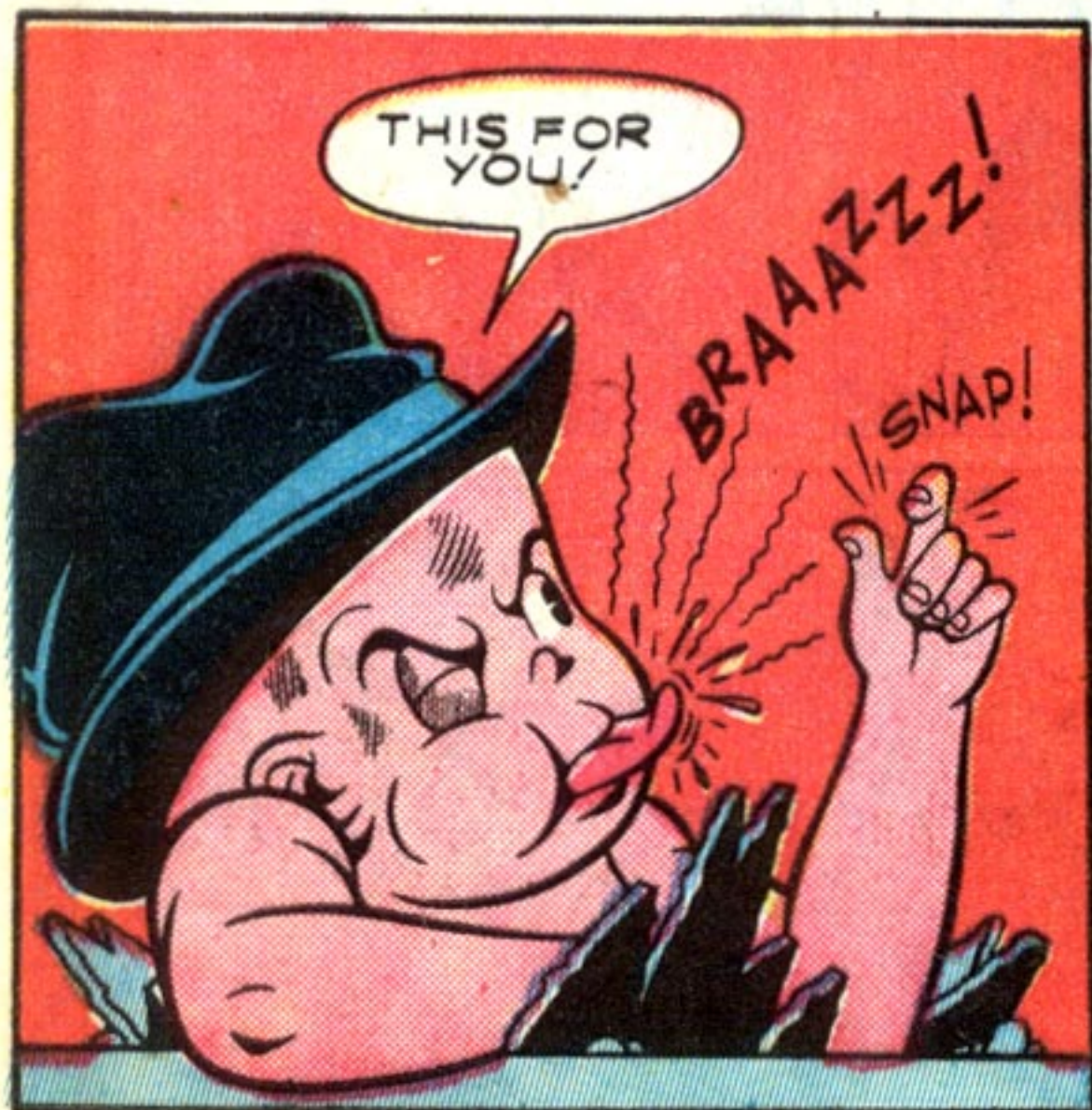
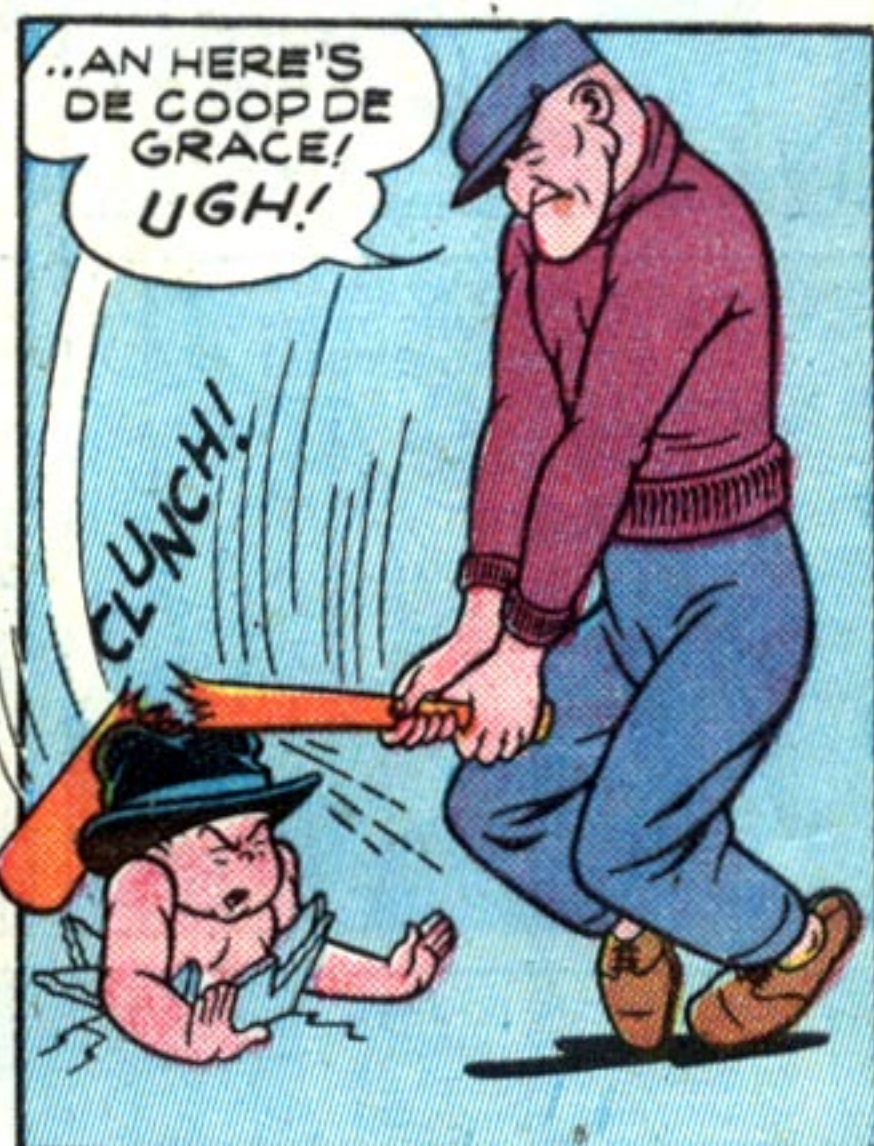
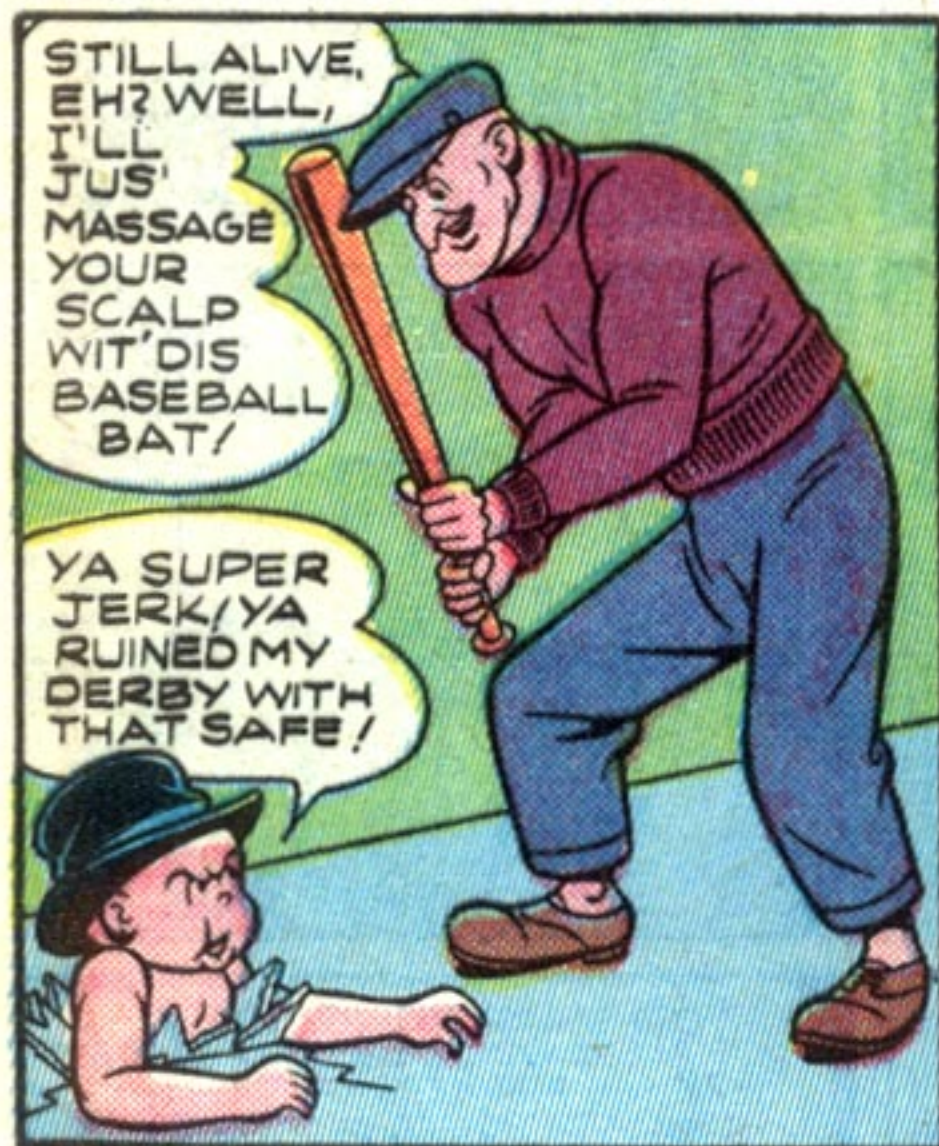
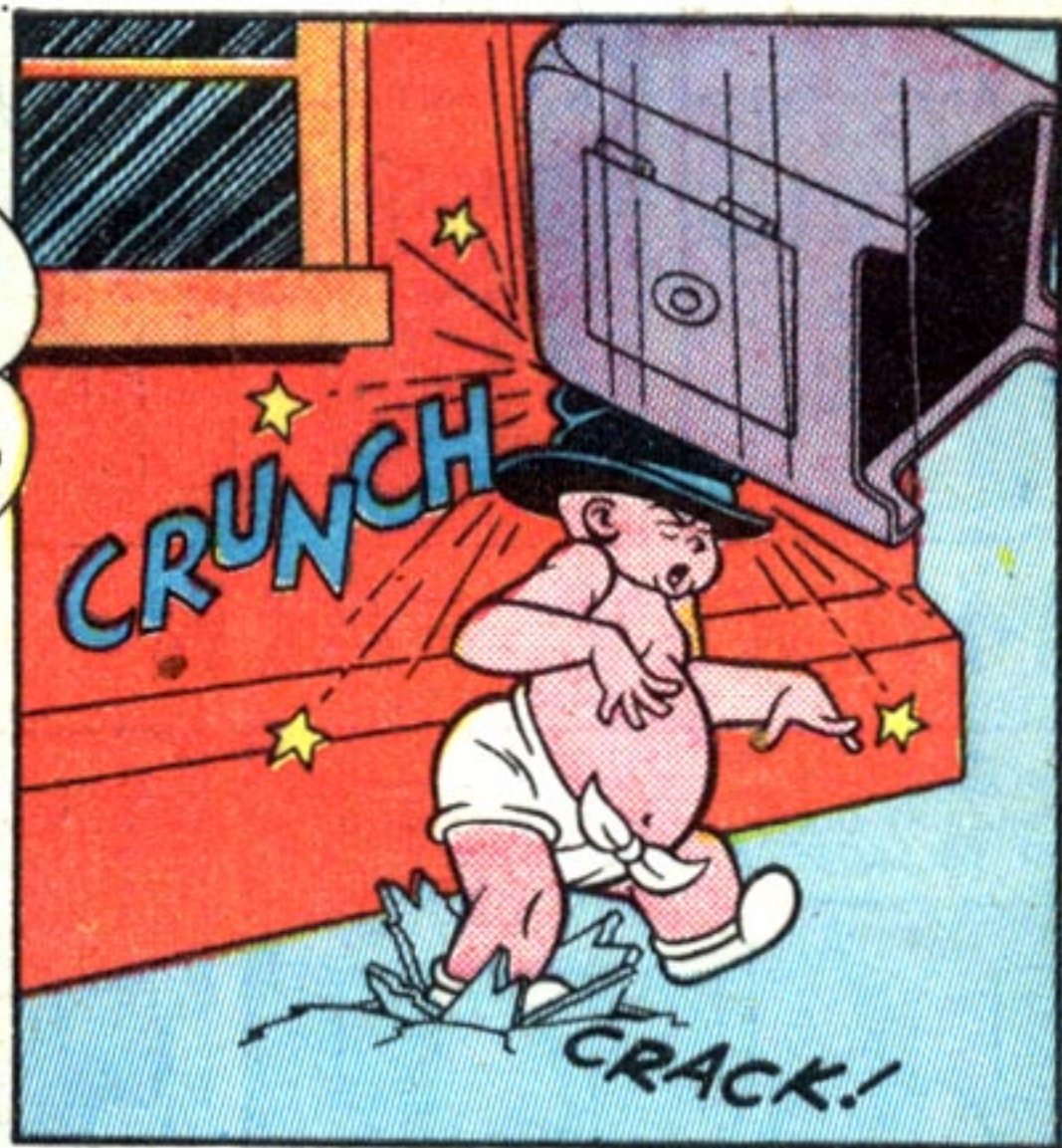


YOU KNOW, MA—UNCLE
PHIL'S LODGE DESERVES
A LOT OF CREDIT WHEN
YOU THINK THAT EVERY
MEMBER IS DOING
SOMETHING FOR DEFENSE!

YES, MICHAEL—
AND ALL OF
THEM WORKING
TOGETHER,
SHOULDER TO
SHOULDER! IT'S
REMARKABLE!



LANK LEONARD



The SPIDER WIDOW



A
FRANK M. BORTH
• Feature •

WITH THE
RAVEN
AND
Phantom
LADY!

HELLO, DIANNE? HAVE YOU HEARD FROM THE RAVEN LATELY? I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT HIM SINCE HE WAS RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL LAST WEEK!



WHY, NO, SANDRA... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE WE CAPTURED THOSE CROOKS LAST MONTH OVER IN YOUR STORY IN POLICE COMICS!



JUST A MOMENT, SANDRA --
THE OLD SPIDER WIDOW
HAS TO ANSWER
THE DOOR ---

OKAY,
BABE!
GET BACK
IN THERE
AND KEEP
QUIET!

WHY -- WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF THIS?
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

SHADDUP! YOU'RE THE
SPIDER WIDOW, AIN'TCHA?
WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
LIKE TO KNOW SOMETHING
ABOUT YOUR PAL,
THE RAVEN!

BUZZZZ

WHAT ABOUT
THE RAVEN?

HERE -- HE SAID
TO GIVE YOU
THIS NOTE!

HMM! "LOOKOUT HOTEL". THIS
LOOKS SUSPICIOUS -- THANK HEAVEN
SANDRA CAN OVERHEAR THIS!

ALL RIGHT,
BOYS! IF THE
RAVEN'S AT THE
LOOKOUT HOTEL,
I'LL GO THERE
WITH YOU!

Spider Widow
%Dianne GRAYTON
I need your help
at once. Come with
these men to the
LOOKOUT HOTEL --
I'll meet you
there.

Urgent --

The Raven

GOOD NIGHT! IT'S A TRAP!
THEY'VE GOT THE RAVEN AND
NOW DIANNE! IT LOOKS LIKE
IT'S UP TO PHANTOM LADY
ALONE TO GET THEM OUT
OF THIS ONE!

LOOKOUT
HOTEL --
LOOK OUT!

AN HOUR'S DRIVE FROM THE CITY
BRINGS THE SPIDER WIDOW AND HER
"ESCORTS" TO AN OLD SEASHORE HOTEL...

OKAY, BABE! THIS
IS IT! STEP
RIGHT INSIDE!



OKAY! HERE SHE IS, BOSS!

BOSS? --WHERE?



RIGHT HERE, TOOTS! --AND DON'T FORGET IT, EITHER! ALL RIGHT, BOYS, YOU CAN GO NOW!



SAY--WHAT IS THIS ---?

QUIET!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW, NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, I'VE JOINED UP WITH THIS GANG!

TAP! TAP! TAP!



RAVEN! YOU'RE JOKING!

WHAT'S THAT HE'S TAPPING? -- IT'S MORSE CODE! "P-L-A-Y A-L-O-N-G"... OH-OH! I GET IT!

YOU WOULDN'T DARE!



IS THAT **SO!** AND WHAT'S MORE, **YOU** ARE GOING TO HELP US!

OWW!

SLAP!



SOB! ALL RIGHT, RAVEN, IF YOU SOB SAY SO-- YOU KNOW I SOB LOVE YOU TOO MUCH TO SOB DO OTHERWISE ---

BOY! THAT RAVEN KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE THE WOMEN!

YEH!



FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THE RAVEN HAS BECOME ONE OF THEM, THE GANG MEET TO PLAN THEIR NEXT MOVE....

THE BIG BOSS IS DUE ANY MINUTE NOW. THEN WE START THE MEETIN'...

OH-HO! SO THAT'S WHY THE RAVEN IS PLAYING THIS GAME! HE'S AFTER THE **BIG BOSS!**



KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

THAT'S THE BIG BOSS! LET 'IM IN, JOE!



HOWDY, BOYS!

WHY IT'S... IT'S **SENATOR KNIGHT** SANDRA'S FATHER!

WHAT THE---

WHO THE BLAZES ARE YOU?

HA-HA! TAKE IT EASY, BOYS! IT'S ME, LARKINS--YOUR BOSS! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE DISGUISE?

WHAT'S THE IDEA, BOSS? WHY THE MAKE-UP JOB?

SIMPLY THIS! I INTEND TO TAKE SENATOR KNIGHT'S PLACE FOR A FEW DAYS!

BUT HOW ARE YA GONNA GET RID OF THE REAL SENATOR?

THAT, MY DEAR FELLOW, IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANT YOU BOYS TO DO--- SAY!--WHO ARE THESE TWO?



P HANTOM LADY ARRIVES...

WHY--I'M YOUR NEW---

DARN! I'VE GOT HERE TOO LATE! THE RAVEN AND DIANNE ARE BOTH CAUGHT! WELL, HERE GOES, ANYWAY!

CRASH!

GOT 'IM! SWING INTO ACTION, RAVEN! LET'S CLEAN UP THIS MESS!

FORCE OF NUMBERS OVERPOWERS PHANTOM LADY!

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO?

SHE WOULD HAVE TO SHOW UP NOW!



PHANTOM LADY, HUH? WELL, WE HAVEN'T TIME TO MEDDLE WITH YOU! TAKE HER TO THE CLIFF, BOYS, AND THROW HER OVER! I'LL STAY HERE WITH THIS GORGEOUS CREATURE!

I GET YA, BOSS!

OKAY, BABE! I HOPE YOU CAN SWIM! HA-HA!

@%#*!\$B!! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO REVEAL MYSELF NOW!

OVER YA GO!

RAVEN!





COMING,
SANDRA!



POW!
BAM!
BAM!

I'M GLAD THOSE
BOYS AREN'T IN
THE ARMY -- AS
ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNNERS!
THEY COULDN'T
HIT A
ZEPPELIN!

WHO'S
WORRIED
ABOUT
ZEPPELINS!

MEANWHILE... AT THE HOTEL BELOW...

COME BACK HERE, YOU
LITTLE WITCH! I SEE YOUR
GAME NOW! YOU AND YOUR
PAL, THE RAVEN, THOUGHT
YOU WERE GOING TO GET
ME -- BUT I'LL GET
YOU FIRST!

THE RAVEN
SOARS IN FOR
A LANDING!



NICE
SHOT,
SANDRA!

CRACK!

OW!

HE'S KNOCKED OUT!
QUICK! GET HIM INTO
THEIR CAR! WE MUST
GET OUT OF HERE --
BUT FAST!

HERE
THEY
COME!

JUST IN TIME!
WELL, GIRLS, IT
WORKED OUT JUST
AS I HAD IT PLANNED!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?
IF I HADN'T
SHOWN UP, YOU
NEVER WOULD
HAVE CAPTURED
THE "BIG"
BOSS!

IS THAT SO!
I'D LIKE TO KNOW
HOW YOU WOULD
HAVE GOT HIM IF
I HADN'T LURED
HIM OUT IN
THE OPEN!

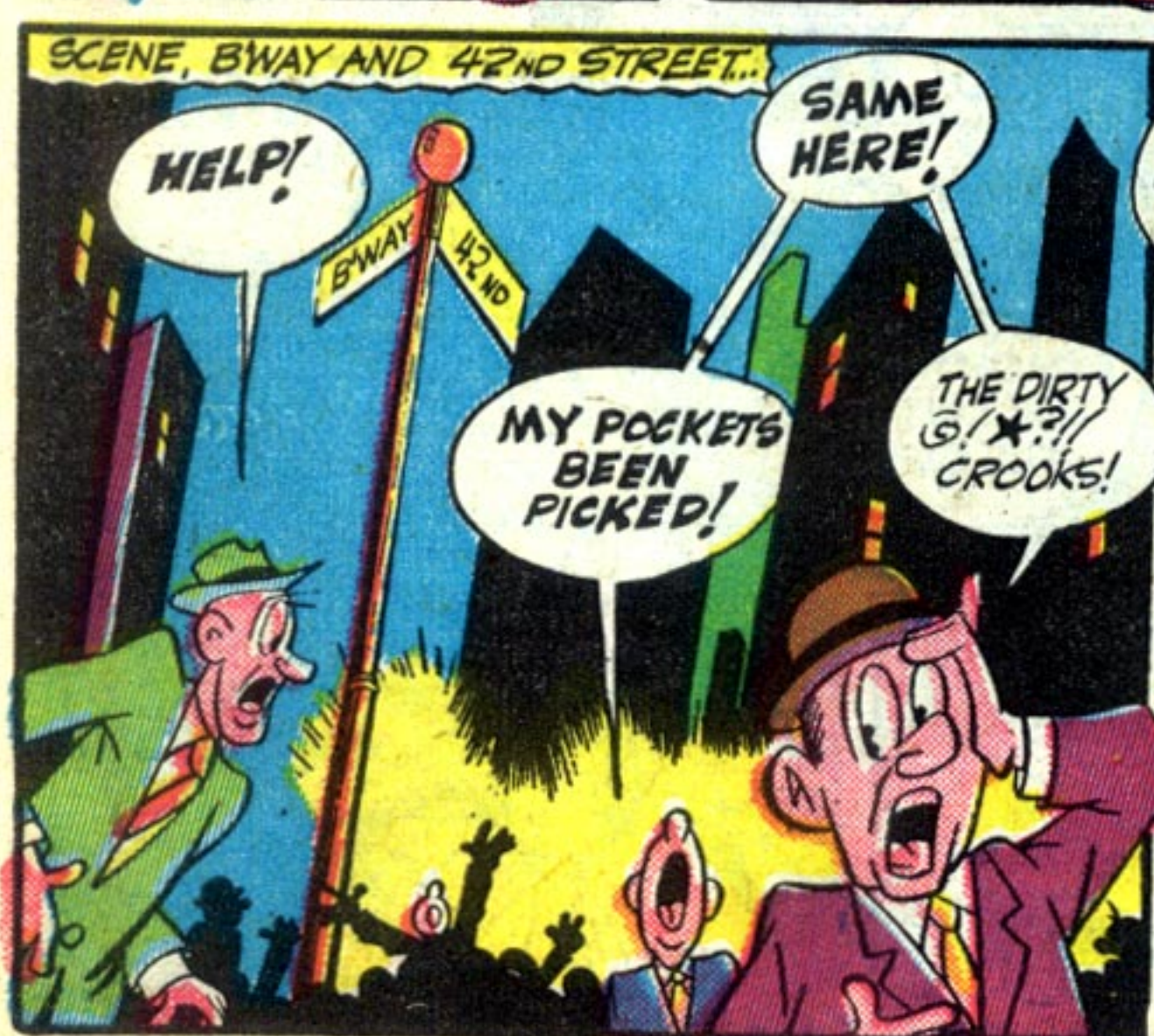
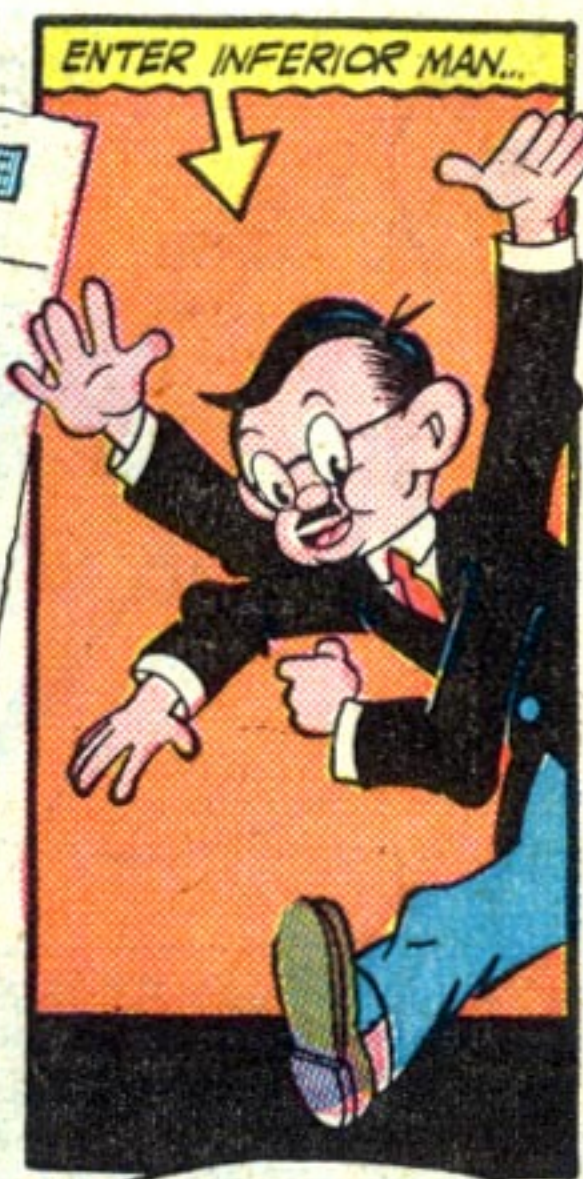
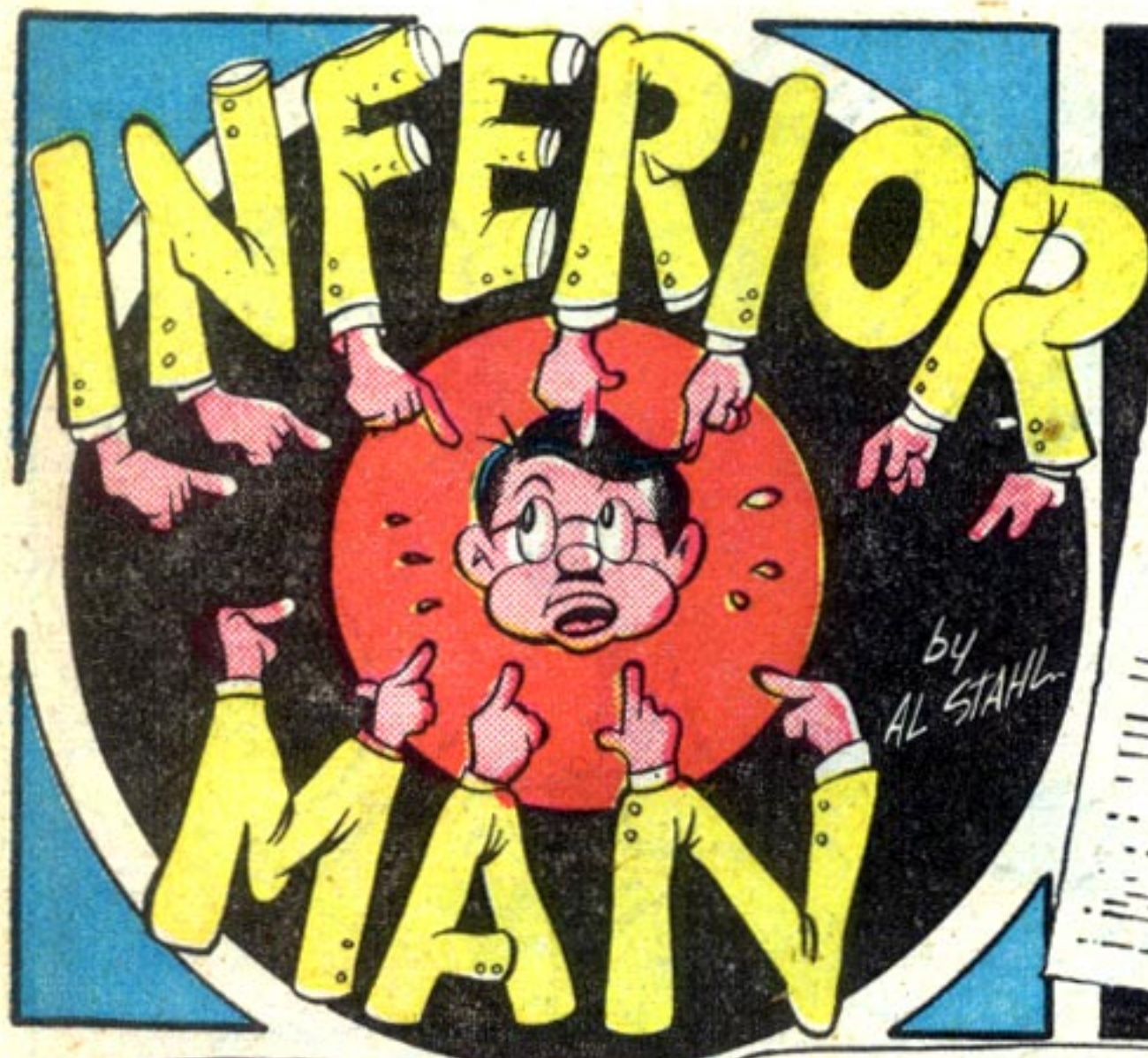
LOOK! THAT LAST
SHOT! -- THE "BIG" BOSS..
HE'S -- HE'S DEAD! HIS
OWN MEN SHOT HIM
BY ACCIDENT!

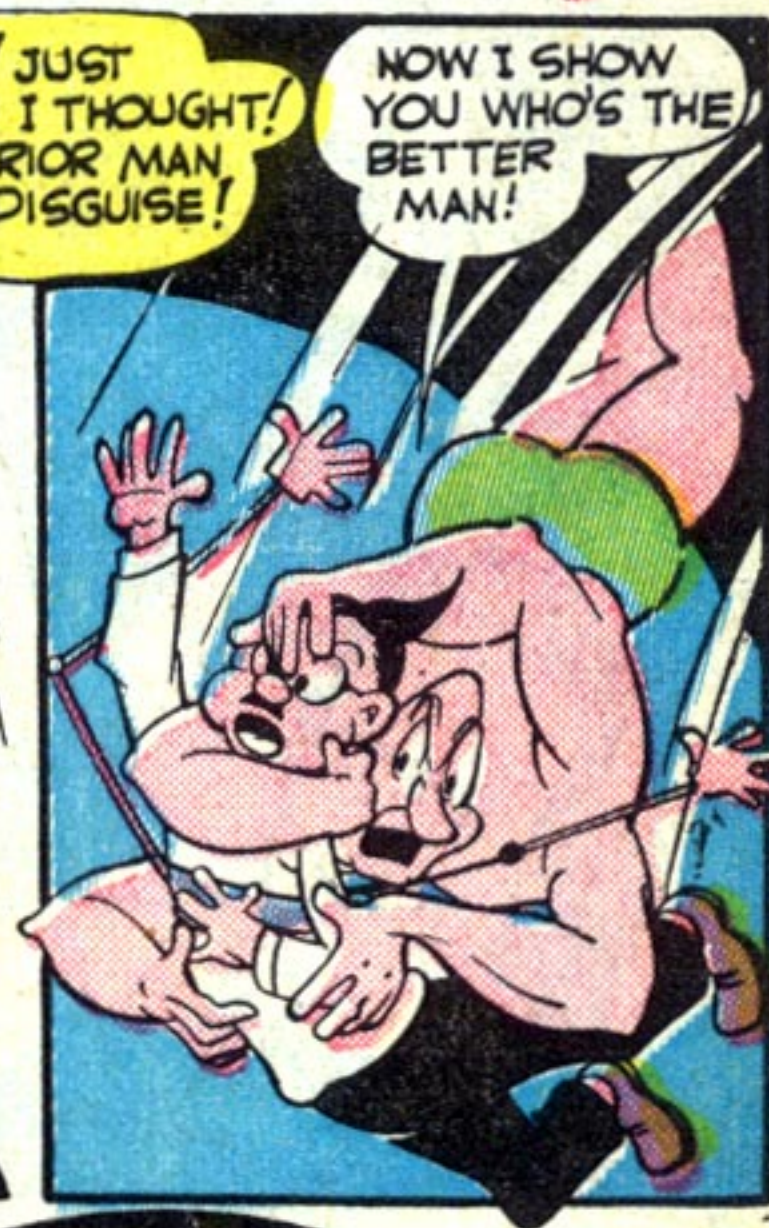
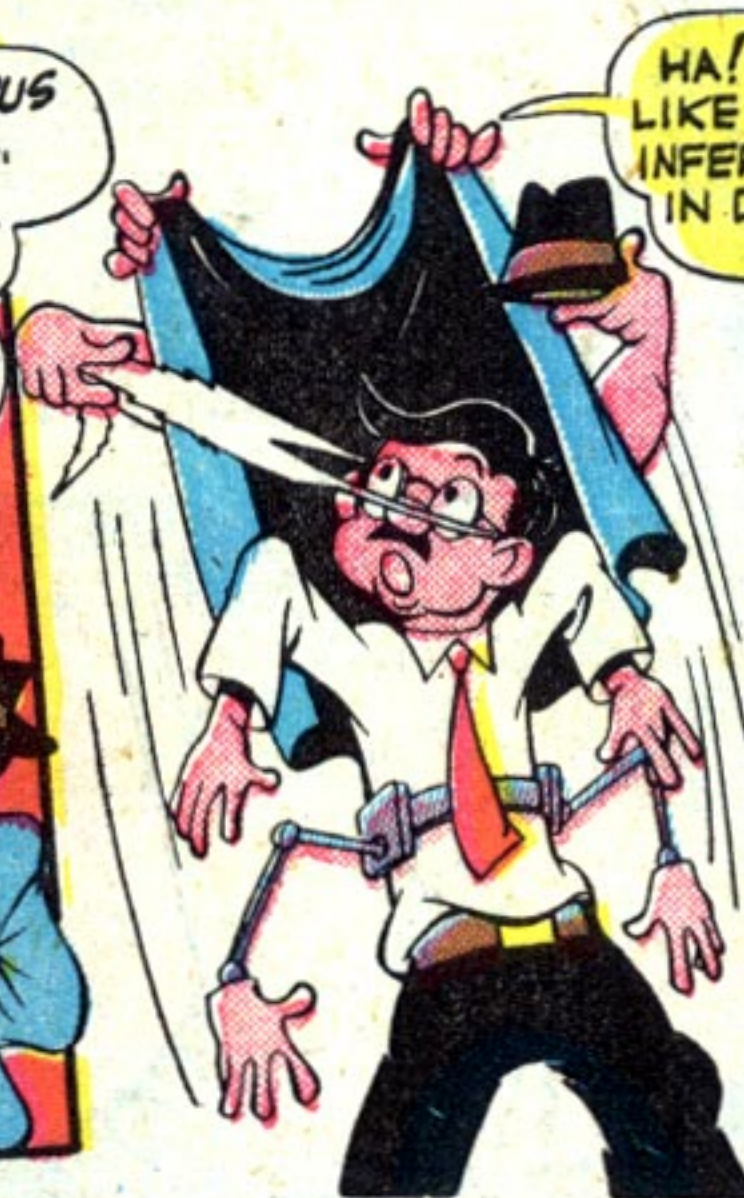
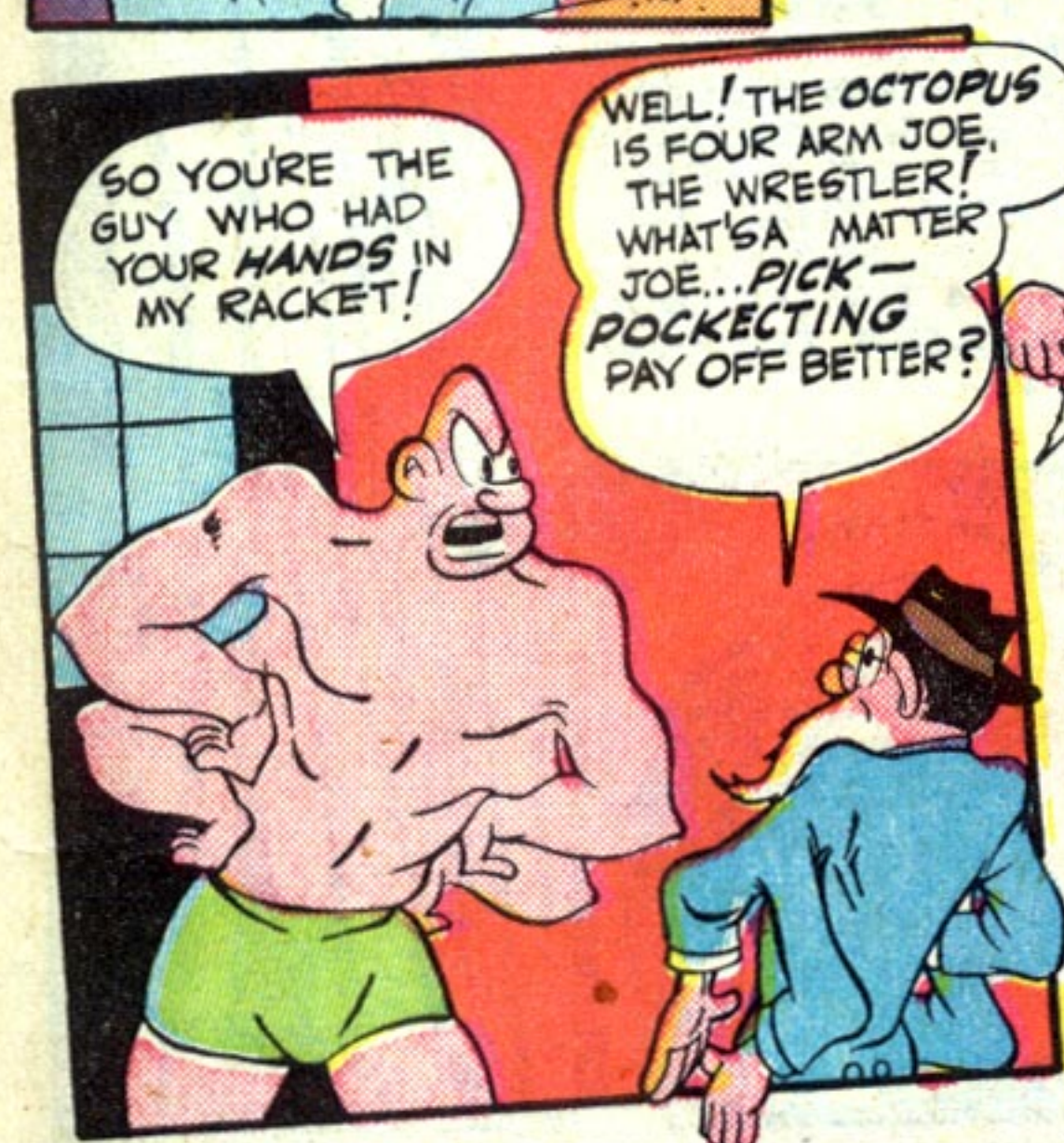
GOOD NIGHT!
OH, WELL, AT LEAST IT
SAVES THE AUTHORITIES
THE TROUBLE! HE'S
WANTED FOR MURDER
IN THREE STATES,
ANYWAY!



POW!
BANG!









WHOSE FLAMING RED HAIR IS A SYMBOL OF DECEIT, DANGER, AND EVEN DOOM? IT'S YVONNE, THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL GANGSTER, WHO FIRST CROSSED SWING SISSON'S PATH SOME TIME AGO WHEN SHE LED A GANG OF TIRE THIEVES. AND FATE DECREES THAT THE TWO MATCH WITS AGAIN.... FATE, THAT IS, IN THE PERSON OF BONNIE BAXTER, THE BAND'S VOCALIST.....

by

PHIL
MARTIN

SWING
BANDLEADER



BONNIE
STAR SINGER



TOBY
ACE SAX PLAYER

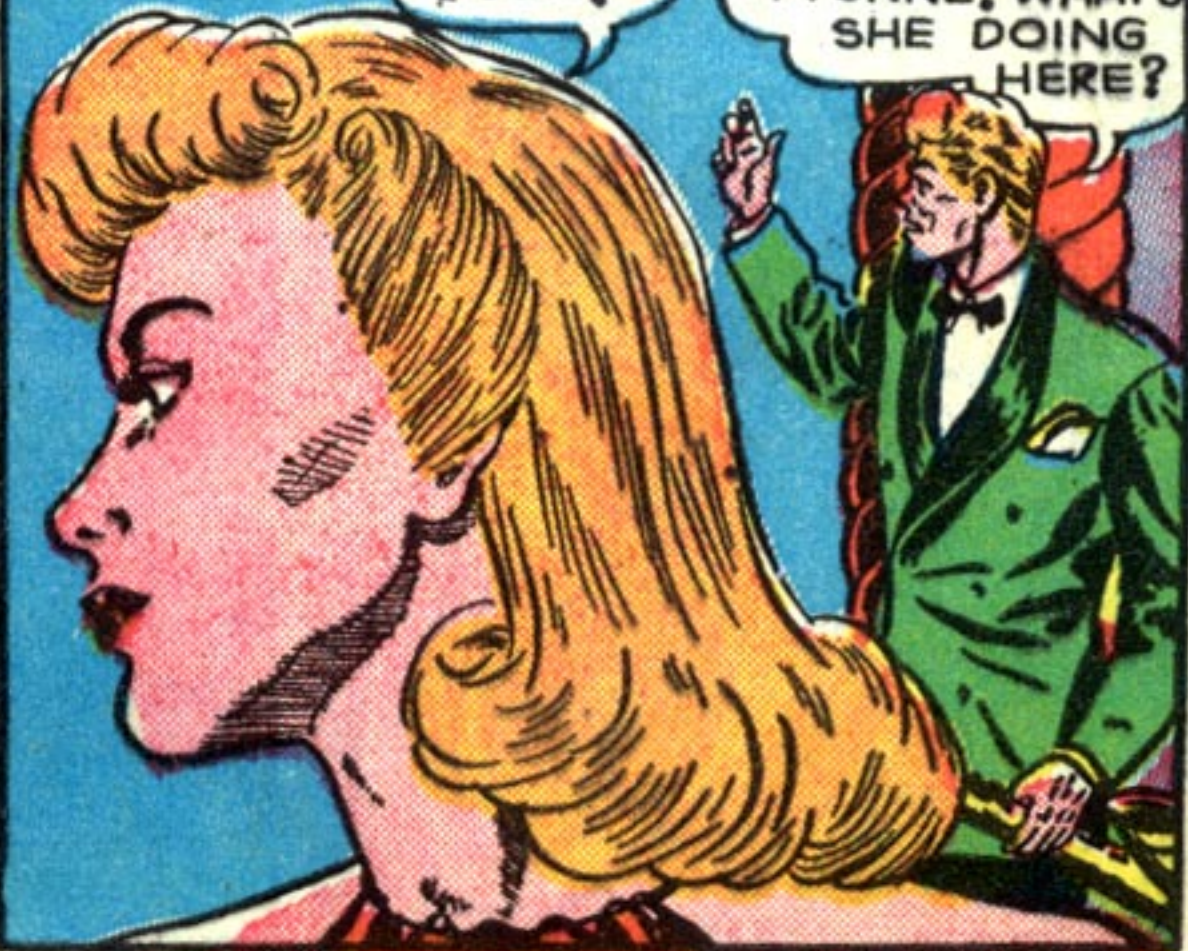


GAYETY IS THE PREVAILING NOTE AT NEW YORK'S SMART CLOVER CLUB, WHERE THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT IS DEALT OUT BY SWING SISSON AND HIS FINE ORCHESTRA.....



DURING INTERMISSION...

TOBY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?



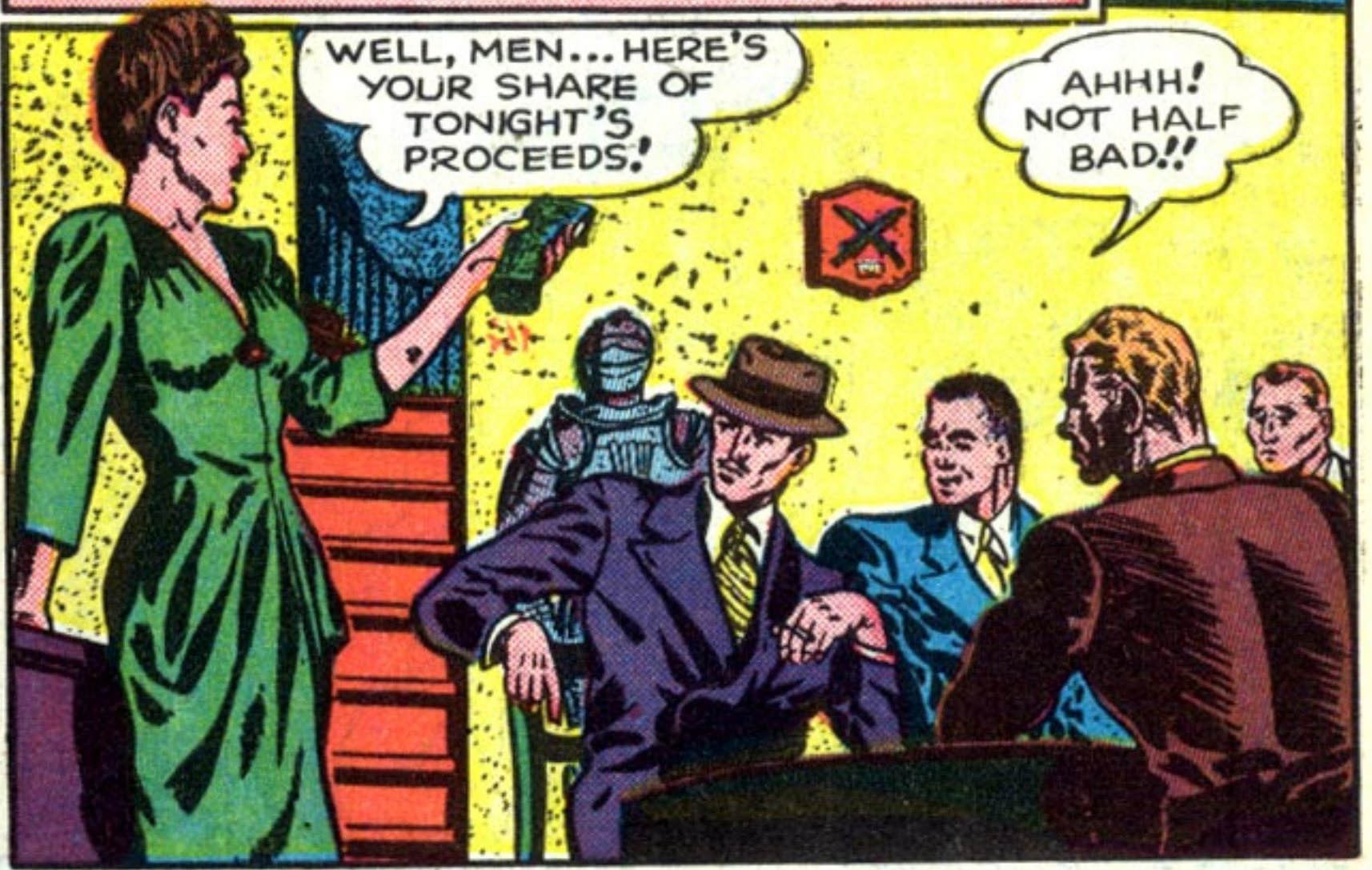
GOSH, I'LL SAY! IT'S THAT CROOK, YVONNE! WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?



THE DOOR WASN'T EVEN LOCKED! HMMM... THERE SEEMS TO BE A LIGHT COMING FROM THE BASEMENT!



CROUCHED ON THE STAIRWAY, BONNIE SEES....



WELL, MEN... HERE'S YOUR SHARE OF TONIGHT'S PROCEEDS!

AHHH! NOT HALF BAD!!

THIS WAS A SWELL SCHEME OF YOURS, YVONNE.... COUNTERFEITING ALL TYPES OF RATION BOOKS! HA-HA-HA! THEY SELL LIKE HOT CAKES!!



SURE...ANYBODY WHO WANTS MORE GASOLINE, COFFEE, SUGAR, SHOES, CANNED FOOD, TIRES, OR **ANYTHING** THAT'S RATIONED CAN GET IT! AND THEY PAY US PLENTY FOR THE RATION BOOKS!

WE'VE GOT ANOTHER BATCH PRINTED UP! AS LONG AS YOU CAN MAKE THE RIGHT CONTACTS AND DISPOSE OF 'EM, WE CAN SUPPLY 'EM!!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! NOW I KNOW THAT WOMAN'S NOT ONLY A CROOK, BUT A TRAITOR TO HER COUNTRY!



I'LL SLIP OUT AND CALL SWING OR THE POLICE OR SOMETHING..



MEANWHILE, IN SWING'S HOTEL ROOM...

LET'S GO OUT AND GET A BITE TO EAT BEFORE WE TURN IN, TOBY!



OKAY! I'LL CALL BONNIE AND SEE IF SHE WANTS TO GO TOO.

I'M SORRY...MISS BAXTER DOESN'T ANSWER!



HEY, SWING! BONNIE DOESN'T ANSWER!

WHAT! I'M SURE SHE HASN'T GONE TO BED ALREADY!



AN INVESTIGATION OF HER ROOM FAILS TO SHOW ANY TRACE OF BONNIE

WHADDA YOU MAKE OF IT!

HMMM! BONNIE SEEMED SUSPICIOUS OF YVONNE. IF I KNOW BONNIE, SHE'S SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT MUSEUM YVONNE SPOKE OF!



A TAXI SPEEDS THEM CROSSTOWN TO THE HENSON MUSEUM....

THAT'S A WOMAN FOR YOU...I WISH BONNIE'D LEARN TO MIND HER OWN BUSINESS!



BACK AT THE MUSEUM....

FOR THE LAST TIME, BONNIE BAXTER....DOES ANYONE ELSE KNOW ABOUT US? DID YOU TELL ANYONE YOU WERE COMING HERE?

I'VE NOTHING TO SAY!!

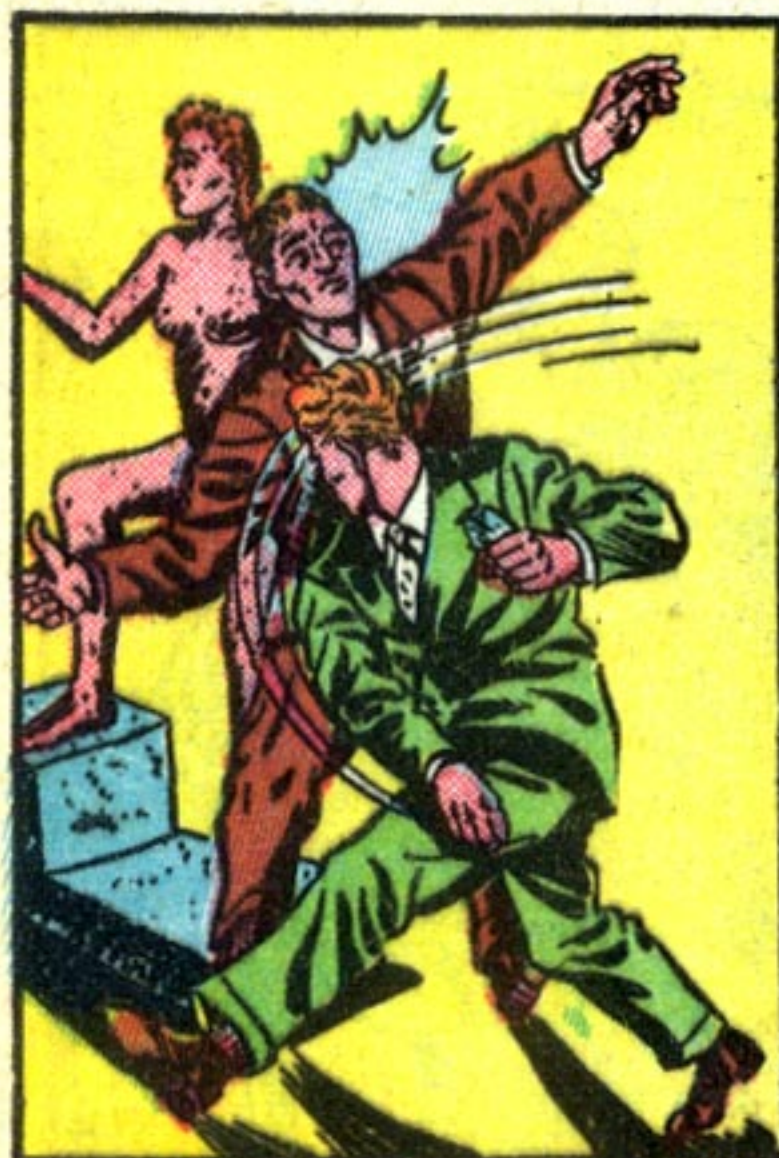
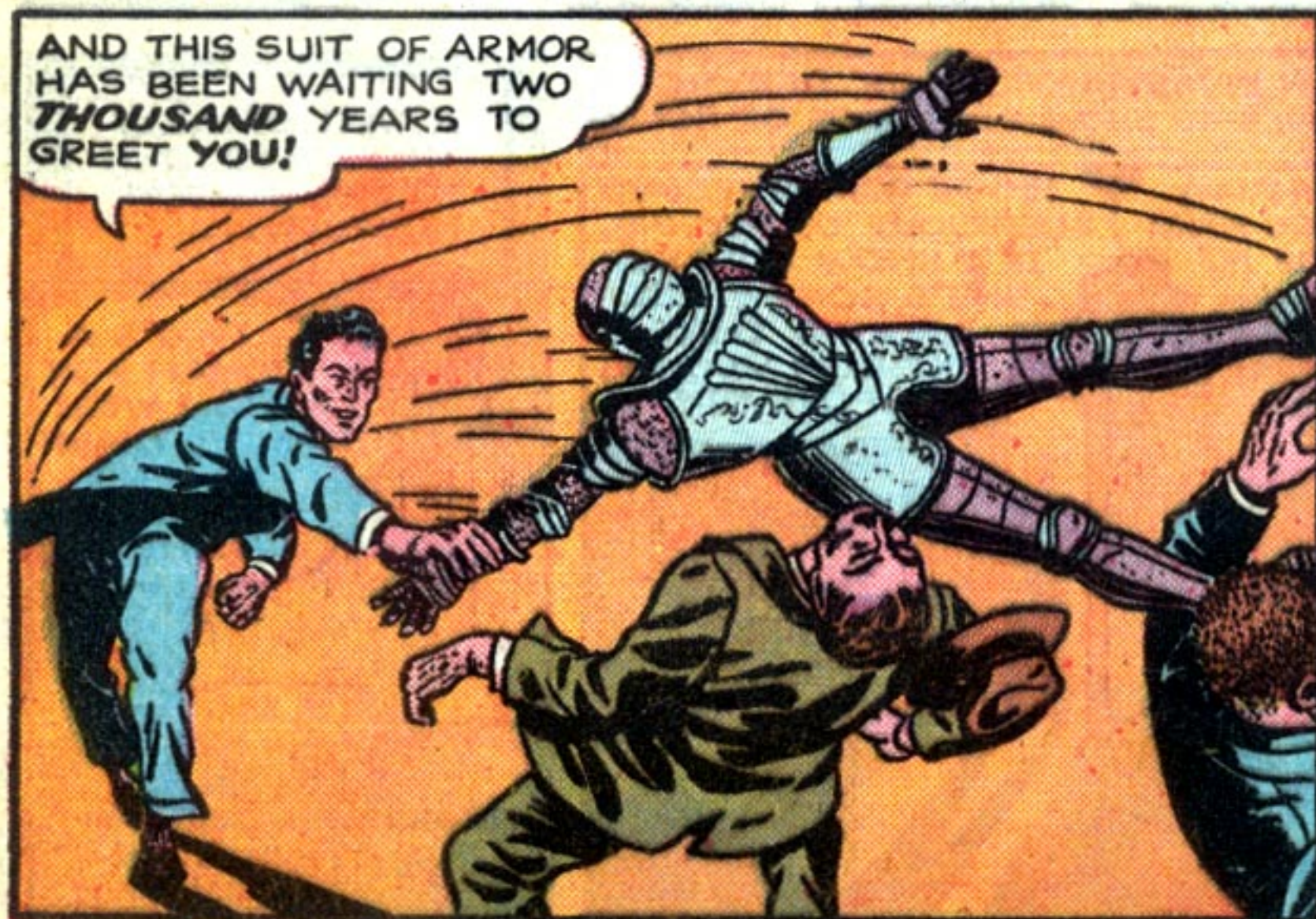


ALL RIGHT, MUSH! YOU'D BETTER...DISPOSE OF HER!



WE'RE COMING, BONNIE!!



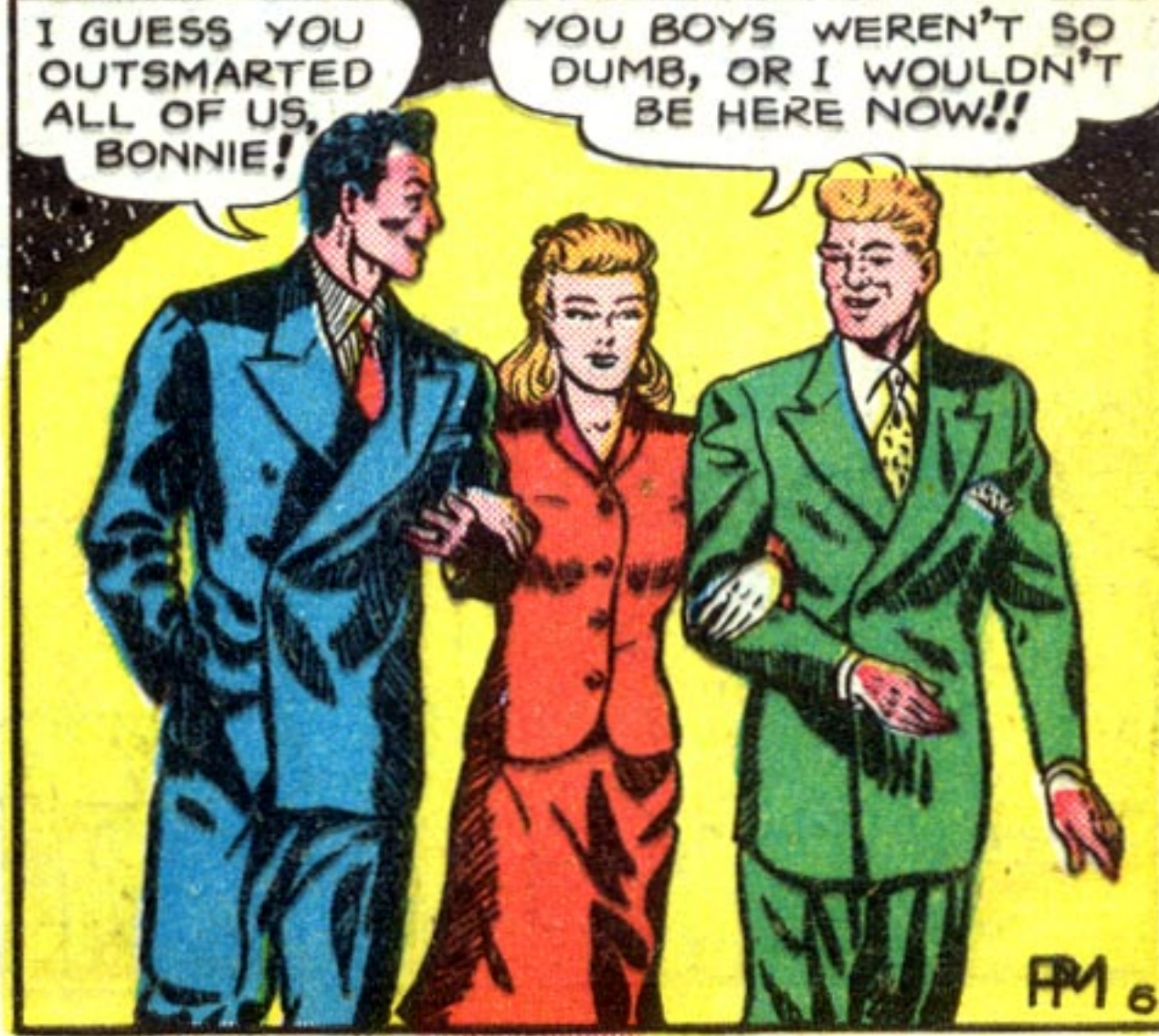


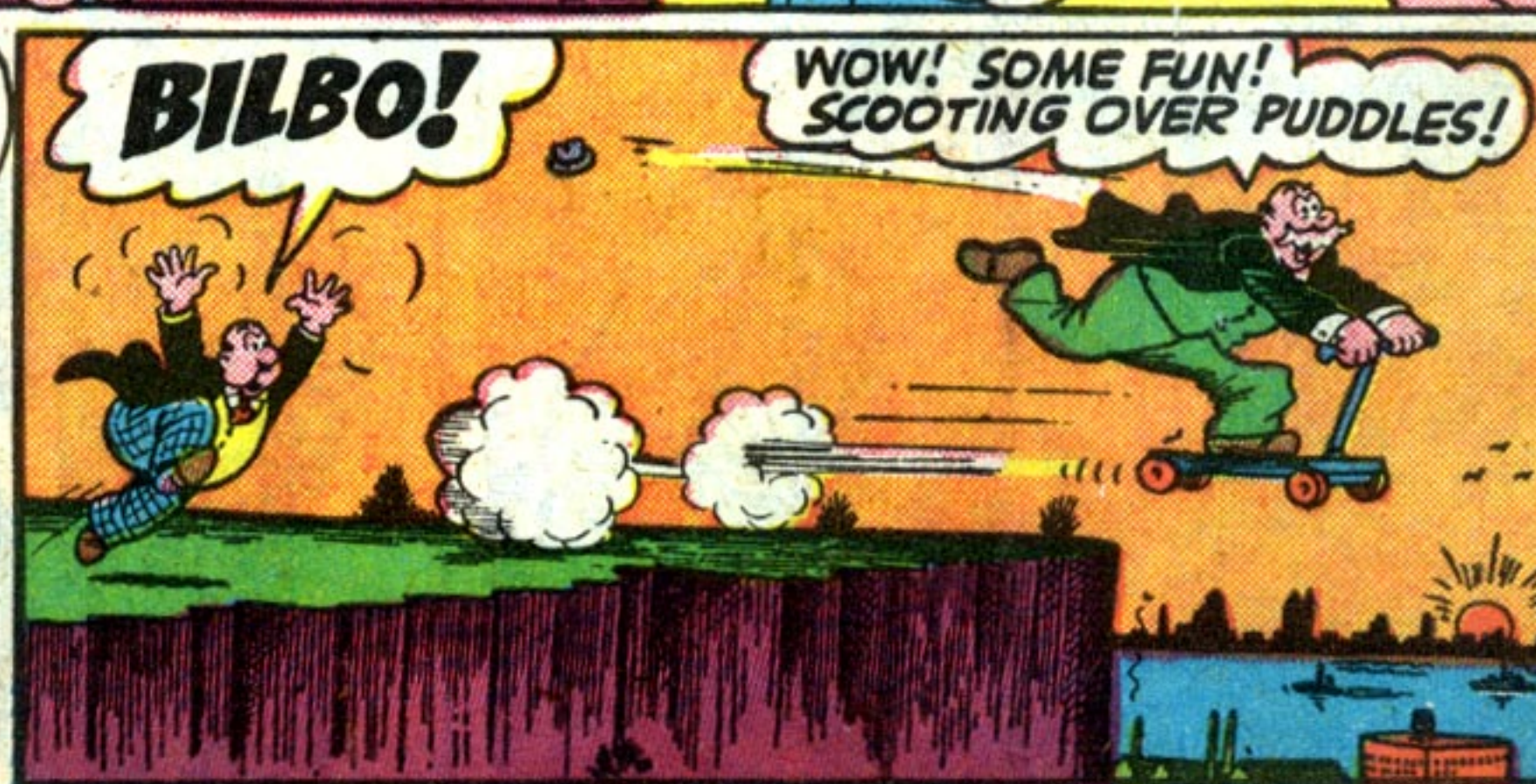
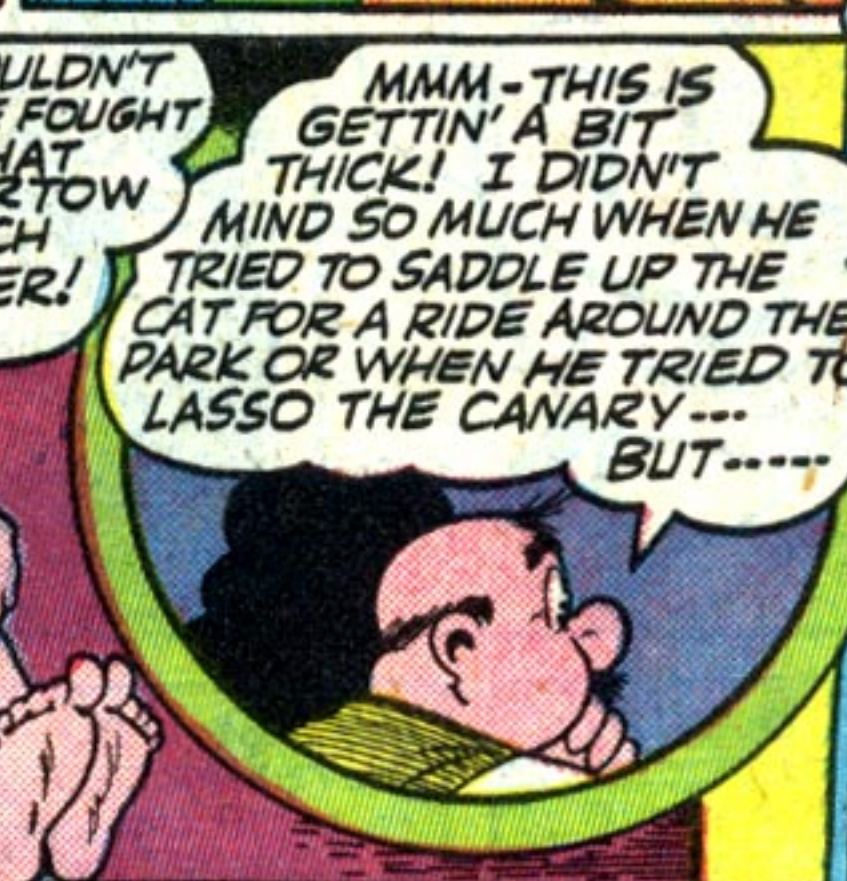
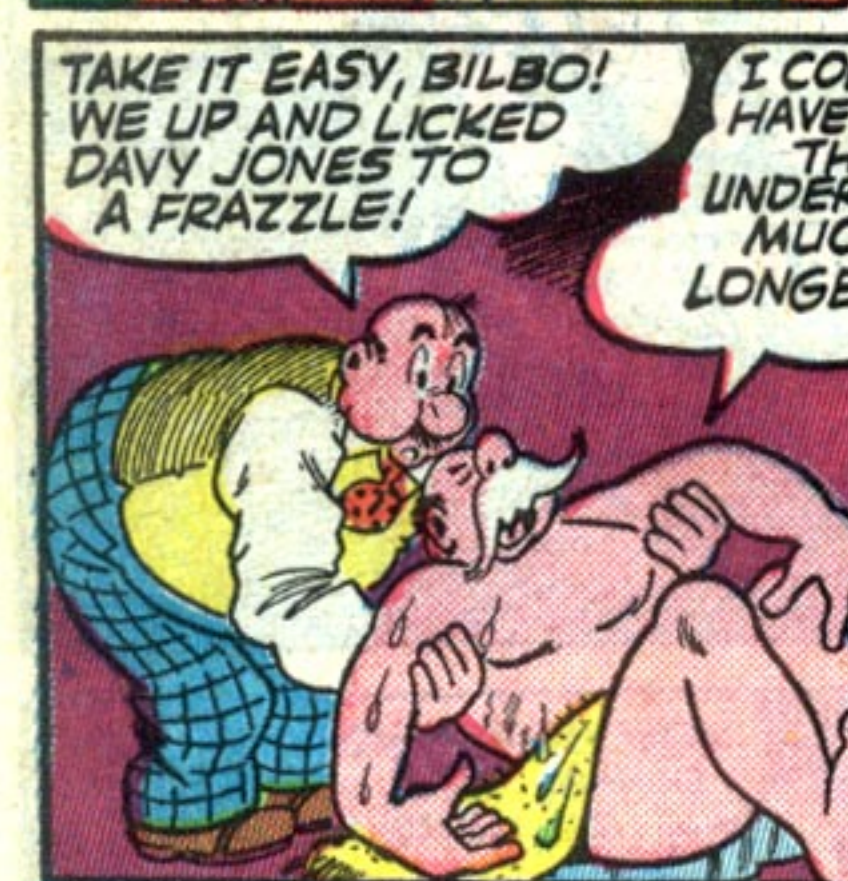


BONNIE GOES INTO ACTION...



AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN OVER.....





LALA PALOOZA

I GAVE THE TAILOR \$40.00 FOR YOUR NEW SUIT -- NOW GO PICK IT UP!

OKAY -- BUT WHY CAN'T I PICK OUT MY OWN SUITS?

WHAT A FIT FOR \$40.00!

WAIT A MINUTE!

$\$40 - \$17.50 = \$22.50$



ER -- MISS PALOOZA -- WAS IT ALL RIGHT TO LET YOUR BROTHER PICK OUT A \$17.50 ZOOT SUIT AND POCKET THE CHANGE?

HI -- LALA! HOW YA LIKE ME?

WHY, YOU --

I'LL SHOW YOU!

I'M SURE HE TURNED THAT CORNER!



WHY, THE BRAZEN NERVE OF THAT CHISELING CHUCKLE-BRAINED, WOULD-BE OLD JITTERBUG!

I'LL TEACH YOU!

HANDS OFF MY HEP-CAT! YOU HENNA-HEADED ASSASSIN, YOU --!

HELP! COPS! POLICE!



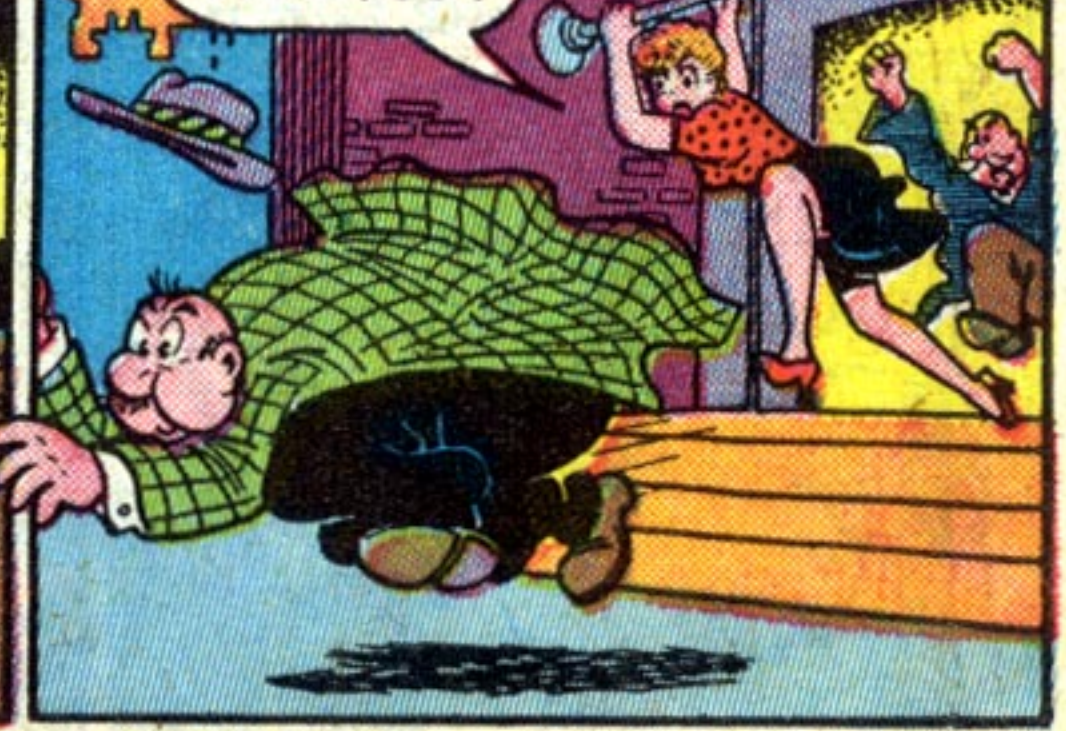
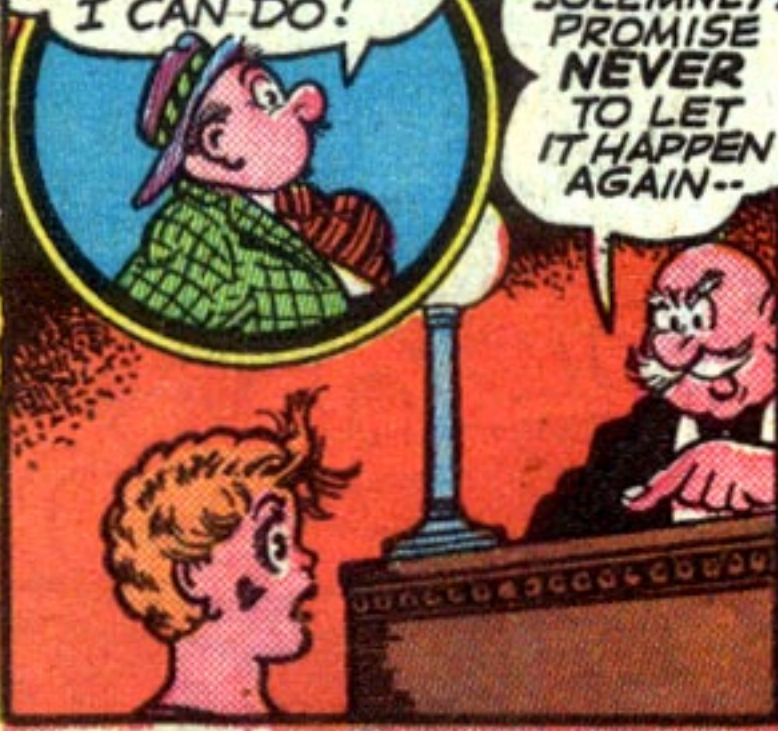
SHE MISTOOK HIM FOR ME -- AND GOT PINCHED -- I'D BETTER SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

WELL, SINCE YOU SOLEMNLY PROMISE NEVER TO LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN --

I'M GOING TO PAROLE YOU IN THE CUSTODY OF YOUR KIND BROTHER HERE!

WHAT?! OH -- NEVER MIND, JUDGE!

JUST MAKE IT THE HOT SEAT, WILL YOU?



WOW! A
LETTER FROM
THE CIVILIAN
DEFENSE
PUBLIC
MORALE
BUREAU!

LALA PALOOZA

EACH TEACHER
IS ASSIGNED
A CERTAIN
GROUP OF BOYS
TO TELL 'EM
WHAT IT'S ALL
ABOUT!

THEY'RE A BIT SHORT OF
EXPERIENCED ATHLETES, SO
THEY SNAPPED ME UP AS A
PLAYGROUND INSTRUCTOR!

AND I CAN TELL 'EM PLENTY
ABOUT A HARD RIGHT HOOK
TO THE STOMACH,
I BETCHA!

AND I'LL SHOW
'EM HOW TO
SWIM CRAWL-
STROKES 'N' STUFF!

AND I'LL GIVE 'EM
A LOTTA LESSONS ON
THIS JIU-JITSU
BUSINESS, TOO!

--TEACH THEIR LITTLE MINDS A
LOT ABOUT HOW TO GET HEADLOCKS
AND BODY SLAMS ON INVADING
JAPS!

AND I WON'T
FORGET
BASEBALL!

I'LL START IN SLOW BY TEACHIN'
'EM HOW TO PITCH THE KNUCKLER,
SCREWBALL, SPITBALL, DROP
FADEAWAY, AND
A COUPLA
OTHERS!

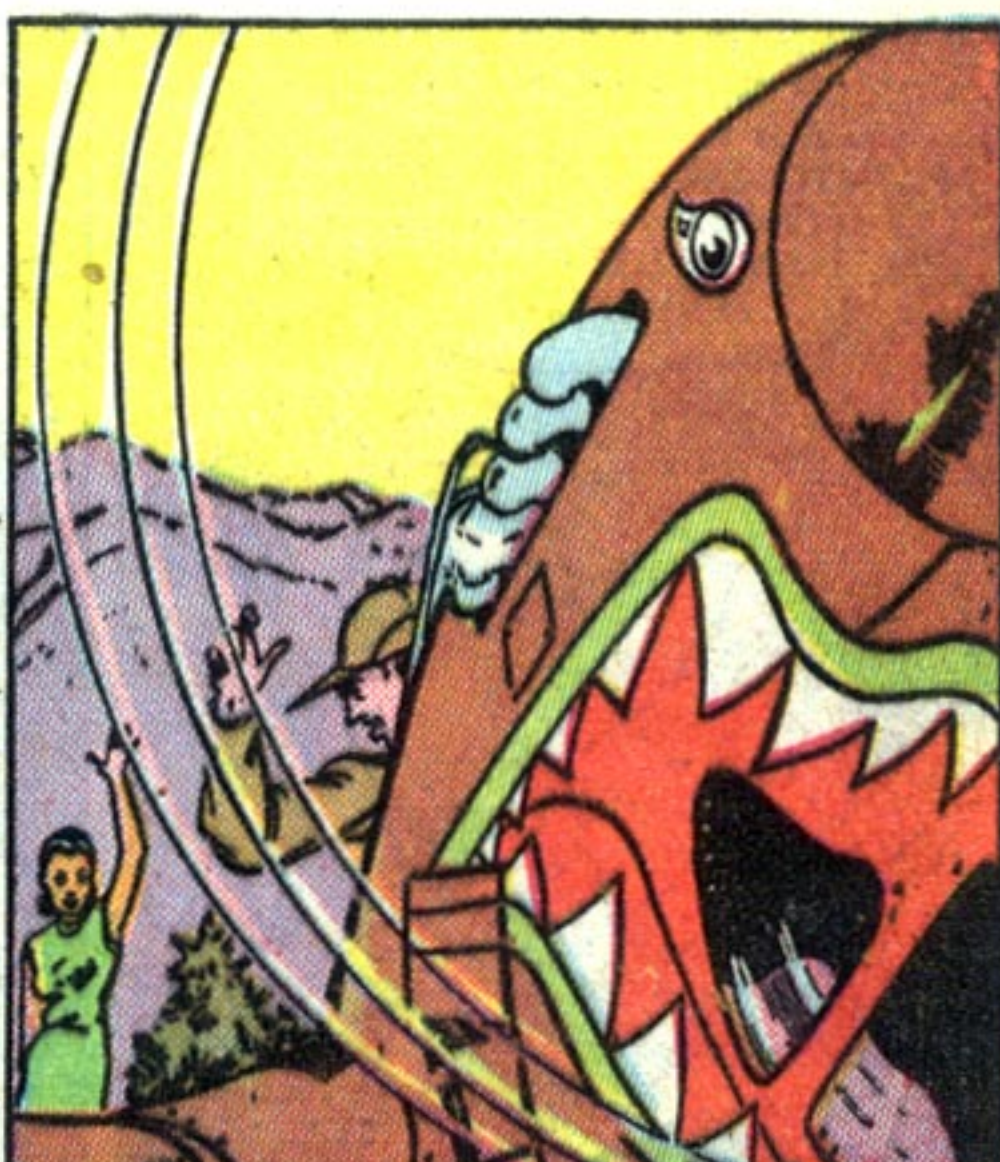
BAM!

OKAY!
PALOOZA
REPORTING!

SECTION
"C"--
MR. PALOOZA--

SECTION
C
DAY
NURSERY

FOR
WAR-
WORKING
MOTHERS



CAPT.

Rex Smith

SPIN SHAW

THREE HOURS LATER...



I WONDER WHERE --- OH! OH!
CHINESE GUERILLAS! -- I BETTER
FLASH MY IDENTIFICATION PAPERS
PRONTO OR ... HEY!! THEY'RE
G-GONE!! -- I - I MUST
HAVE LEFT THEM
BEHIND!



YOU!! COME THIS
SIDE QUICK! GO CHOP
CHOP! -- LOOK SEE
NUMBER ONE MAN!
HULLY UP!!



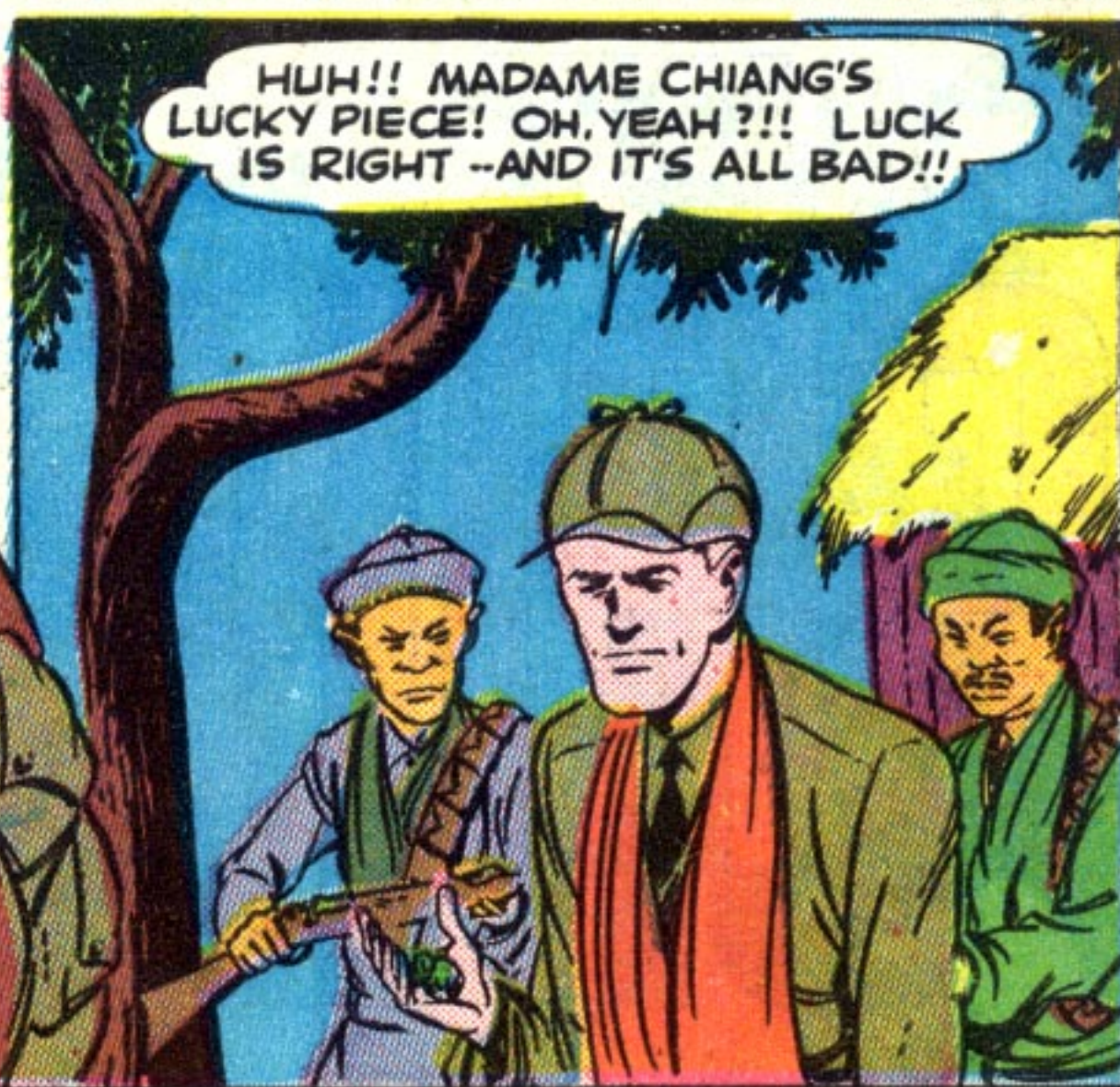
LISTEN!! ... I'M AN AMERICAN! I
JUST FLEW MADAME
CHIEF TO CHUNG- SHUT UP!
KING!
I---



NUMBER ONE CHIEF NO
BELIEVE YOUR SIDE STORY!
GERMAN SPY MAKE LIKE
AMERICAN ... SEND BY
JAP DWARF PIG -- YOU
HE! NO PAPERS -- YOU
LIVE NOT SO LONG --
WE SHOOT CHOP-CHOP
--COME!!



HUH!! MADAME CHIANG'S
LUCKY PIECE! OH, YEAH!!! LUCK
IS RIGHT --AND IT'S ALL BAD!!



HERE, KID ... MAYBE
IT'LL DO YOU MORE GOOD
THAN IT DID ME...



CHIN!! ... GIVE
THAT TO ME!! YOU
WILL NEVER ACCEPT
ANYTHING FROM
THE SWINE
ENEMIES!!



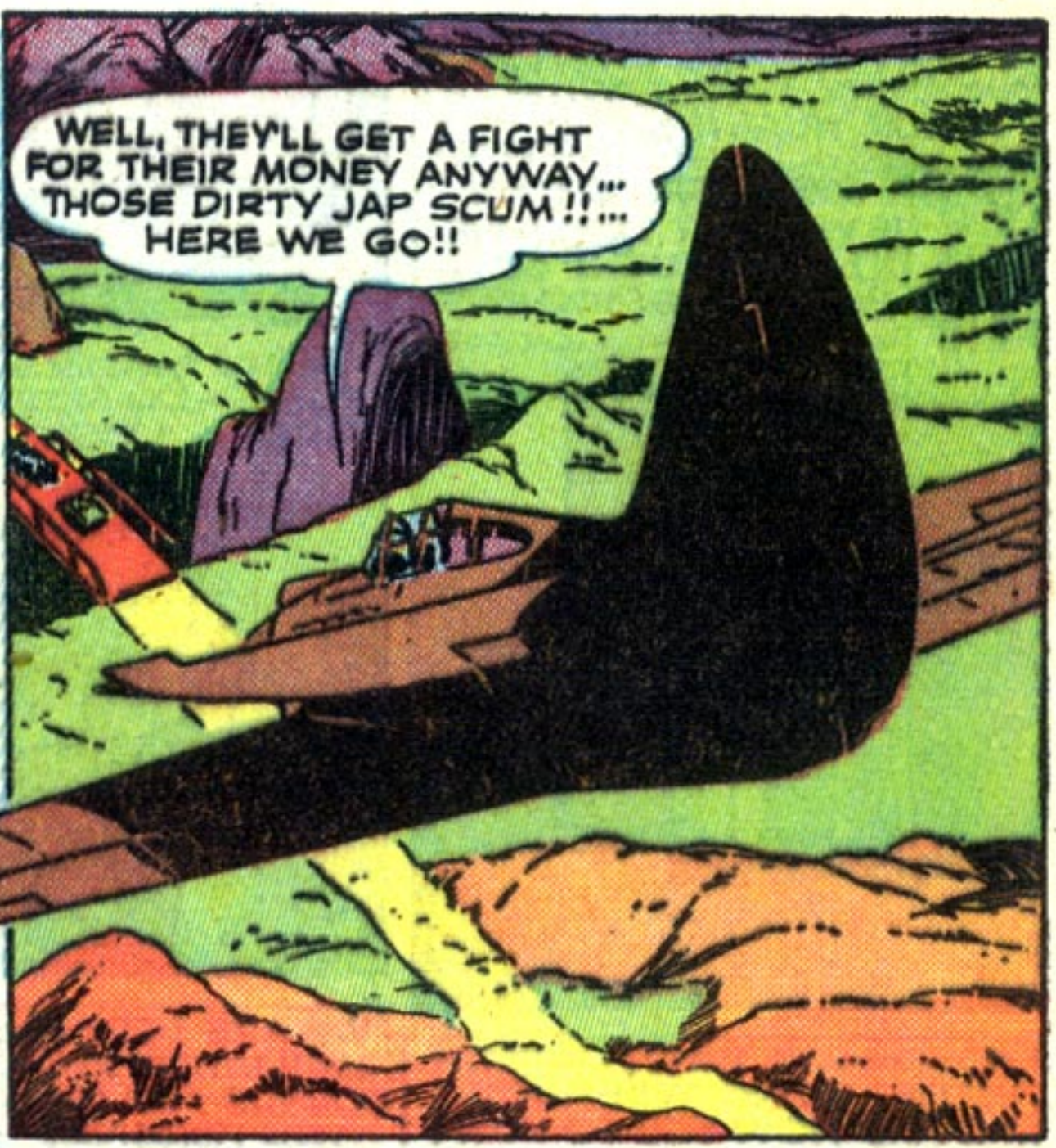
I WILL DESTROY ----- UH! BY
TAO!! IT IS MADAME CHIANG'S
SECRET SOCIETY LUCKY PIECE!
THE AIRMAN HAS
TOLD THE
TRUTH!





TEN MINUTES LATER...

THERE THEY ARE!!...
GOOD NIGHT!! THEY'VE
GOT A WHOLE DIVISION!!...
THE GUERILLAS WILL
BE RIPPED TO
RIBBONS!



WELL, THEY'LL GET A FIGHT
FOR THEIR MONEY ANYWAY...
THOSE DIRTY JAP SCUM!!...
HERE WE GO!!



STEADY! ... STEADY!
WHEEEEE!
BULL'S-
EYE!



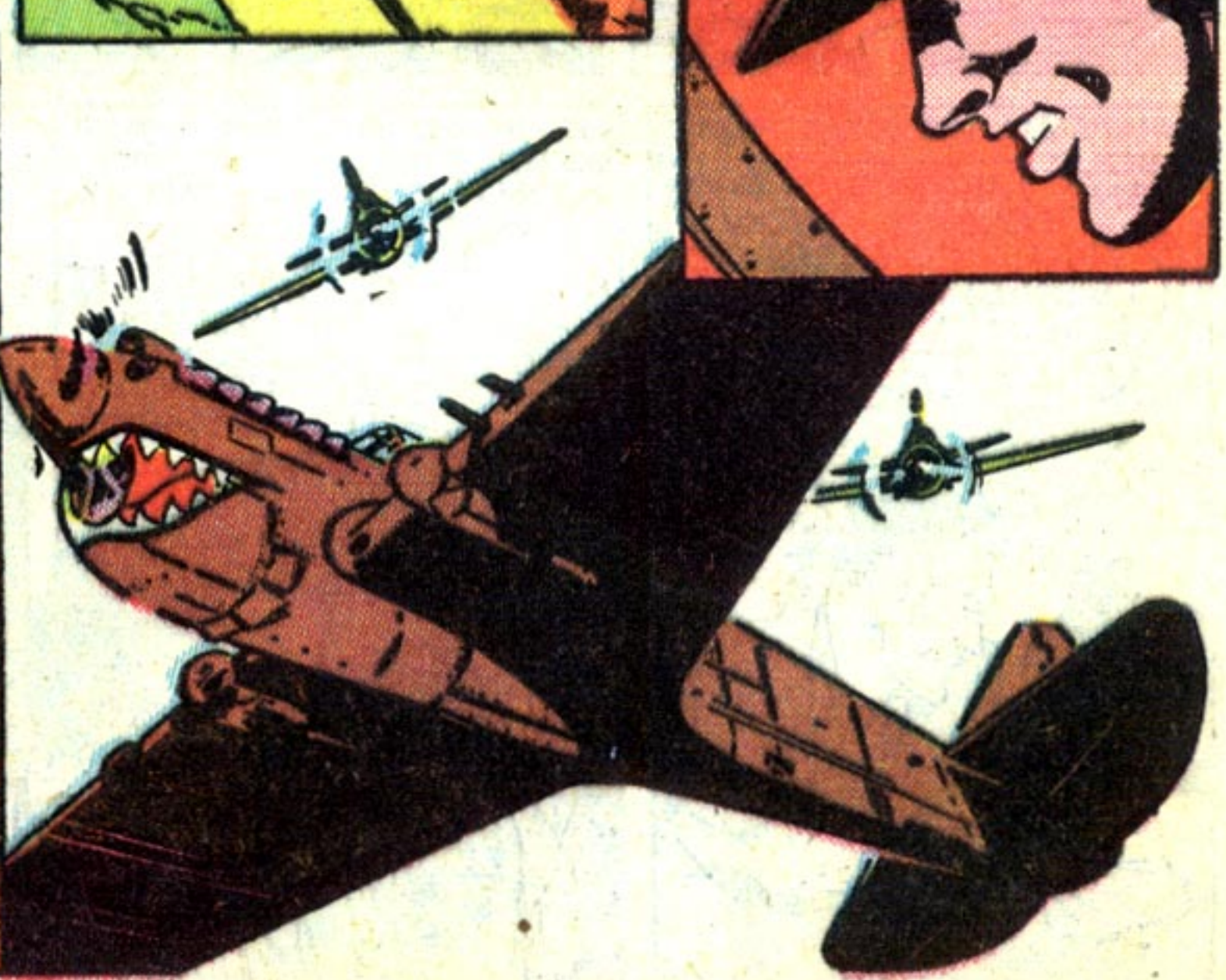
NOW IF I CAN CONFUSE
THEM A LITTLE BY
STRAFING!! ... OH, BOY!
HERE COME THE
GUERILLAS!

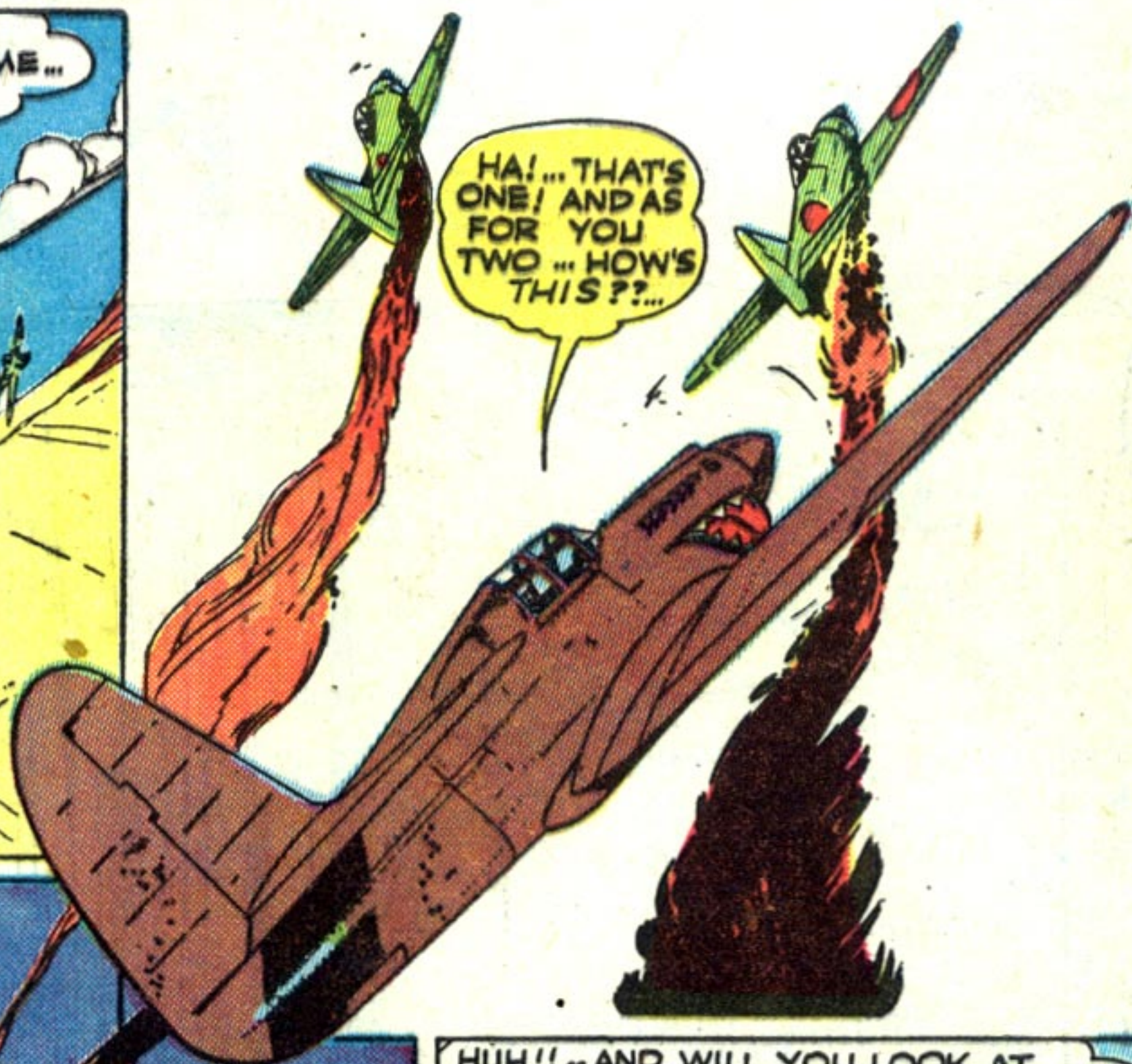
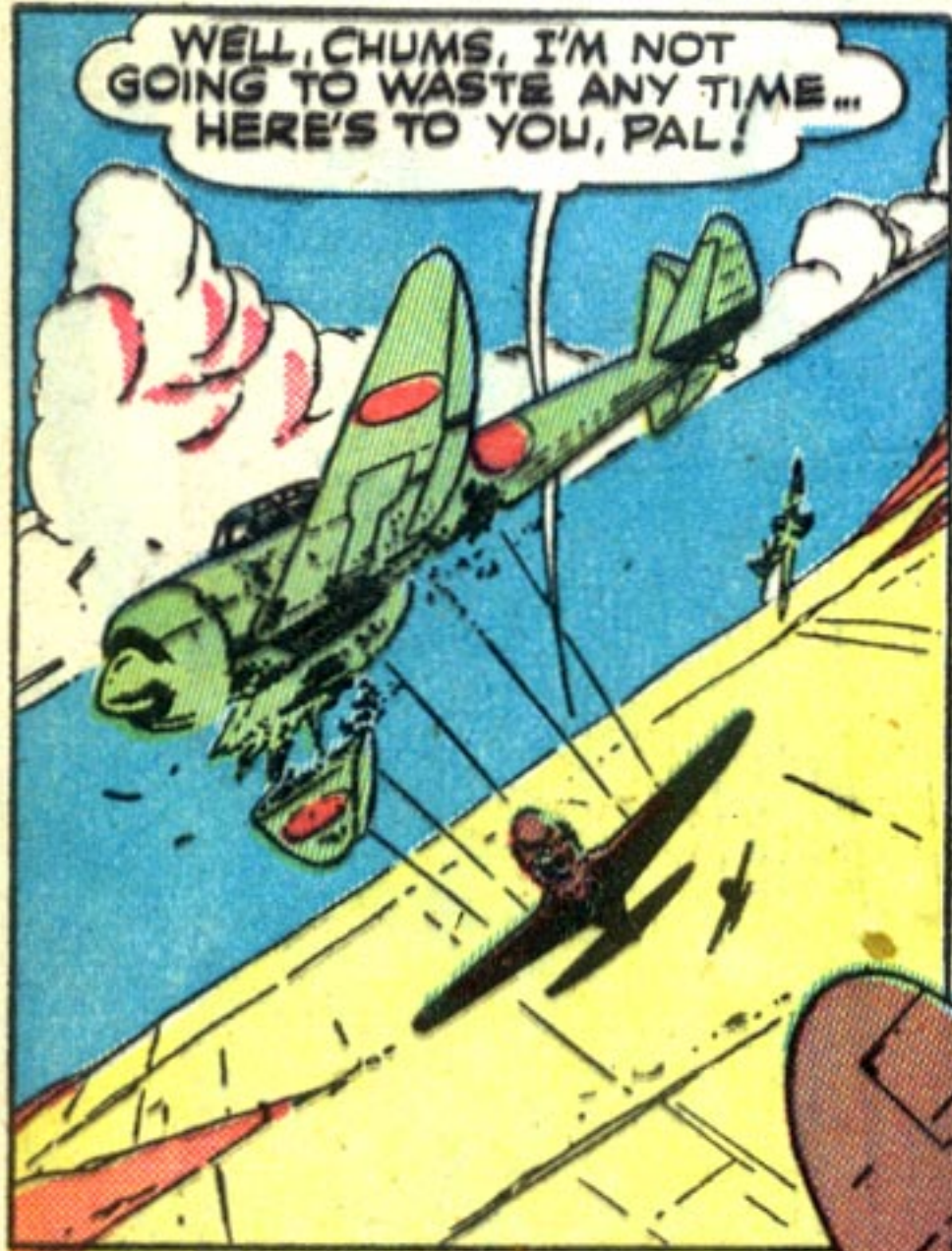


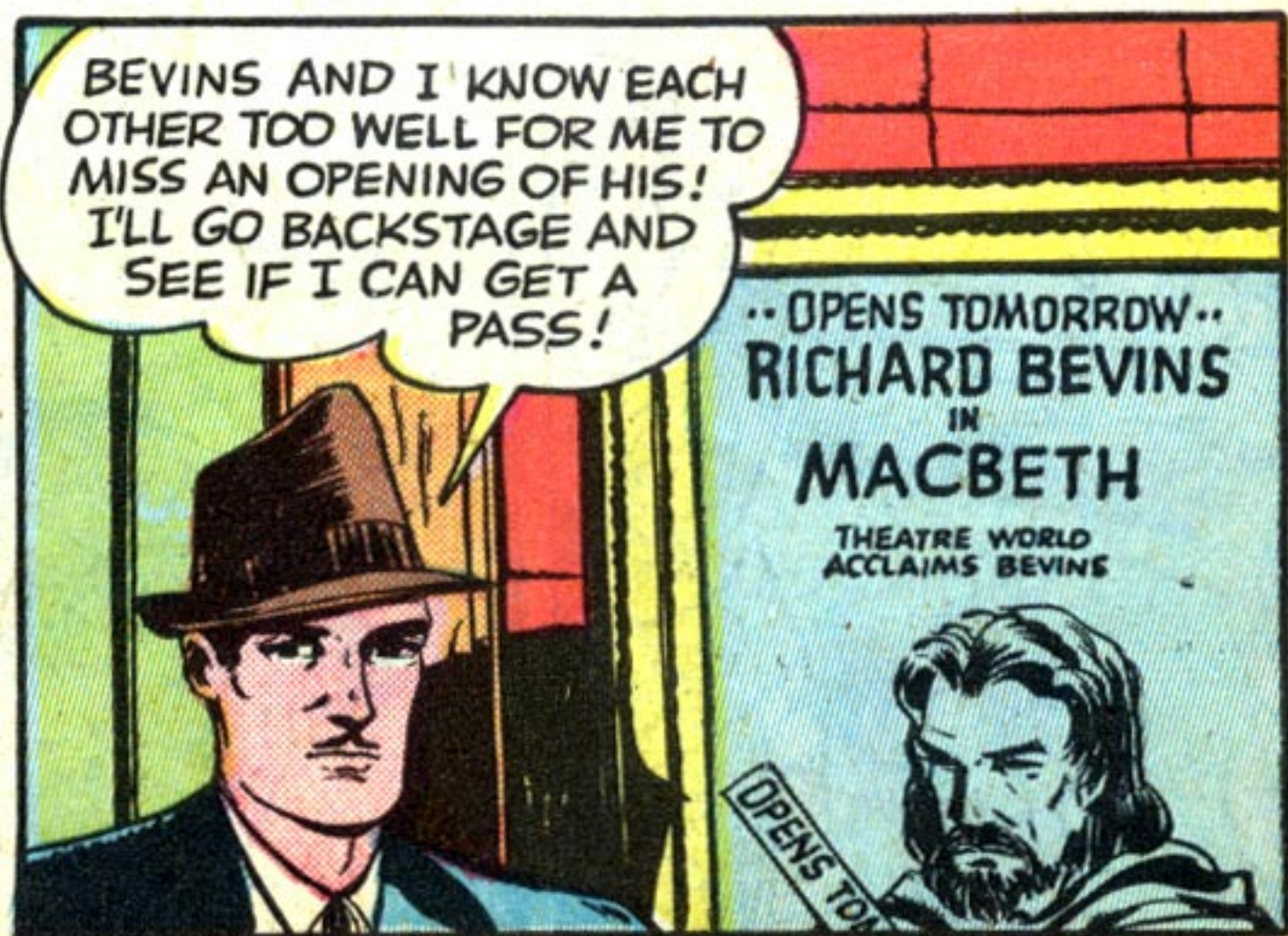
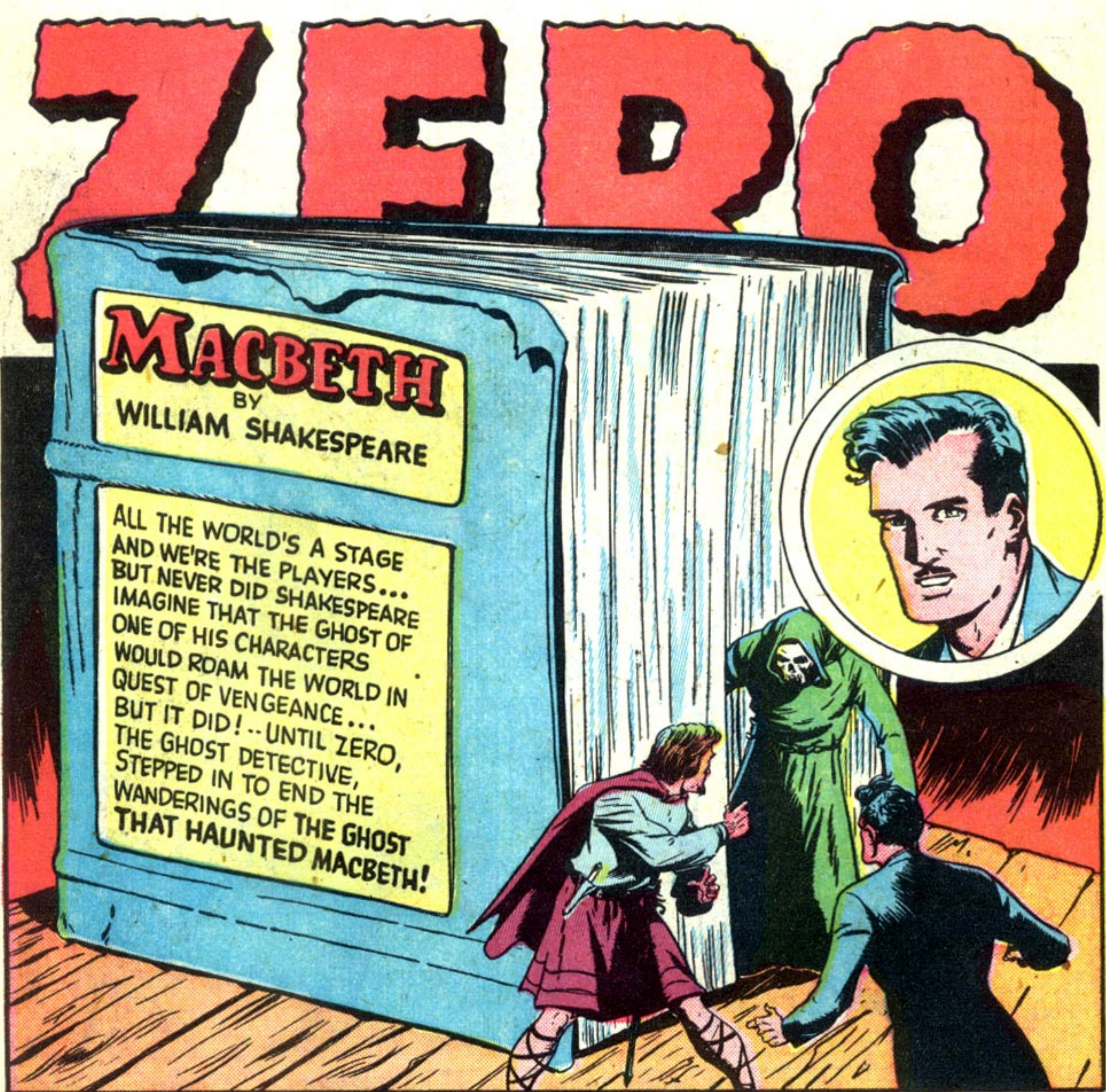
WOW! ... LOOK AT THOSE
CHINESE BOYS RIP THOSE
APES APART! ... THE JAPS
DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT
'EM!! HOT
DOGS!!



OH-OH! MITSU-
BISHI ZEROS!! ...
PLAYMATES!...







MEANWHILE ... BACKSTAGE, RICHARD BEVINS DEFTLY ASSUMES THE ROLE OF MACBETH ...

AND, UNKNOWINGLY, BEVINS IN HIS REHEARSAL ATTRACTS A GHOSTLY SPECTATOR! ...

WH-WHAT'S THAT? A GHOST?

A LITTLE BRUSHING UP BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE TOMORROW NIGHT WON'T HURT... NOW, AH-HH... LET'S SEE...

--THEN, BANQUO, IF YOU ARE TO FIND HEAVEN, YOU MUST FIND IT TONIGHT!

ODDS, BODKIN! 'TIS MACBETH! AT LAST MY SEARCH COMES TO AN END! I SHALL HAVE REVENGE!



AYE, FOOL MACBETH! A GHOST I AM! -- BY YOUR MURDEROUS HAND! BUT I HAVE SWORN VENGEANCE -- AND I SHALL HAVE IT!

Y-YO...
HELP!



AND NOW YOU SHALL DIE, MACBETH!...
DIE!



OUTSIDE, AS THE GHOST DETECTIVE NEARS BEVINS' DRESSING ROOM...

EGAD! SOUNDS LIKE MURDER!

A GHOST -- THE GHOST OF BANQUO! I MUST DO SOMETHING!

I MUST BREAK HIS HOLD ON BEVINS -- OR BEVINS WILL BE STRANGLED!

DIE, MACBETH, DIE!

UGGHH...
--GASP!!





THE FOLLOWING EVENING... BEVINS
READY'S HIMSELF FOR THE
OPENING PERFORMANCE OF MACBETH...

IT'S ALMOST CURTAIN TIME AND
ZERO'S NOT HERE! MAYBE HE
WON'T SHOW UP?!! MAYBE I
SHOULDN'T PLAY THE PART
WITHOUT--



AHHH... THE DOOR...
MUST BE ZERO! ---
GOSH! I'M GETTING
JUMPY OR I'D KNOW
ZERO WOULDN'T
FAIL TO -----



---G-GULP---IT'S
THE GHOST!--
HELP!

AGAIN
WE MEET,
MACBETH!
--BUT THIS
TIME
YOU DIE!



BUT FIRST MEET
THE GHOST
DETECTIVE!

MACBETH'S
DEVILISH CREATURE --
BUT...



OOOOOPSSSSS!

BANQUO'S GHOST
RETURNS TO
AVENGE HIS
DEATH--
NOTHING
CAN STOP
HIM---



DEATH TO YOU,
MACBETH!--AND
BANQUO IS AVENGED!

I MUST DO
IT THIS TIME!



ZERO..
HELP!

-----LISTEN! HE'S NOT
MACBETH --BUT AN ACTOR
TAKING HIS PART! YOUR
DEATH HAS BEEN AVENGED
BY THE HAND OF MACDUFF!



HARK! I HEAR
THE NAME OF
MY FRIEND
MENTIONED!
PROOF! I DEMAND
PROOF!--OR THE
LIFE OF
MACBETH!

THEN COME
WITH ME AND
SEE FOR
YOURSELF!
YOUR YEARS
OF WANDERING
HAVE BEEN IN
VAIN!--
MACBETH
HAS PAID
THE
PENALTY!

FAITH, IF YOU
SPEAK THE
TRUTH, THEN
I RETURN TO
MY GRAVE
FOREVER...
BUT IF THOU
LIEST, THOU
AND THE CAD,
MACBETH, WILL
PAY WITH YOUR
LIVES!



IN A BOX ADJOINING THE STAGE, ZERO AND THE GHOST OF BANQUO VIEW BEVINS' PRESENTATION... TWO LIVES ARE HANGING ON THE OUTCOME!

LOOK! THE SCOUNDREL FLAUNTS THE PLOT OF MY DEATH BEFORE THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE! I'LL ---

STAY!-- THERE IS MORE YET! WATCH CLOSELY!

BOTH OF YOU KNOW BANQUO AS YOUR ENEMY-- NOW GO!

OHhh, TREACHERY-- FLEE, FLEE, FLEE!

--YOU'RE DEAD, BANQUO-- DEAD!

CALM YOURSELF, SIR GHOST, AND WITNESS THE LAST ACT!

FAITH, HE MAKES SPORT OF MY MURDER! I'LL PUT HIM IN HIS GRAVE, TOO!

I, MACDUFF, WILL AVENGE THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND BANQUO!

FAITH, I CANNOT ESCAPE! HELP!

BRAVO! BRAVO! WELL DONE, MACDUFF, WELL DONE!

DIE, MACBETH, DIE!!

--AND SO YOU SEE THE PLAY THIS SHAKESPEARE MADE OF MACBETH'S ADVENTURE INTO CRIME!

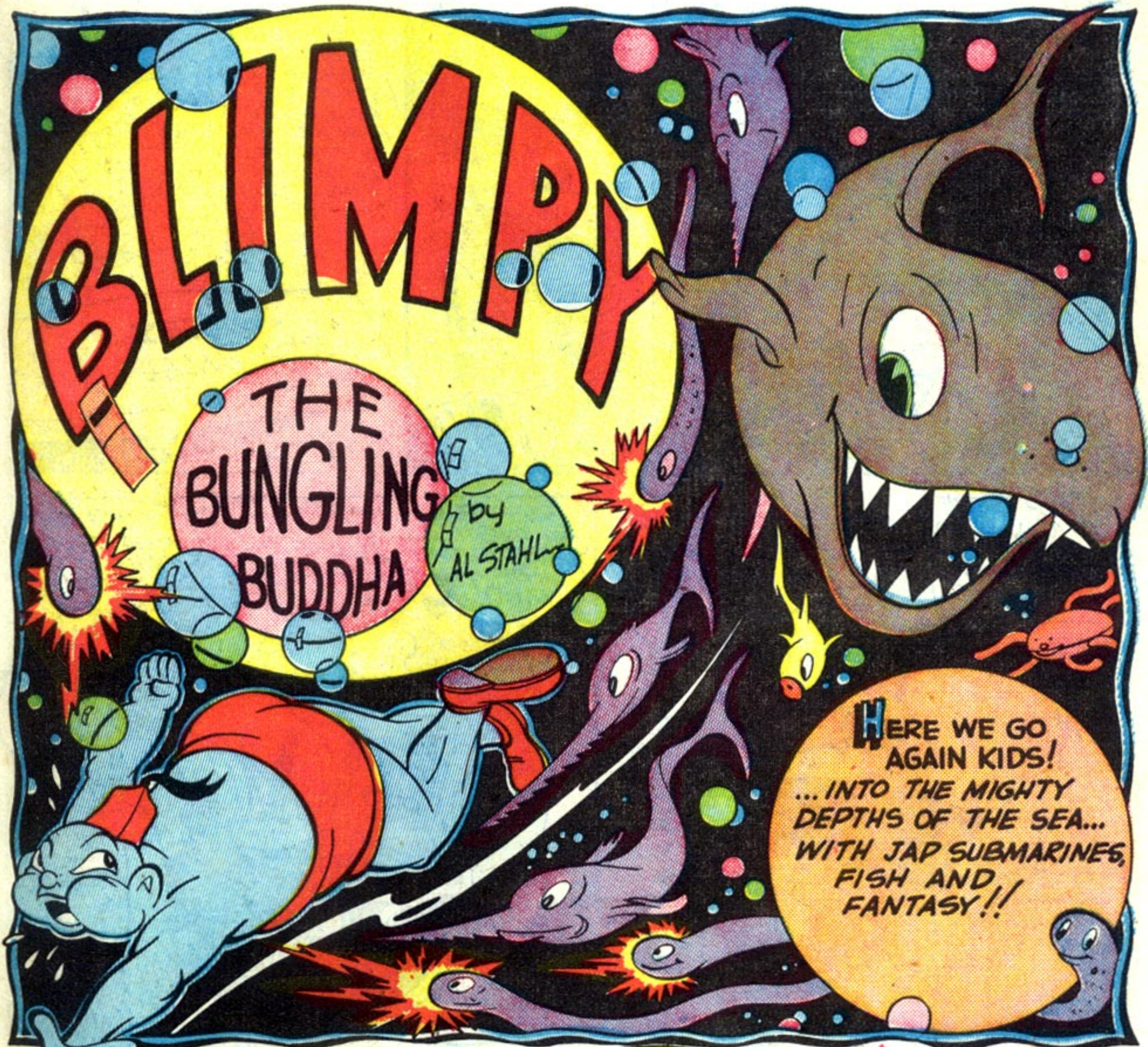
AYE! AND A FINE PLAY HE MADE! I FEEL LIKE A FOOL HUNTING FOR THE MAN MY FRIEND KILLED LONG AGO! -- OH, WELL, PARTINGS, MY FRIEND, PARTINGS!

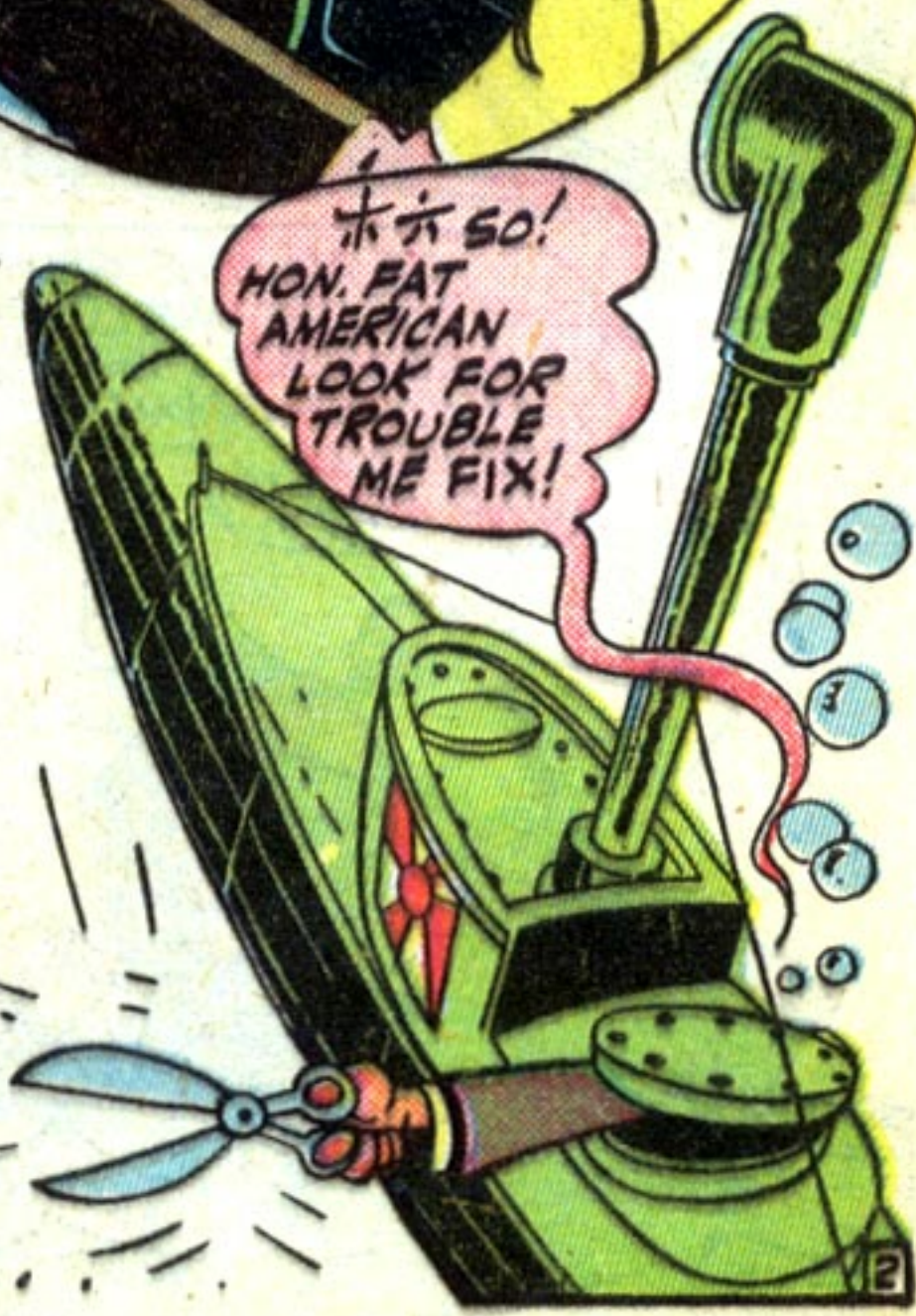
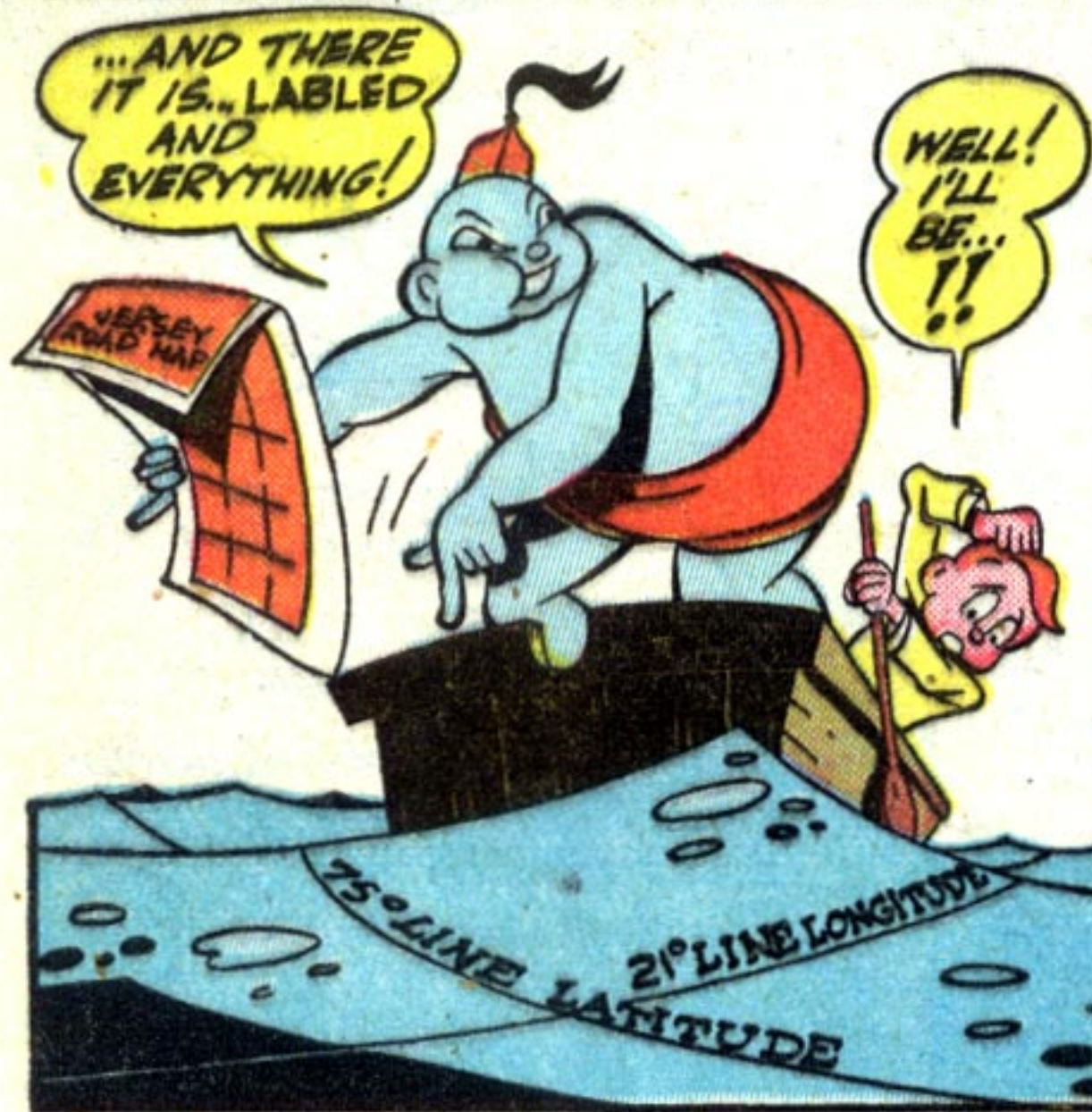
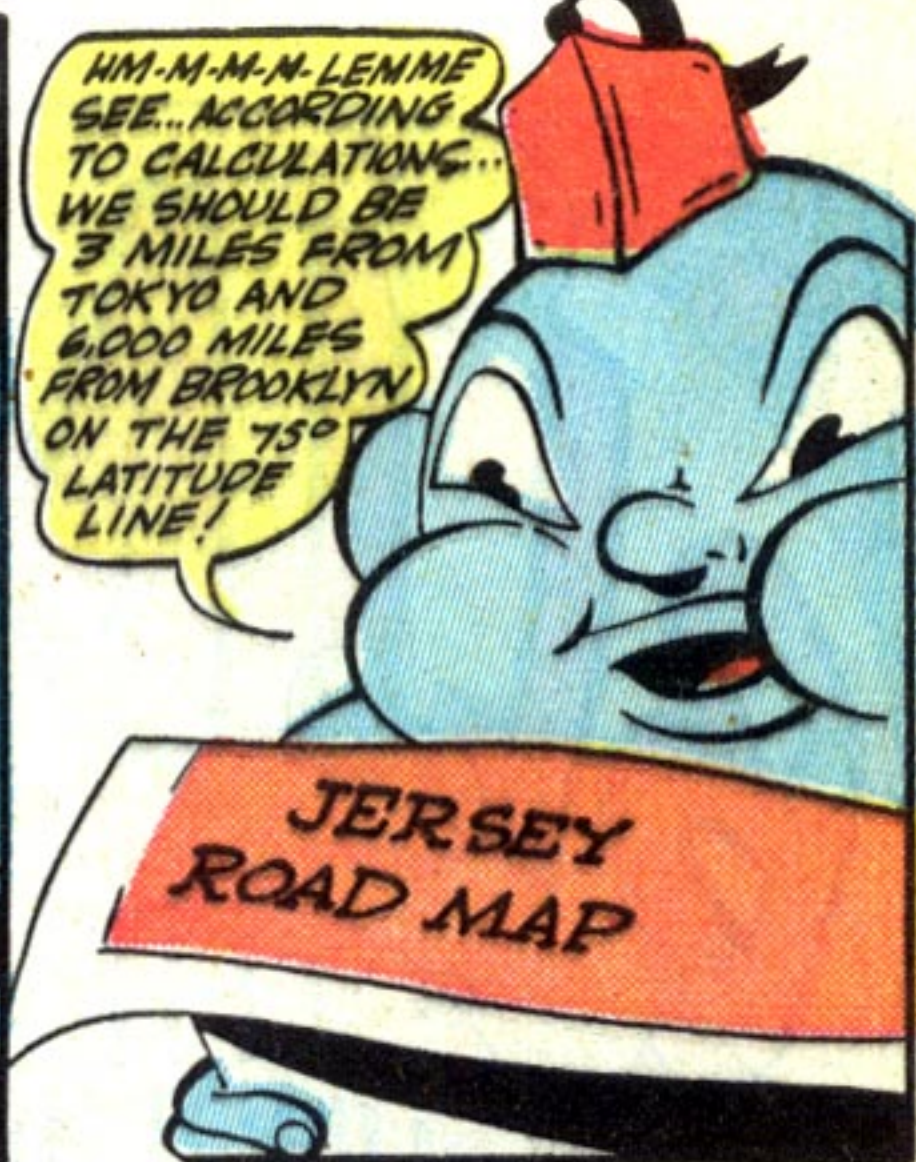
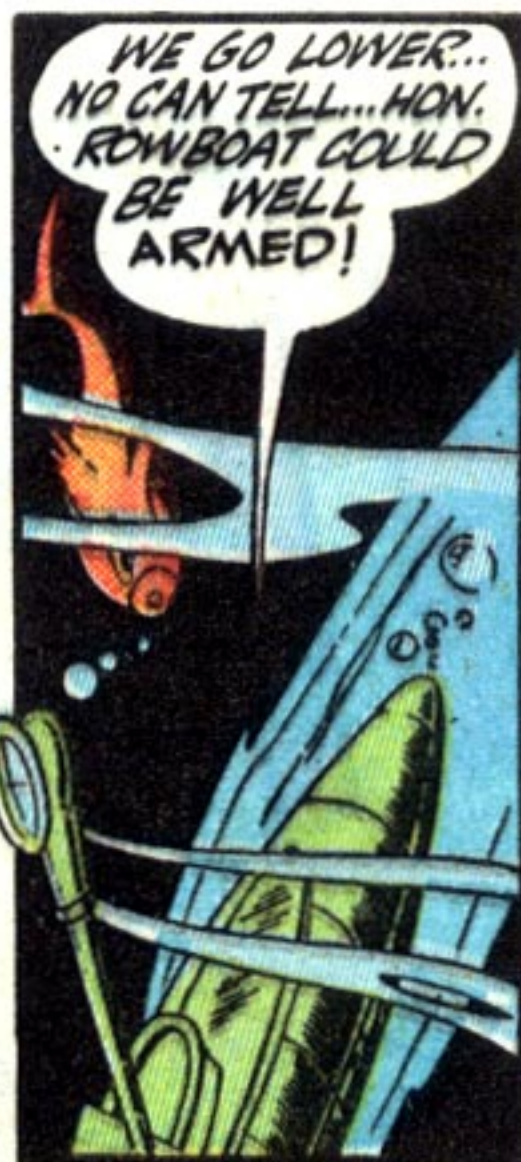
"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE AND WE'RE THE PLAYERS --"

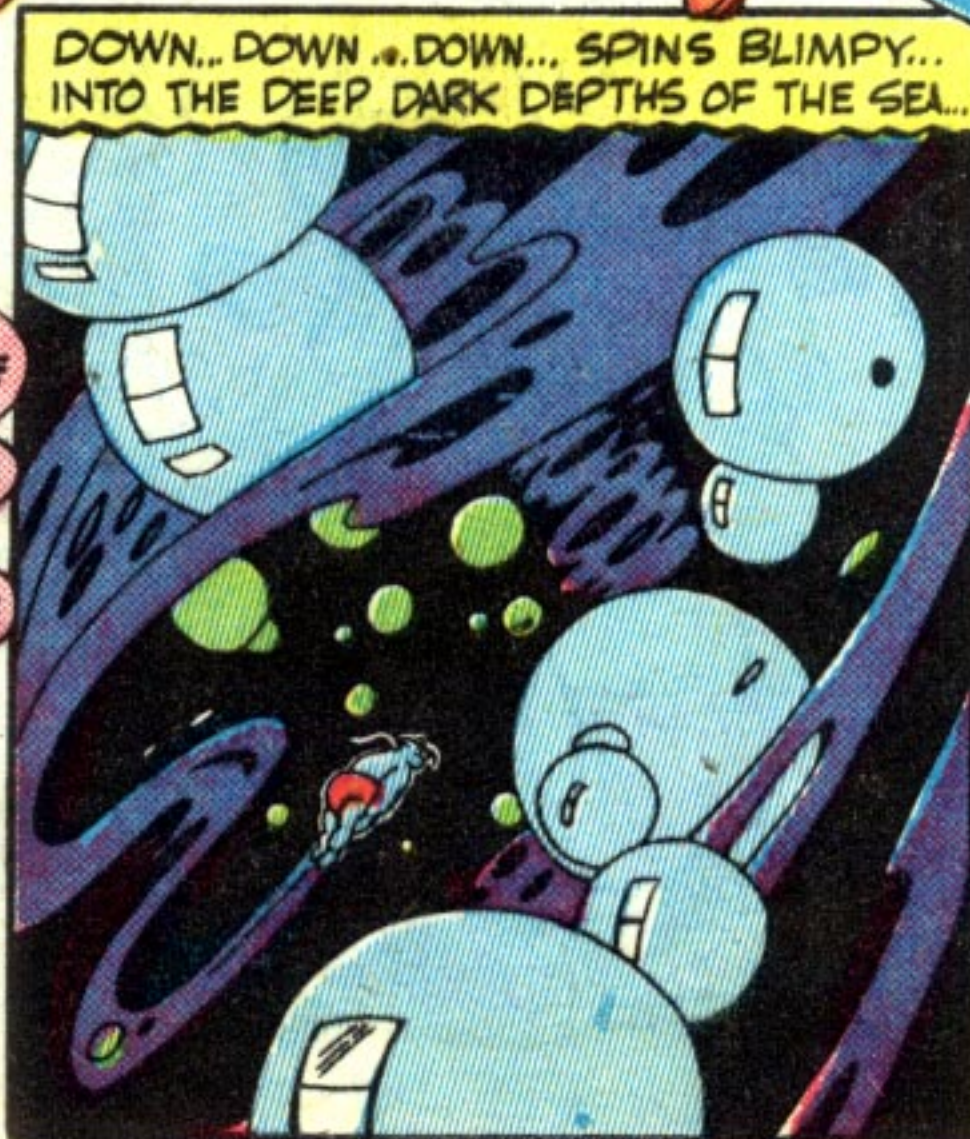
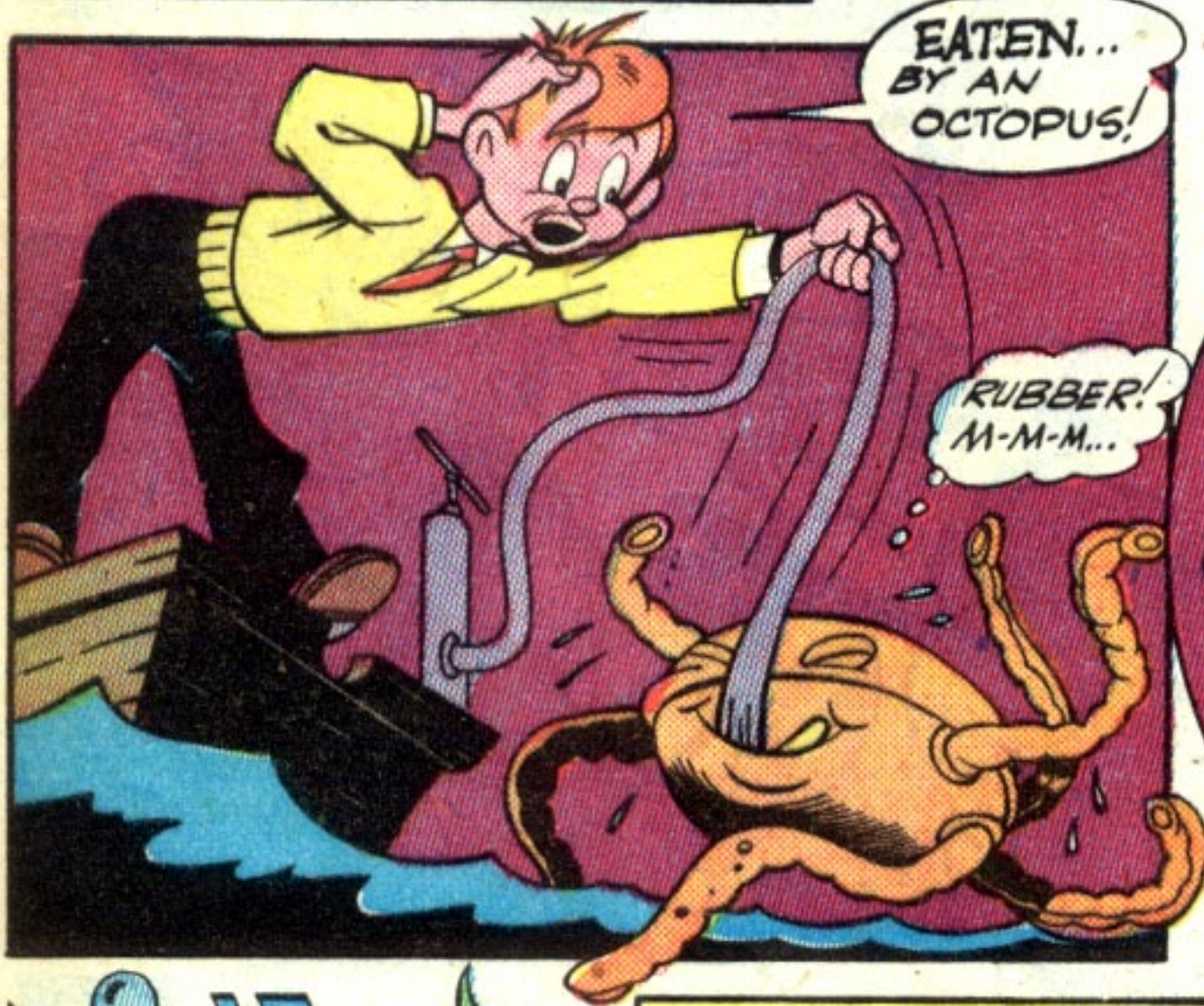
HA-HA! LOOKS AS IF SHAKESPEARE HAS ADDED ANOTHER FAN TO HIS LONG LIST -- HMMM -- WHERE'S BEVINS?

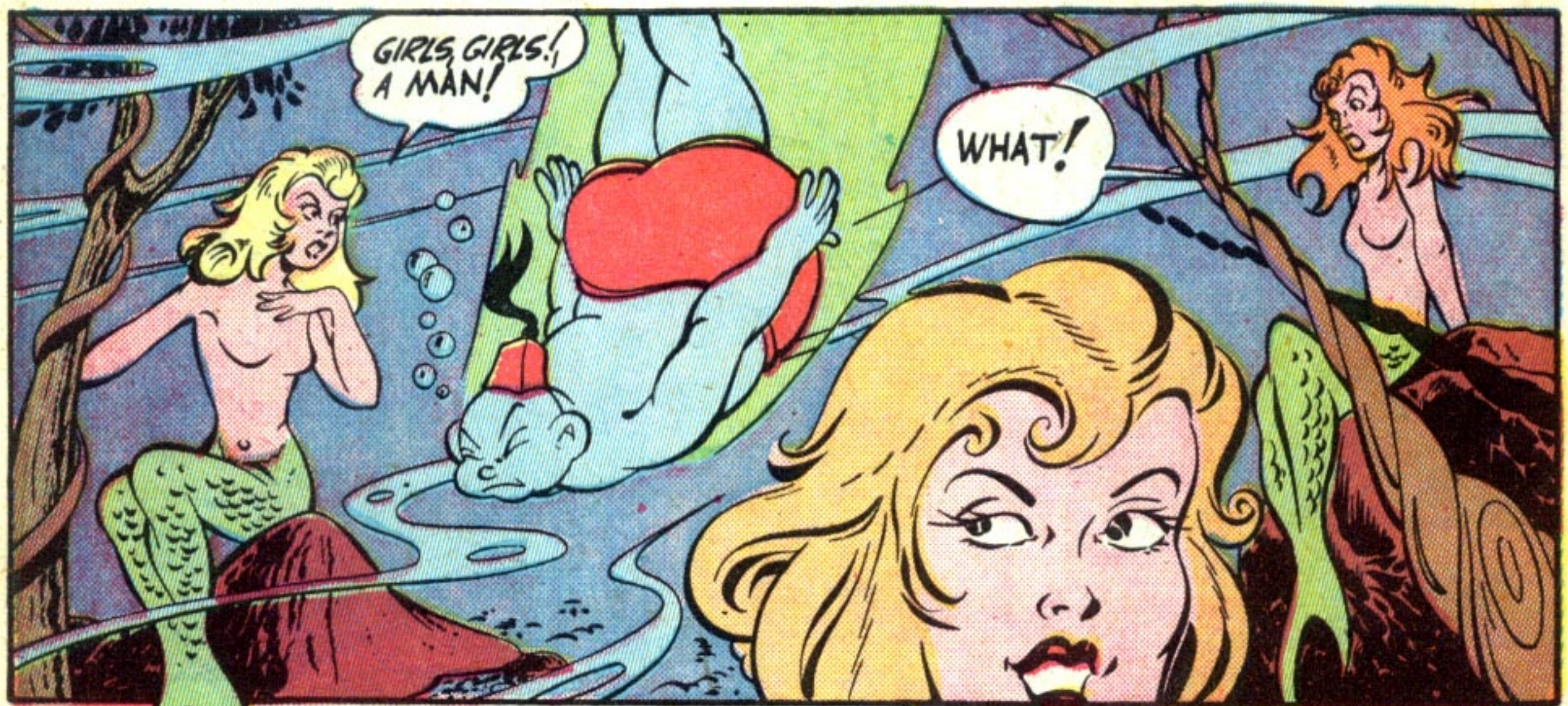
WASHED THIS MAKE-UP OFF THE MINUTE I GOT OFF THE STAGE! -- WHERE'S THE--?

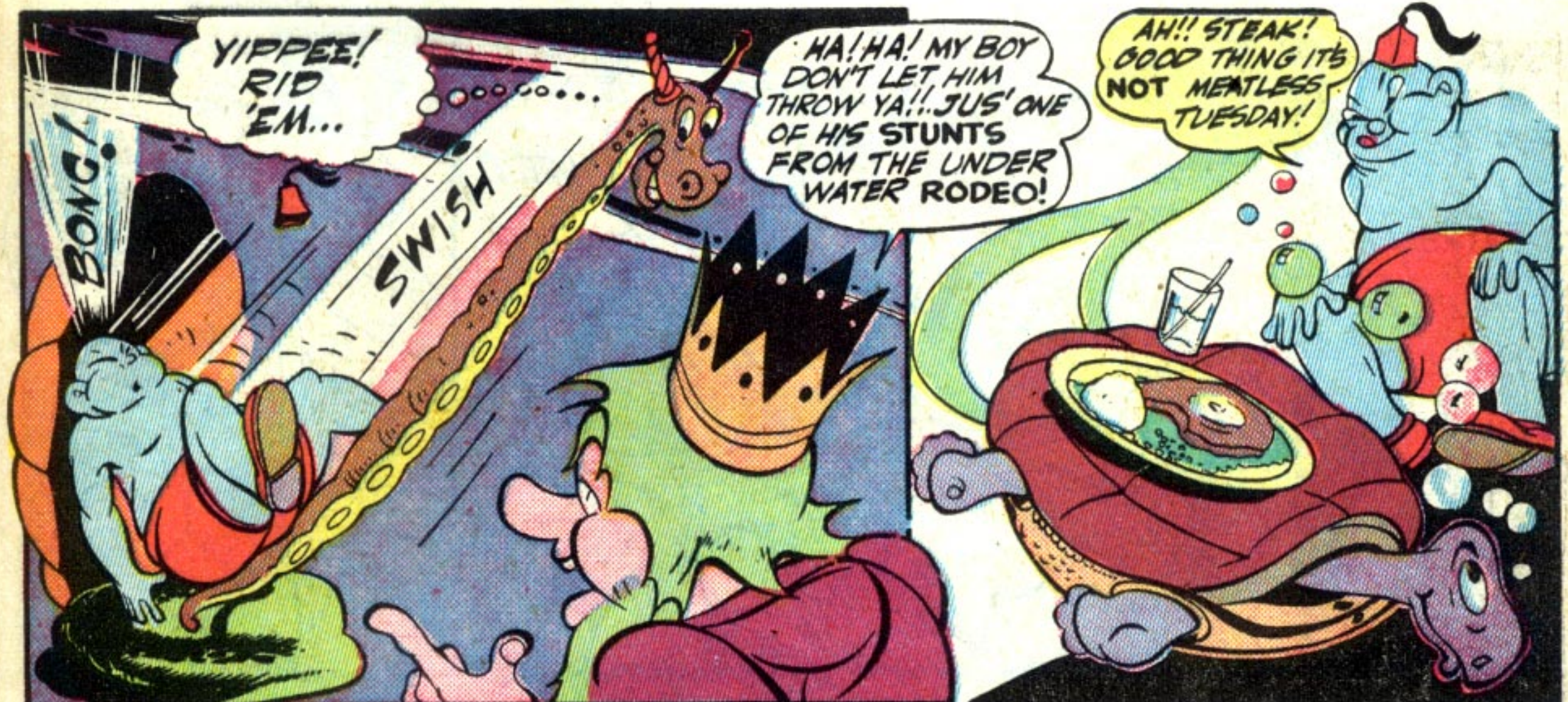
YOUR PERFORMANCE HAS TURNED HIM INTO A SHAKESPEARIAN STUDENT! BANQUO'S GHOST WILL ROAM NO MORE!







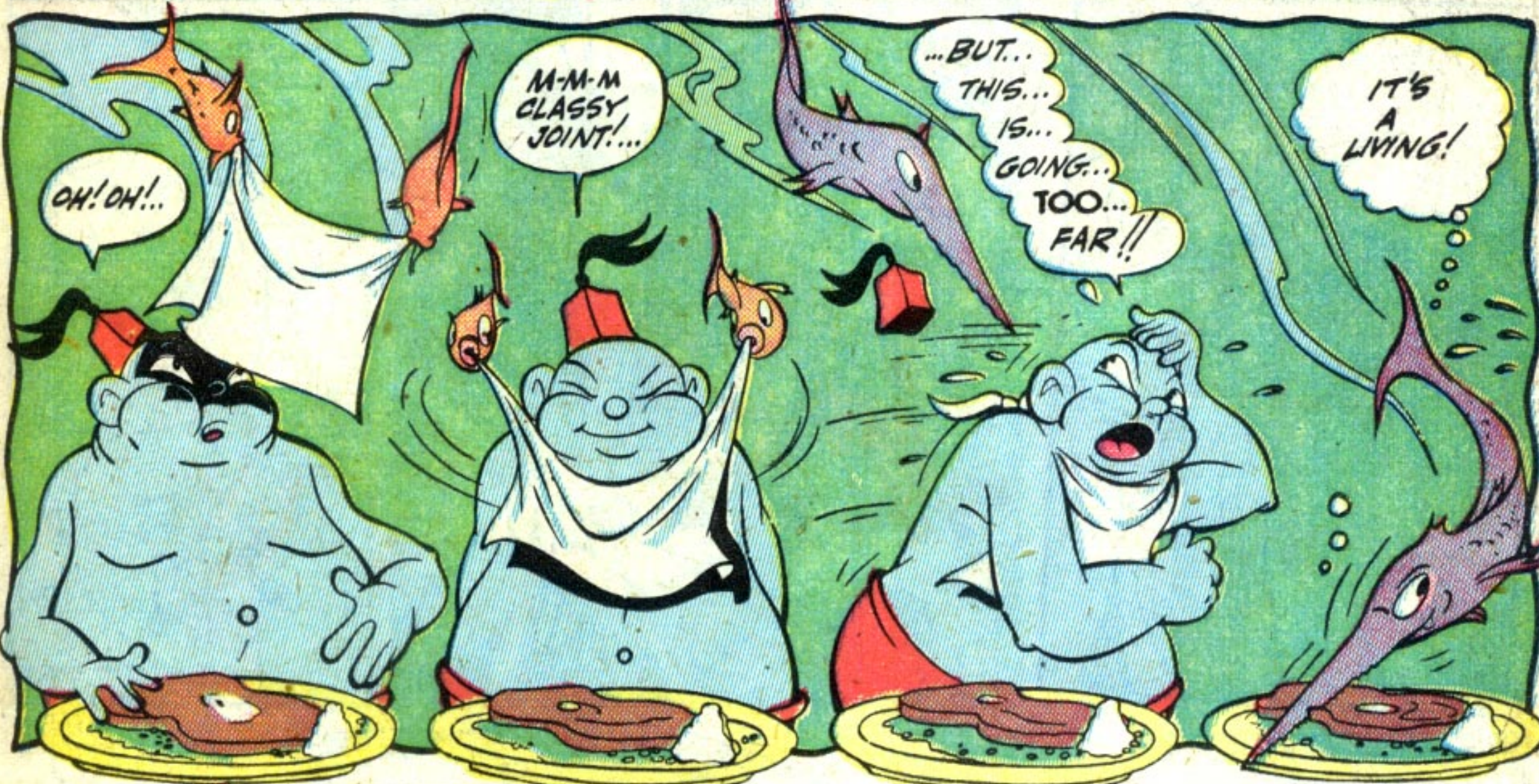




YIPPEE!
RID
'EM...

HA! HA! MY BOY
DON'T LET HIM
THROW YA!! JUS' ONE
OF HIS STUNTS
FROM THE UNDER
WATER RODEO!

AH!! STEAK!
GOOD THING IT'S
NOT MEATLESS
TUESDAY!



OH! OH!!

M-M-M
CLASSY
JOINT!...

...BUT...
THIS...
IS...
GOING...
TOO...
FAR!!

IT'S
A
LIVING!



MEANWHILE...

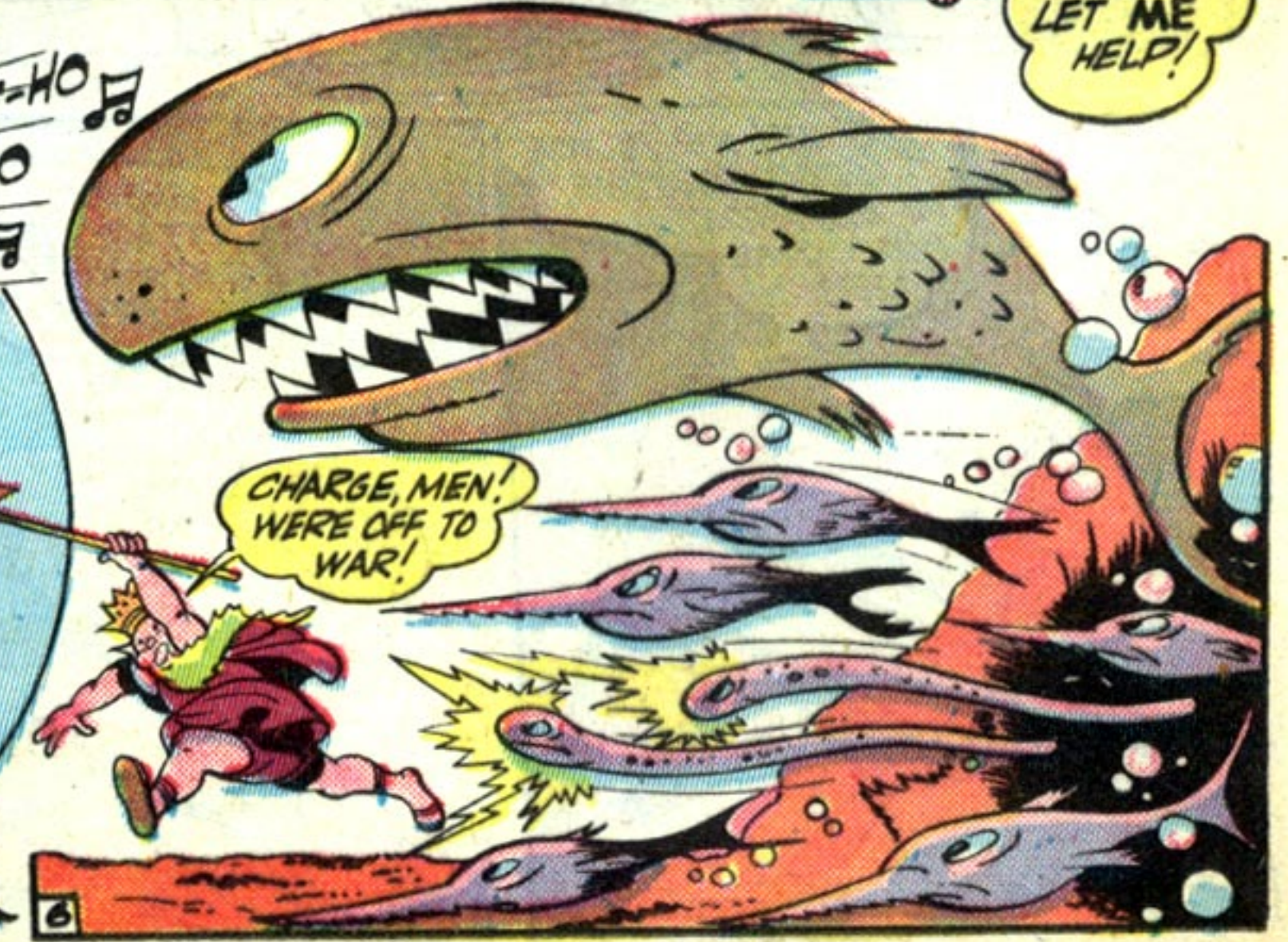
SOB!
BLINDY
GONE!!

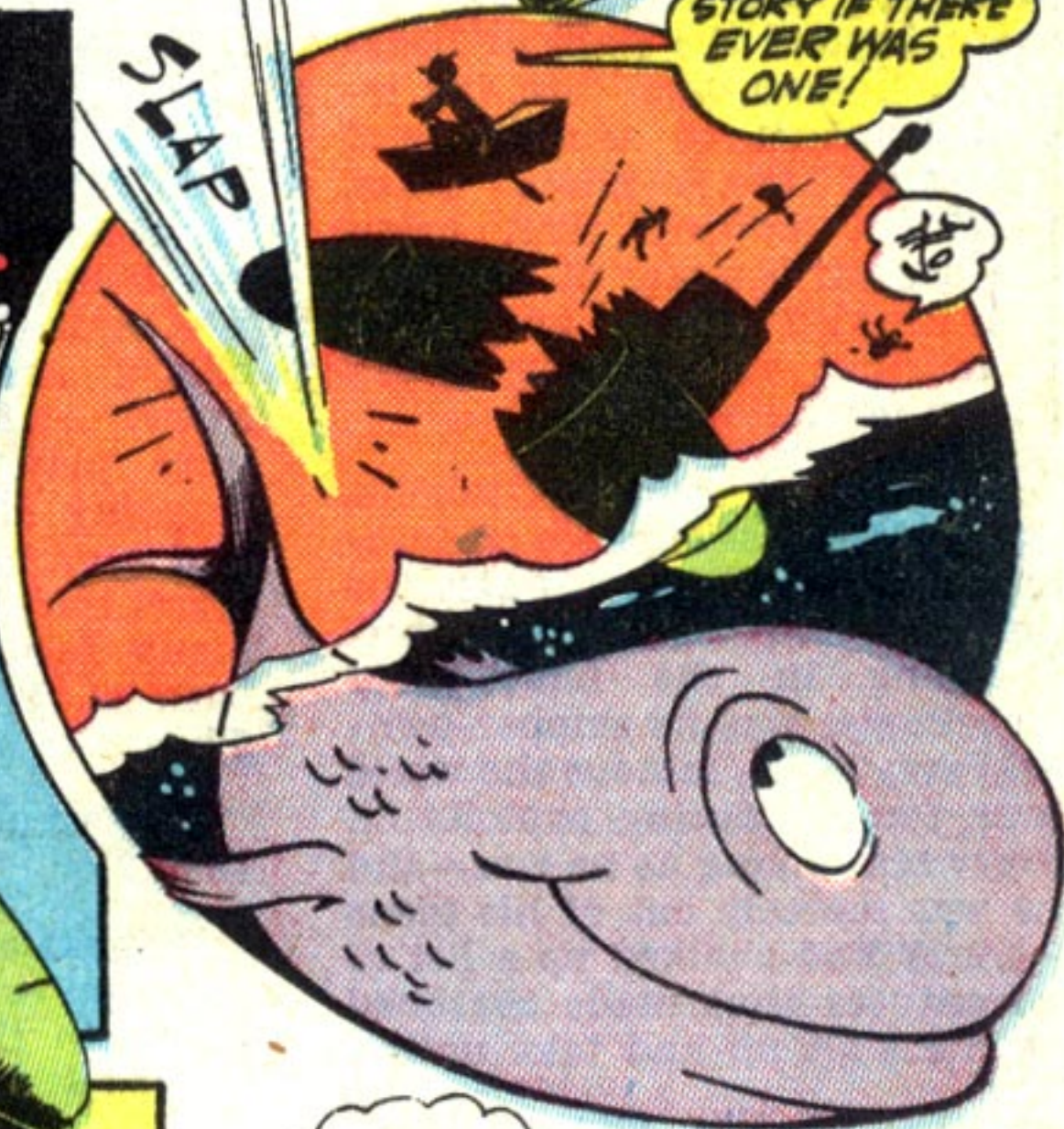
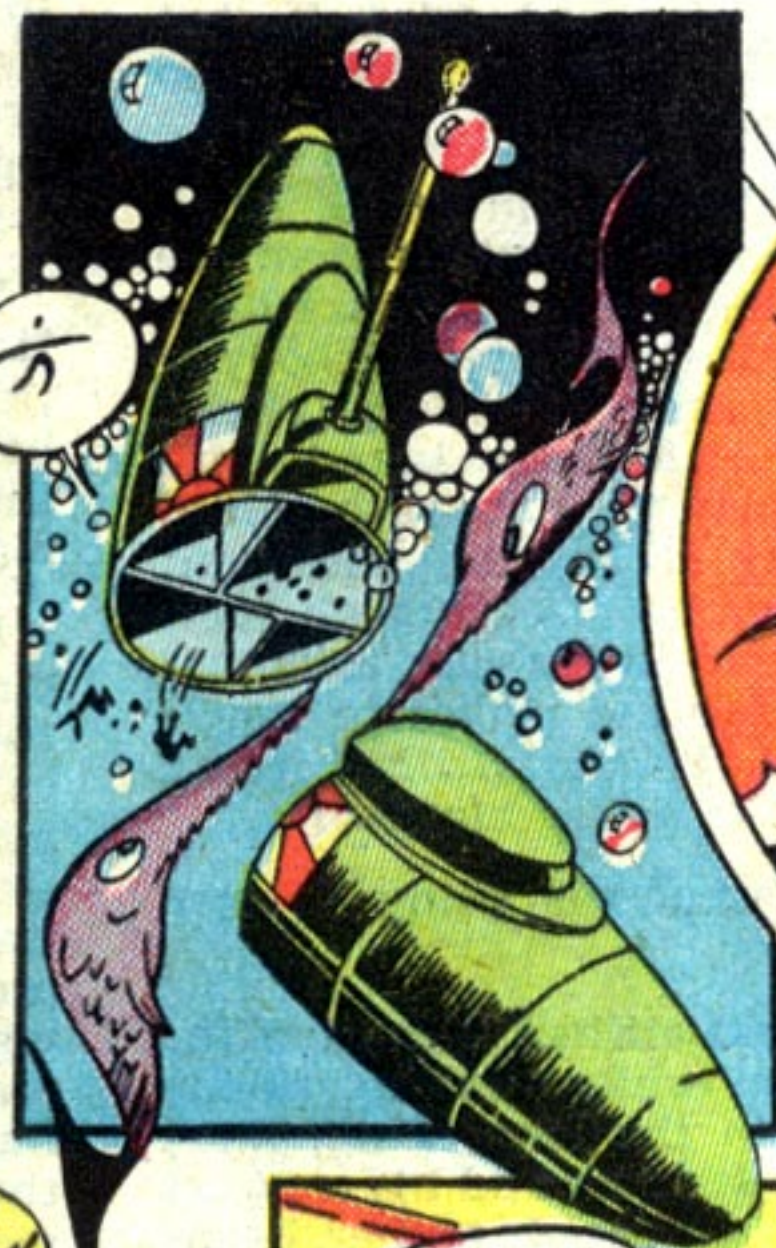
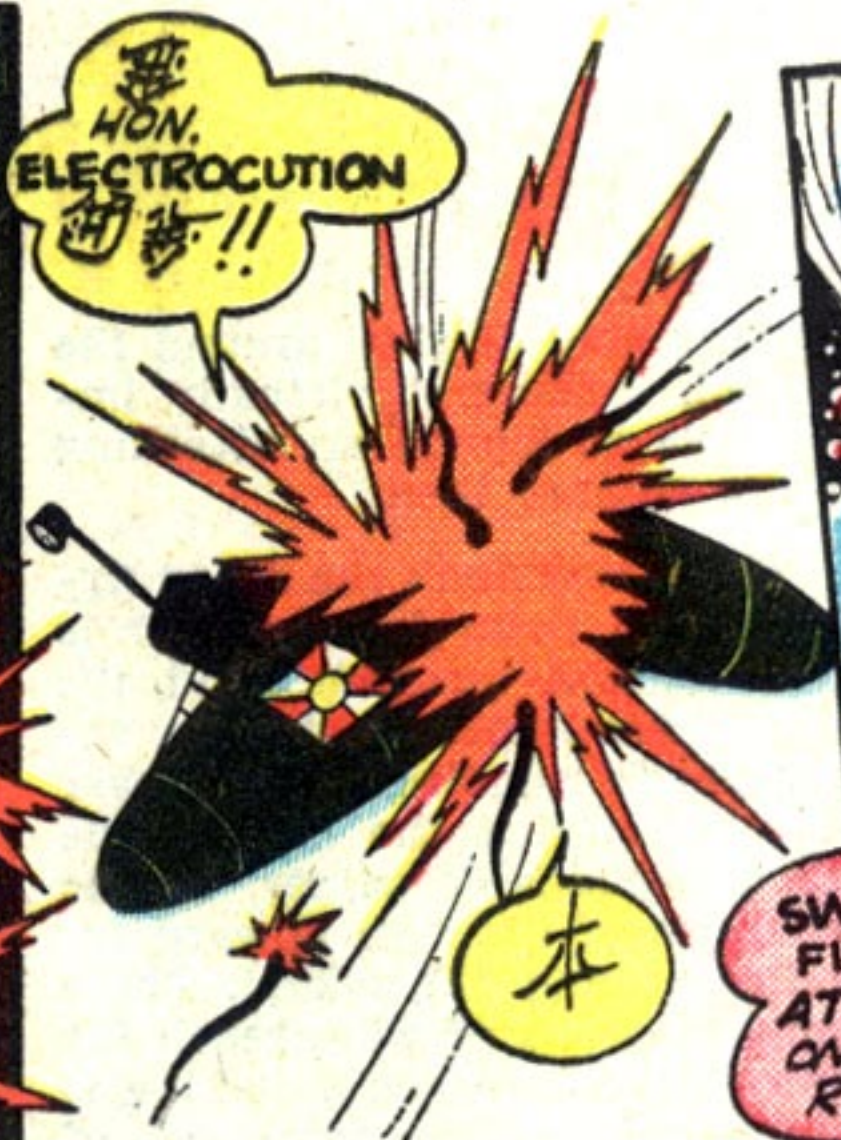
HA! WE IN HON.
GOOD FORTUNE!!
IS ROWBOAT...
WE COME
UP!



SNEAK
ATTACK... EH!
@X! ★★!?!
JAPS!!

根
FAT STUFF
IS HON.
PRISONER
OF WAR! BY
ORDER OF
HON. IMPERIAL
HIROHITO!





THE ISLAND *that* VANISHED

AN UNHEALTHY glow hung between the darkening water and the upper heavens, which were already black with the coming of night. It was a sickly green glow, slightly tinged with orange at the lower edge, where the dying sun stained it.

There was no wind stirring the lonely Sula Sea. Place of violent winds and cataclysmic storms, the surface now lay unruffled, looking like a piece of black-green glass.

Two icy stars twinkled directly overhead, the only light in the otherwise ebony sky. Far up there, beyond the sight or hearing of human ears, flew the lethal bombers of America and Australia, their pilots tense, watching, waiting. And below the deceptive water of the Sula Sea prowled enemy and allied submarines, each hoping to bag the other fellow's ship.

There were surface raiders, too, in this vast expanse of desolate sea. And there was also the mystery ship, The Driftwind. Standing in the bullet-proof wheelhouse was its skipper-owner, Perry Scott, famous the world over for his daring exploits on every sea. Young as he was—and he was scarcely out of his teens—Perry had chalked up a list of adventures that made seasoned veterans sit up and take notice.

Perry, at this moment, was thinking about the secret mission he was on—for Uncle Sam. Plenty hazardous. Filled with danger, but bristling with the sort of adventure that Perry and his picked crew loved: outwitting the enemy.

We can tell you this much about the young skipper's closely guarded secret: he was on his way to rout two thousand Japs off a strategic island almost in the middle of the Sulu Sea. Here they had established themselves, forming an almost impregnable fortress, with several subs and a flock of Zero fighters. A good score of heavily-armed destroyers formed a pro-

tecting ring of steel around the island, making it virtually impossible to launch an attacking force against them.

Then, why don't the Allied flyers bomb them from above? is the natural question. And it's easily answered: A strange atmospheric condition exists over the vicinity of the island. Due to unexplainable causes, terrific columns of air rush upward for miles around the island. These mighty blasts of wind reach far into the stratosphere, making it impossible to fly any type of plane into their midst. A few bold spirits had tried it, but none of them ever returned to their bases.

So, attack from above being impossible, and attack from the sea being almost as hazardous, what was the answer? Nobody in official Army or Navy circles knew. And those island Japs were playing hob with Allied shipping of supplies and men; and sending out (through some secret hole in the wind columns) many fighting planes to tangle with U. S. and British forces. *They had to be stopped!*

But who was going to stop them?

Perry Scott had learned of the situation while awaiting sailing orders in the lower Philippines. Immediately he and his crew set out in their speedy cruiser, heading toward the island, which was several hundred miles to the southwest. On the way, Perry made a minute study of the islands in the Sulu Sea. Itomu (that was the name of it) received particular attention. Perry studied the structure of the island from the extensive library he carried on board, and after long hours of research he discovered what he thought was the way to get every Jap on the island.

Perry reasoned this all out as he clung to the wheel of the racing ship. The powerful electric motors gave off scarcely a sound and there was little vibra-

tion from the twin screws that hurled the slim craft along at better than 50 knots. Most of the crew was asleep. Only Hemp, Perry's first officer, was above decks. Hemp hung over the ledge that encircled the small wheelhouse inside and regarded the sickly green glow in the sky.

"Funny hunk of water, this, eh, Perry?" he said. "Look at that sky, the color of an undertaker's face when another undertaker stretches him out for the last ride."

Perry grinned. "Yeah, there's something weird about the Sulu. I've seen it like a boiling cauldron, and again like it is now. But I don't remember ever seeing a sky so ghastly."

They didn't discuss the future. It was all mapped out, and if things carried well they would be within striking distance of their island come tomorrow night.

Darkness had become complete now. They could see neither sky nor water. It was like careening through a bottle of ink. But everything aboard the Driftwind was operated mechanically. If a ship loomed ahead, radio waves actuated the steering device and they veered around the approaching ship. Dangerous mines came under the same category. And a very secret radio mechanism picked up the sounds of submarines as far as ten miles away, in any direction.

The silence that had fallen upon the two youths was suddenly broken by a low buzzing sound and a tiny green light blinked on the control panel. Quickly Perry tuned the radio up.

"... and the British Destroyer Sargo was sunk today by Japs holding Itomu Island ... nine bombers from the American Carrier Barrington, sent toward the island, have failed to return, and it is feared ... " This startling report was followed by figures

indicating the heavy losses sustained by the destroyer.

"Wow!" said Hemp. "If those Nips aren't stopped pretty soon they'll win the darn war!"

Perry stared grimly into the inky sky. "They'll be stopped, all right," he said. "By this time tomorrow night the island of Itomu will have ceased to be a menace."

Hemp said: "You sure seem certain your plan will work, Skipper. What if it doesn't?"

Perry grunted, "If this one fails, then we'll try another. I think this one will work."

It *had* to work, Perry told himself. Those Nips *had* to be halted. Had Perry only known it, "those Nips" had grown to a force of over four thousand in the last few days. They had successfully landed a big transport filled with soldiers on the island. And now indeed they would be able to wreak havoc with the Allied Nations—intercepting convoys with precious foodstuffs and munitions, launching Zeros against bombing expeditions, lying in wait for subs and destroyers. Then dashing back to the protection of their island fortress.

There were two more Allied casualties that night, originating on Itomu. Both were gasoline tankers carrying precious food and fuel oil to Australia.

The radiocast made Perry boil and he stood at the wheel of the ship until the sun came up, refusing to be relieved. Only at dawn would he consent to go below for some sleep.

"But call me instantly if anything happens. Better use the Diesels a while and charge up those batteries," he added as he went down the companion.

The sea was still glassy when the sun came up. Hemp turned off the electric motors and cut in the Diesels. Their noise would reveal them to the enemy subs, but the device aboard was adequate to warn them in time. And they were much faster than any undersea boat.

Perry was up on deck before noon. Nothing untoward had happened. They would be within

a few miles of Itomu by ten that night, barring mishaps.

"Keep her on a straight course, Hemp. I'm going below to check things on the 'Geezer.'"

The 'Geezer' was a pet name for the mysterious one-man sub The Driftwind always carried. It was a long, fast tube of special steel alloy, electrically driven, with one powerful torpedo tube and cargo space. The Geezer was Perry's own invention. More than once belligerent nations had tried to steal the valuable craft.

It was again night. The Sulu lay quiet as ever. The sun had gone down in a blood-red burst, presaging storm. And storms on this sea are tremendous, awful things. Perry hoped it would not strike for several hours at least.

At 10:30 The Driftwind lowered a sea anchor. They stood about five miles off Itomu. The Geezer had been lowered into the water with Perry aboard. All the crew had orders to stand on deck and be prepared for a quick dash out to sea.

Perry closed the conning tower trap and moved controls. The Geezer submerged and leaped ahead under water. The night periscope, which rendered everything on the surface within two miles as easily seen as under sunlight, cut the water far above the craft. Perry sat before the controls and occasionally glanced at the radio-finder and a graph needle that checked the Geezer's course.

Now he was close to the island. He dropped lower—100 feet—200. He snapped on the powerful searchlight in the nose. Giant coral towers and columns leaped into view. Itomu was, as he expected, built upon a network of coral columns!

Perry flicked the controls, hanging suspended for a few minutes studying the situation facing him. His searchlight cast a long finger of light through the green water, interlaced with great pillars of coral. It was like some subterranean temple. And for a moment Perry thought, what a shame to destroy such a beautiful formation. But death lurked above. Death in the form of 4,000 dangerous Japs. Already

they had accounted for hundreds of brave Allies. They had to be stopped.

Slowly he guided the Geezer into the labyrinth of coral pillars. On—on—through the murky green water. When he drifted out into open water he knew he had passed under the island. He turned the craft back. Then, donning a special diver's suit, he opened a door into an air lock. Closing this, he opened the sea door and stepped onto a ledge of coral. He carried a large cylinder with several dials and gauges on its top. Making adjustments on the dials, he fastened the cylinder to a pillar of coral.

Six times he performed this task, moving the craft to different corners of the island. Then he sped towards The Driftwind. It was now three o'clock in the morning.

He climbed on deck, first seeing that the Geezer had been lifted into its special compartment in the side of the ship's hull.

"Well, boys," he said, "I dood it. Timed for 4 o'clock. That gives us exactly twenty-five minutes before the fireworks. Let's watch!"

The time passed quickly and all eyes were turned toward the doomed island of Itomu. At last—

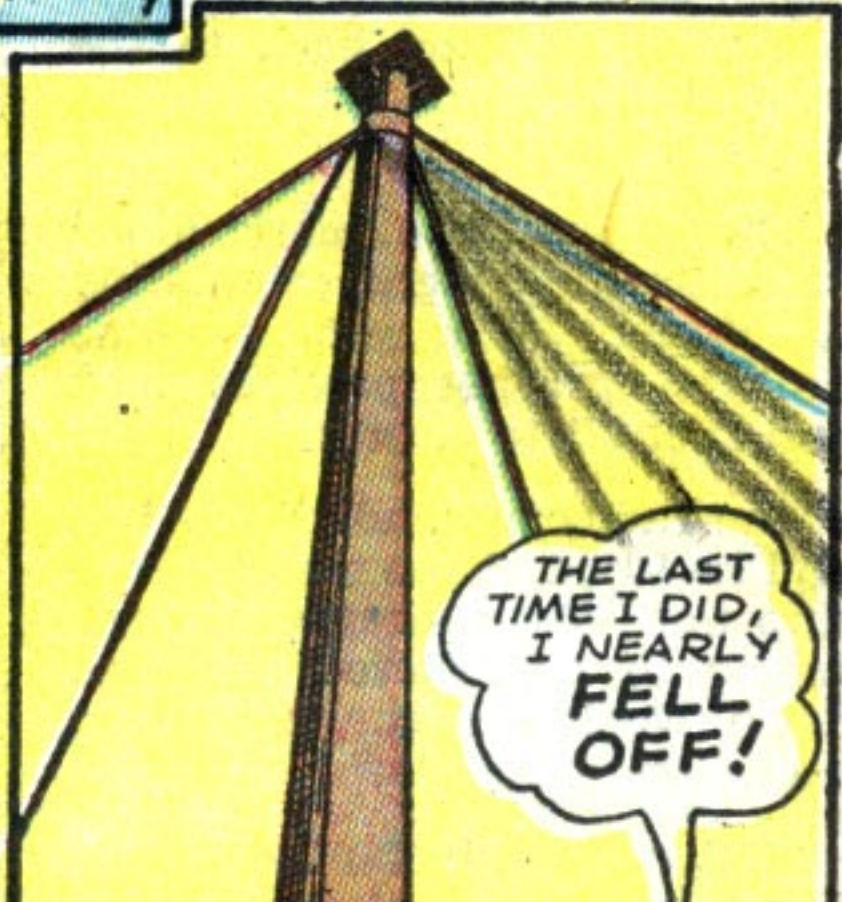
"Look!" cried one of the crew members. "My gosh—!"

It seemed as if the entire island lifted clear of the water. Then there was a tremendous roar and a column of water was hurled hundreds of feet into the sky. When the mists and debris had settled, there was no more island, just bare ocean.

"My gosh!" someone breathed. "What a blast. Blew her to the skies!"

Perry stared at the bare spot and choked a bit. It was a shame in a way. But then—

"I hated to do it, boys. It was a beautiful island. But this is war. It was the Japs or hundreds more of our men. Let's head east, fellows."



BIG TOP

PHEW!
A TWO WEEKS
LAY-OFF WITHOUT
PAY!

BREAK IT UP YOU
GUYS AND STOP
BEEFIN'!

HOW'RE
WE
GONNA
LIVE?

I AIN
GOT A C
SAVED!

IF COAL
COST A DIME
A TON I
COULDN'T WARM
THE SEAT OF AN
ANT'S
PANTS!

WHAT ARE
WE S'POSED
TO DO--
EAT 'EM?

NO - BUT THERE'S A GAS SHORTAGE AND NO TAXIS IN THIS TOWN!

I GET
IT

USE YOUR HEADS!
THERE'S PLENTY OF
WAYS A MAN CAN EARN
ODD CASH IN THIS WAR
TIME EMERGENCY!

THE BOSS IS RIGHT! HE LEFT HIMSELF WIDE OPEN ON THAT ONE!

HOW?

I STILL GOT
THE KEYS TO
THE ANIMAL
CAGES,
AIN'T I?

TAXI!

TAXI!

TAXI!

TAXI /

TAXI!

TAXI!

TAXI!

TAXI!

TAXI!

TAXI

TAXI

BILLVILLE

Rusty RYAN

and The
**BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS**

plus
**COMANDO
TACTICS**

DON'T
TALK TO
ME ---
YOU-YOU-YOU
DETESTABLE
DEMOCRAT!

DEMOCRAT?!!
WH-WHY... YOU MAINSAIL
FULL OF A NOR'EASTERLY...!
NOBODY CAN CALL ME A
©★※#\$\$@¢※★!!!
DEMOCRAT AN' GET
AWAY WITH IT!



I T SOUNDS CRAZY!... But it REALLY HAPPENED!!

...AND ON A SMALL ISLAND SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!

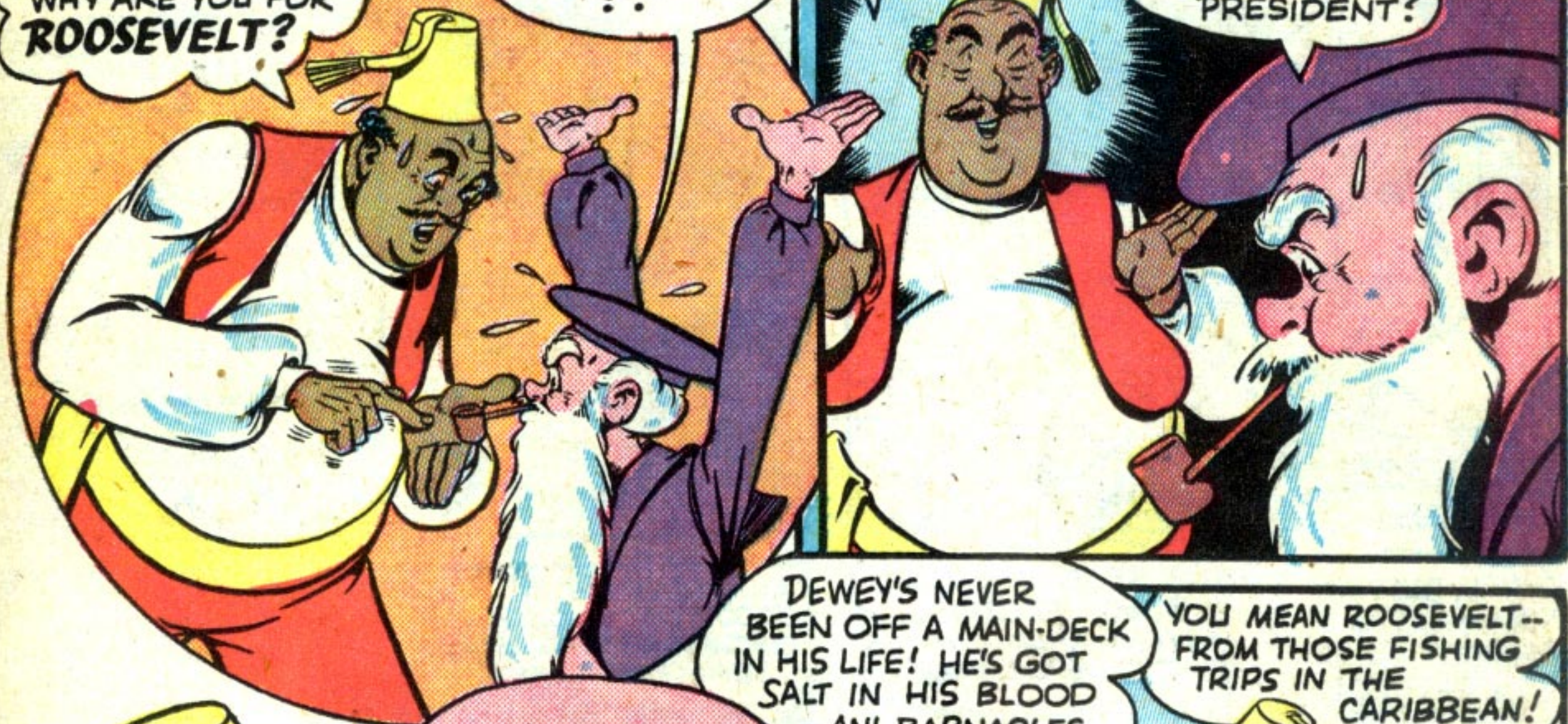
WHO WOULD EVER THINK A HEATED ARGUMENT COULD START BETWEEN ALABABA AND STUMPY ON POLITICS? OH... AND WHO IS STUMPY?? WHY, HE'S THE ORNERIEST SAILOR WHO FOUGHT IN THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR -- AND AFTER HE HELPED ADMIRAL DEWEY TAKE MANILA, HE STAYED BEHIND TO BECOME CHIEF OF A TRIBE OF **HEAD HUNTERS!!!**

IF YOU'RE NOT A
DEMOCRAT... AND
YOU SAY YOU'RE
A REPUBLICAN...
WHY ARE YOU FOR
ROOSEVELT?

THEN WHO AM
I SUPPOSED
TO BE FOR
??

DEWEY!
--OF
COURSE!

DEWEY? DEWEY?!!
WHAT'S AN OLD SCUTTLE-
BUTT LIKE HIM KNOW
ABOUT BEING
PRESIDENT?



DEWEY'S NEVER
BEEN OFF A MAIN-DECK
IN HIS LIFE! HE'S GOT
SALT IN HIS BLOOD
--AN' BARNACLES
BETWEEN HIS
TOES!

YOU MEAN ROOSEVELT--
FROM THOSE FISHING
TRIPS IN THE
CARIBBEAN!

WHAT'S THE
USE OF ARGUING?
YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE
THE VALUE OF A MAN
WITH TWO FEET
ON **SOLID
GROUND!**



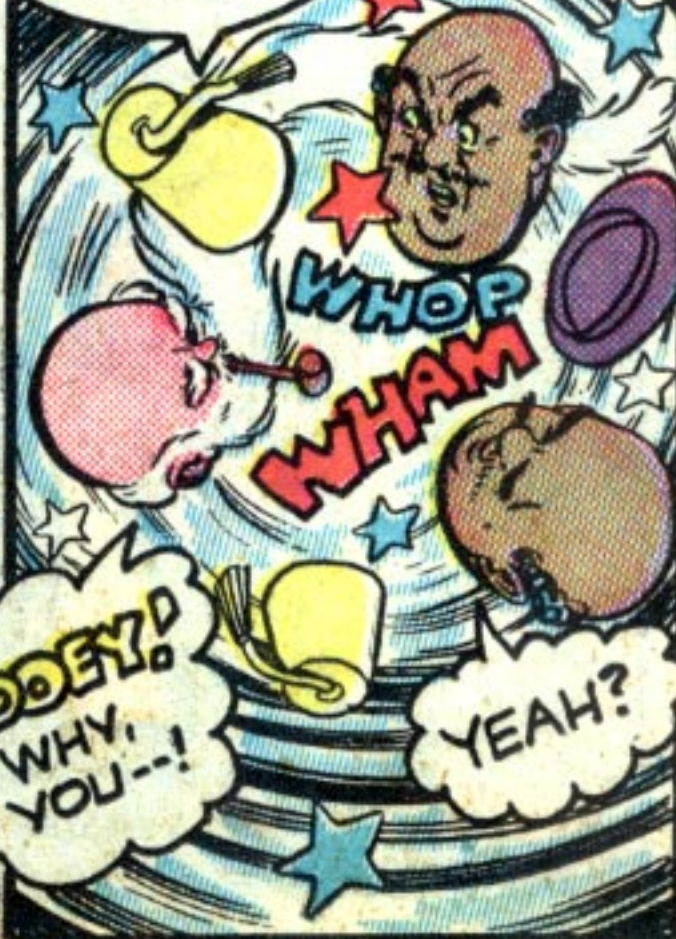
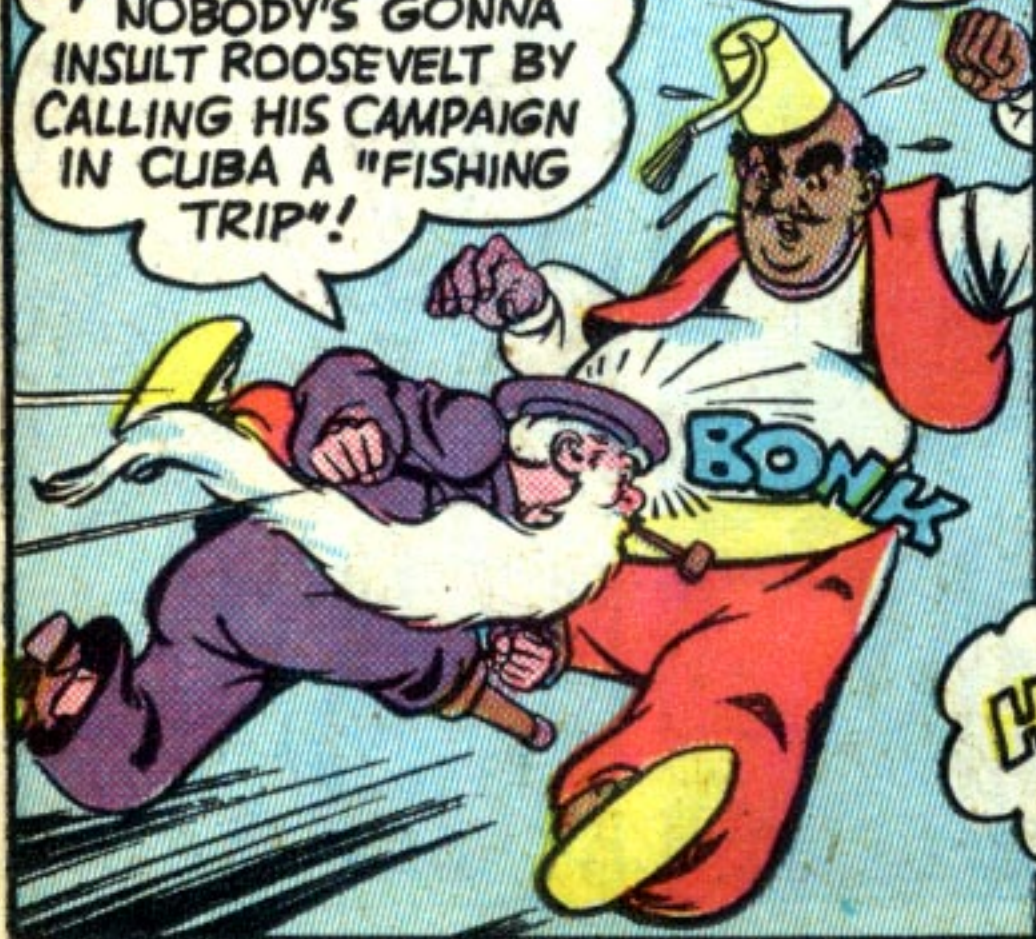
OH...
YEAH?
WHAT ELSE
WAS IT?

THE
TOUGHEST
BATTLE ANY
MAN EVER
FOUGHT!

HOOEY!

HEY, YOU TWO! BREAK
IT UP!

★☆☆☆!
NOBODY'S GONNA
INSULT ROOSEVELT BY
CALLING HIS CAMPAIGN
IN CUBA A "FISHING
TRIP"!



HOOEY!
WHY,
YOU--!

YEAH?





WE'D BETTER FIND SOME WAY TO SETTLE THEIR POLITICAL DIFFERENCES BEFORE THEY BREAK EACH OTHERS' NECKS!

AHEM! PIERPONT LEE COULDA DONE STOPPED 'EM LONG AGO!... BUT IT'S FUNNY AS ANYTHIN' TO HEAR 'EM ARGUE!



WHAT?? HOW?..

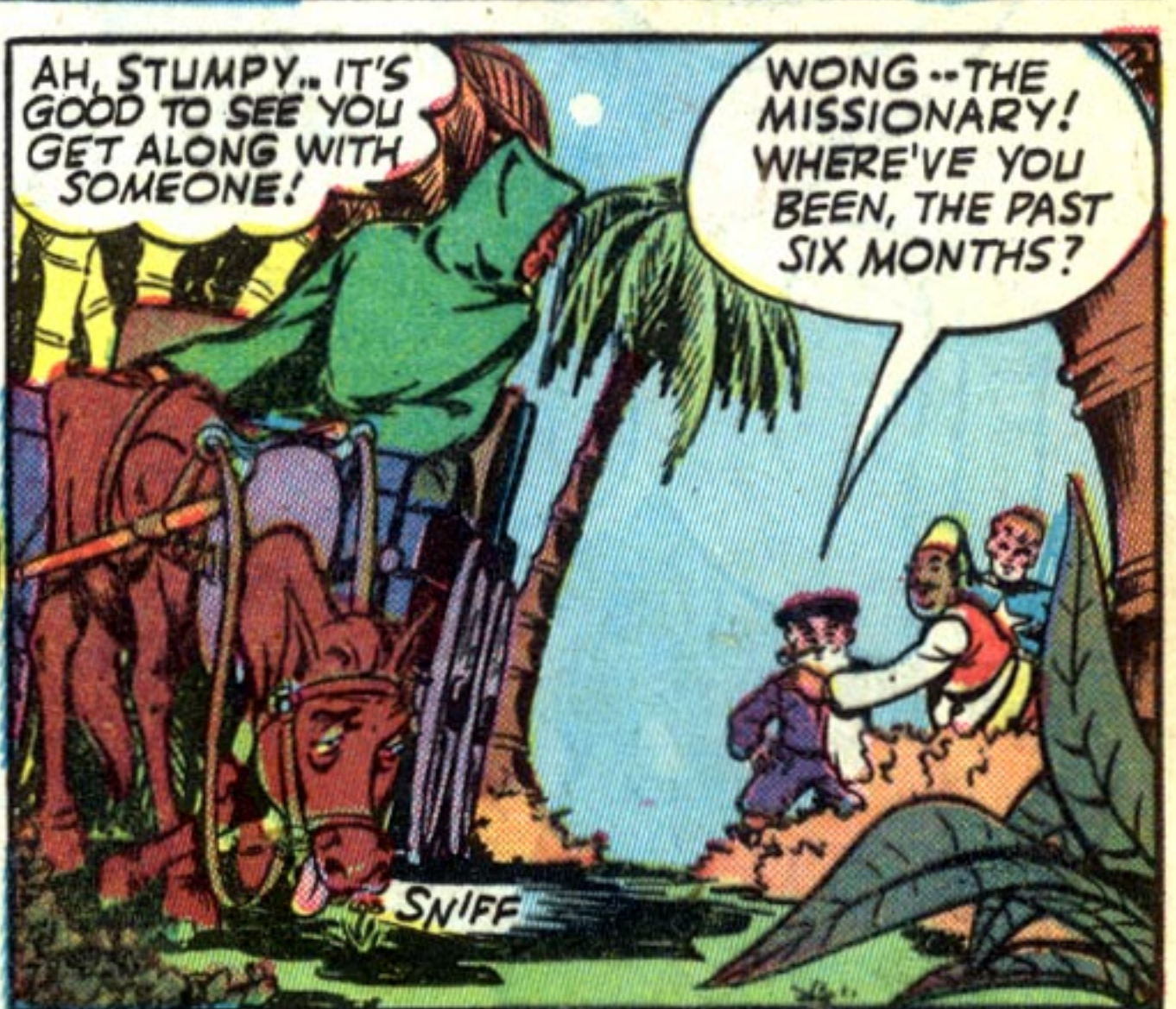
WELL...

MISTAH ALABABA IS DONE TALKIN' 'BOUT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AN' THOMAS E. DEWEY AN' MISTAH STUMPY MEANS "TEDDY" ROOSEVELT AN' ADMIRAL DEWEY WHO TOOK MANILA!



WAL, BUST MY MAIN MAST... I FERGOT ALL 'BOUT TH' PAST FORTY YEARS I'VE BEEN HERE!

ALLOW ME TO APOLOGIZE, MY BOSOM FRIEND!..... MY LITTLE CHUM... MY FELLOW REPUBLICAN!



AH, STUMPY.. IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU GET ALONG WITH SOMEONE!

WONG--THE MISSIONARY! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, THE PAST SIX MONTHS?



LONG TIME NO SEE! WONG BEEN VERY ILL WITH FEVER!

I WAS GONNA SAY THAT YOU SURE CHANGED, A LOT! YOU DONT LOOK THE SAME AS YOU USED TO!

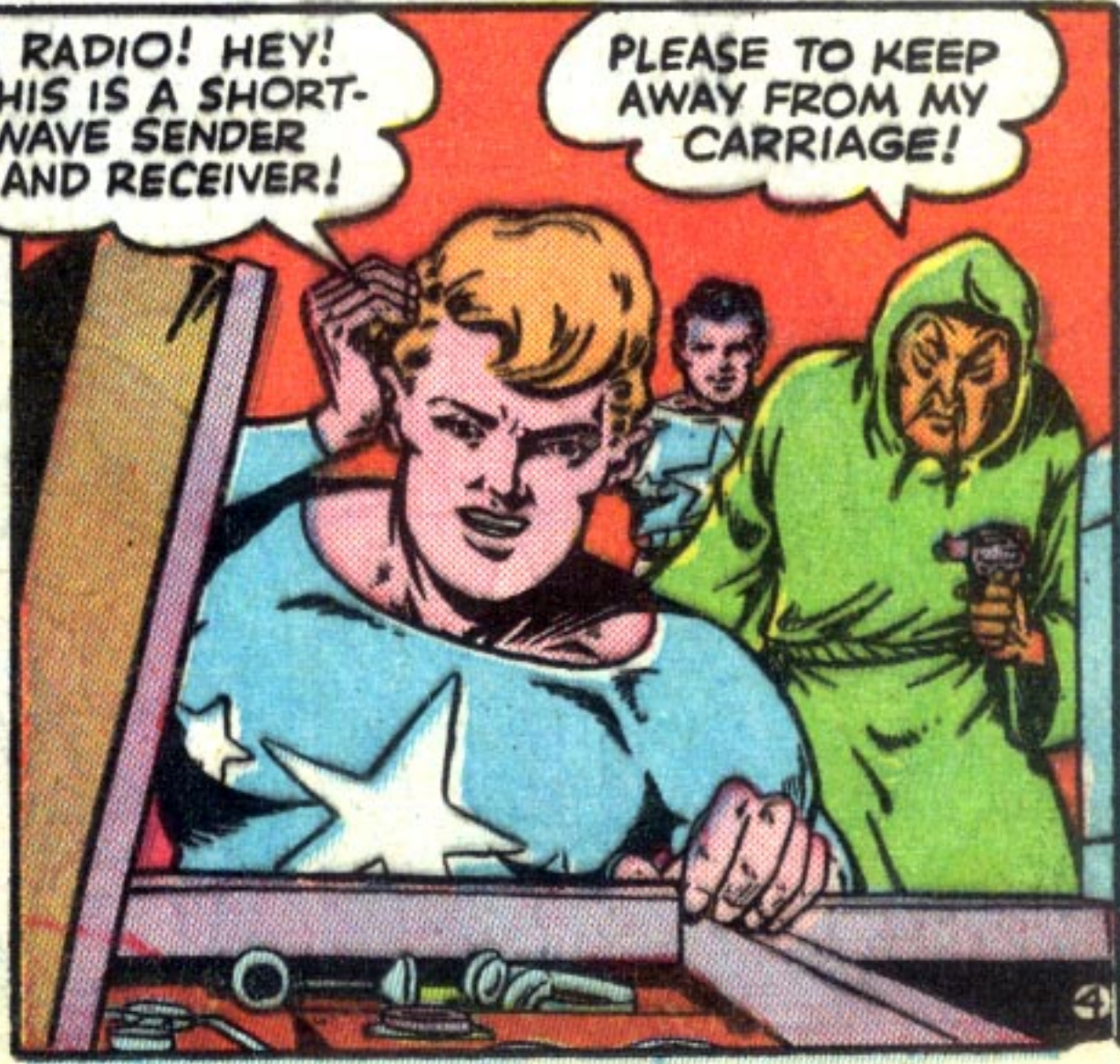
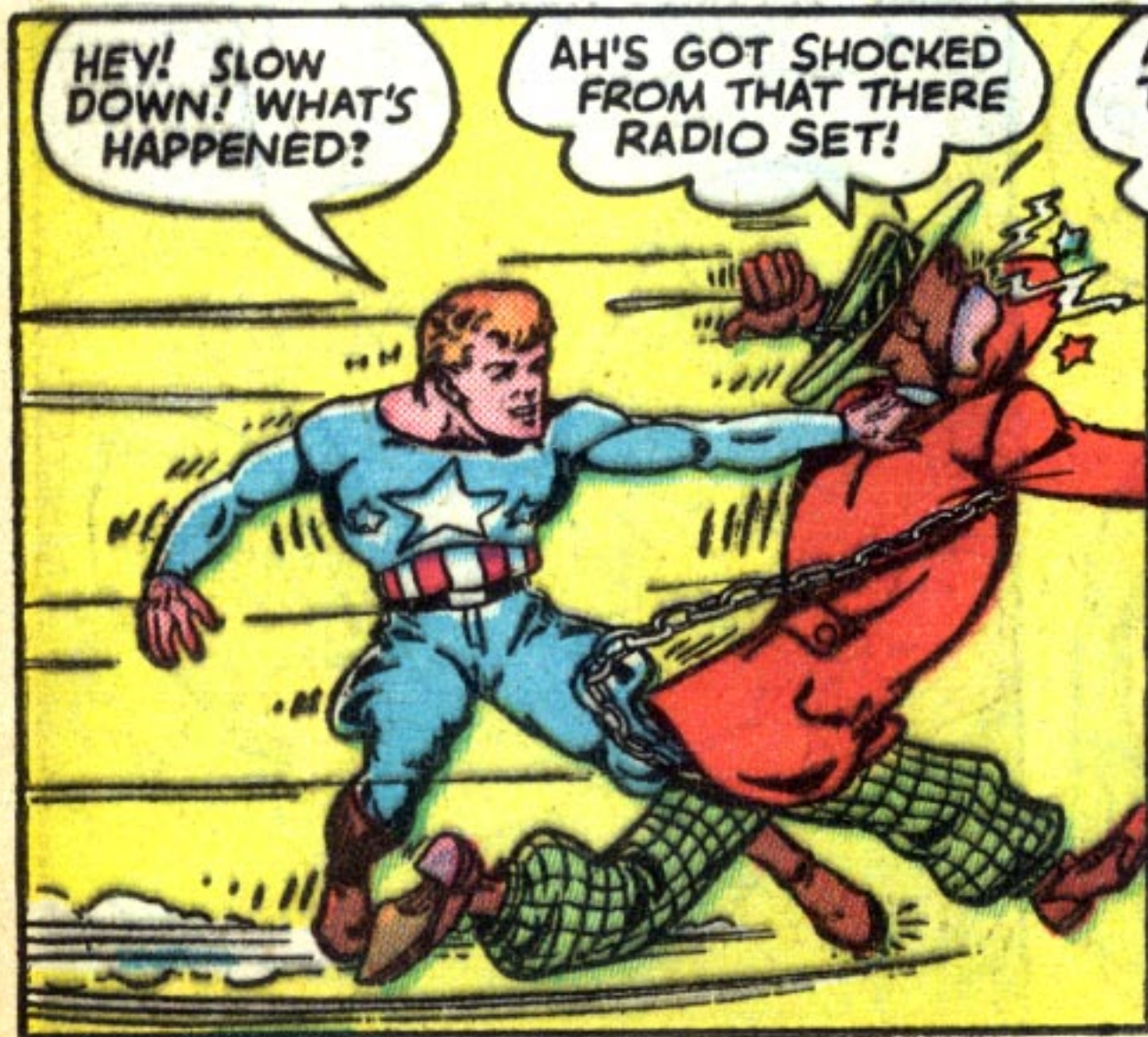
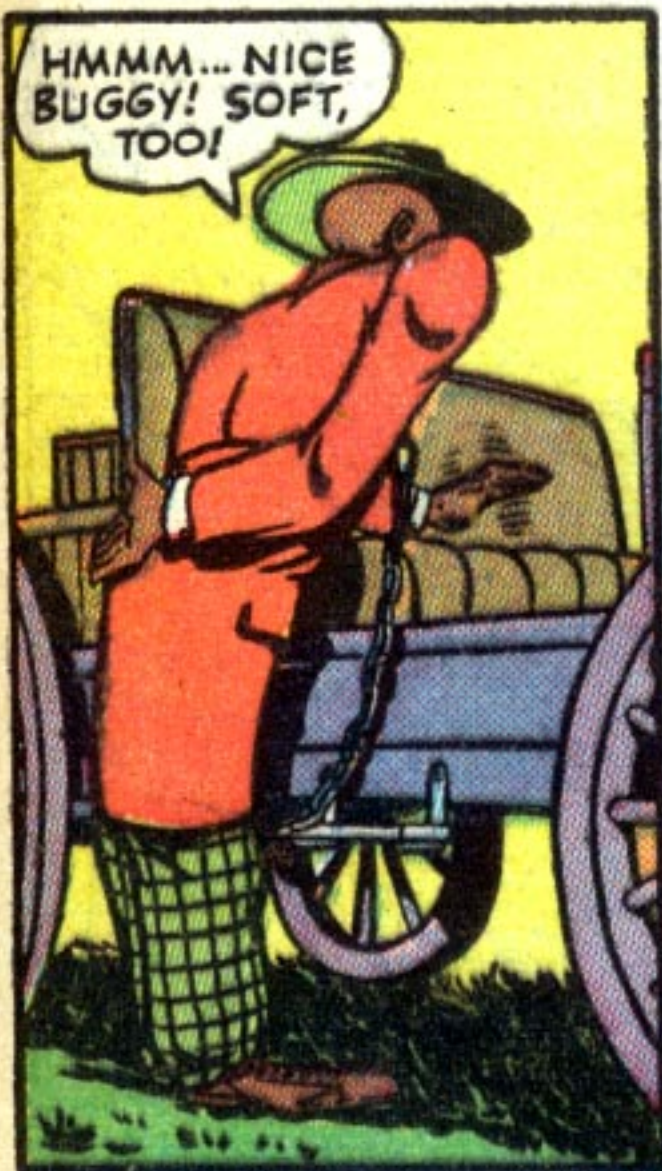
C'MON IN TH' GALLEY FER SOME GRUB AN' I'LL INTERDUCE YOU TO THESE BOYS!

HMM! A HOSS AN' BUGGY!



HELLO, HOSS!

A NUT!





WAL -- CALL ME "MOBY DICK"!! A PRIEST WITH A GUN!

AND A GERMAN "LUGER," AT THAT! THE FIRST CHINESE I'VE SEEN USING ONE!

OH...ER... SO SORRY... WONG IS MOST NERVOUS THESE DAYS WITH INVADERS ON ISLAND! GUN IS ONE I HAVE FOUND! PLEASE, I MUST SIT DOWN AND REST!



I KNOW, WONG! FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A JAP!

SO DID I!



PSSST-- RUSTY! HOW DO YOU KNOW HE ISN'T?

COME TO THINK OF IT, WE DON'T! WHEN YOU GET DOWN TO IT, IF HE'S A JAP DRESSED AS A CHINESE MISSIONARY, HE COULD GO MOST ANYWHERE WITHOUT BEING STOPPED!

YOU SAID IT! WAIT A MINUTE! --I THINK I CAN FIND OUT WHETHER HE'S A JAP OR A CHINESE!



SAY, MISTER WONG ... ER ... MY FRIEND AND I HAVE DISAGREED ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF A WORD FOR A LONG TIME --AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US OUT!

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE "LALAPALUZA"?



UH... ER...ER... VERRY SORRY... BUT I ... ER... HAVE NOT HEARD OF THE WORD BEFORE!

WELL ... JUST SAY IT THE WAY YOU THINK IT MIGHT BE SAID!

"RA..." IT-- IT IS A MOST ODD WORD TO SAY! ... "RARAPARUZA!" -- THERE!



THANKS! THAT'S JUST WHAT I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY!

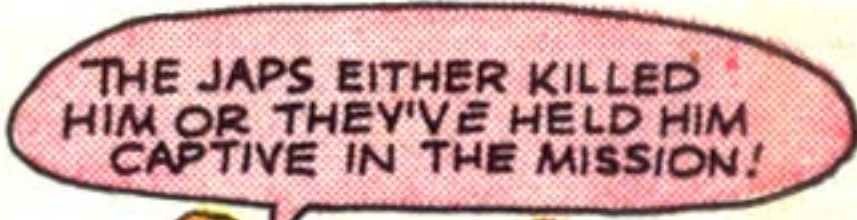


YOU ARE MOST CLEVER, YOUNG MAN!

CLEVER ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT A JAP PRONOUNCES AN "L" AS AN "R"-- WHILE A CHINESE PRONOUNCES AN "R" AS AN "L"!



A JAP!! B-BUT WHERE'S WONG?



THE JAPS EITHER KILLED HIM OR THEY'VE HELD HIM CAPTIVE IN THE MISSION!



I THINK I GET IT! THAT MISSION IS ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND FROM IT YOU CAN SEE ALL AROUND FOR A HUNDRED MILES! THAT'S PROBABLY WHERE THE JAPS ON THIS ISLAND ARE WORKING FROM!

WHY THE ☆#*!!...THEY AIN'T EVEN GOT RESPECT FER A CHURCH! TIE THIS GUY UP WHILE I HAIL ME CREW ON DECK! WE'LL FIX THESE ◎☆# 'S!!



WHAT'LL WE TIE HIM UP WITH?

NOTHING! WE'LL TIE HIM UP WITH HIMSELF!

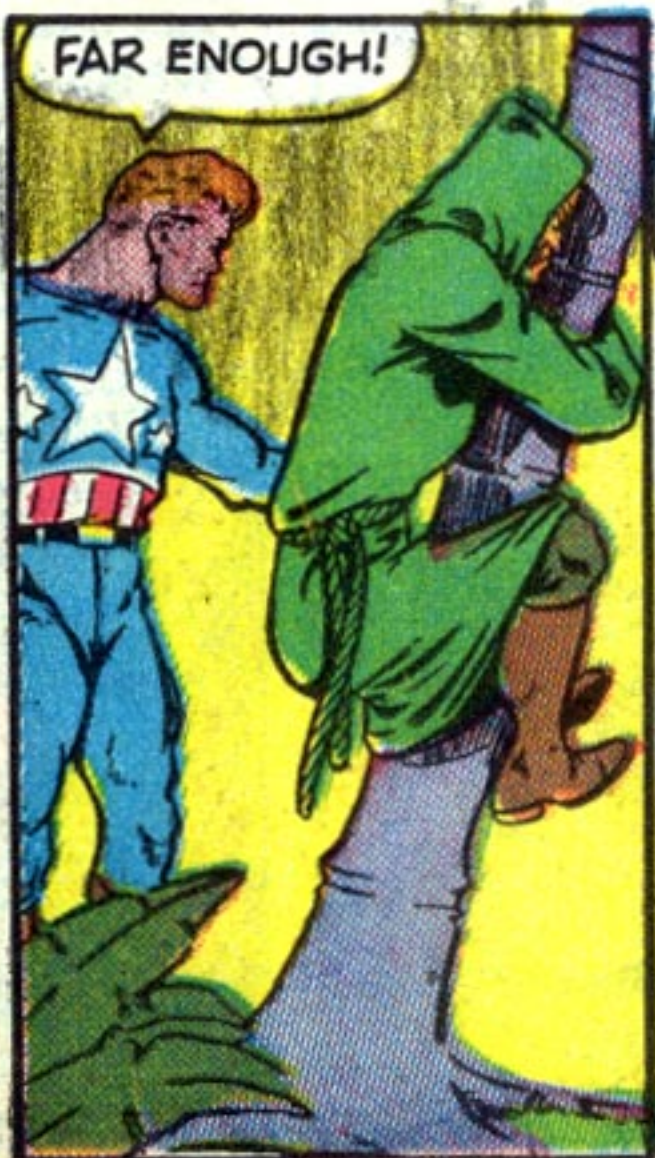
HERE IT IS!

COMMANDO TRICK No. 4...



C'MON, WEASEL-PUSS! START CLIMBING THIS TREE!

先果死! THEY WILL PAY FOR THIS! 果死!



FAR ENOUGH!

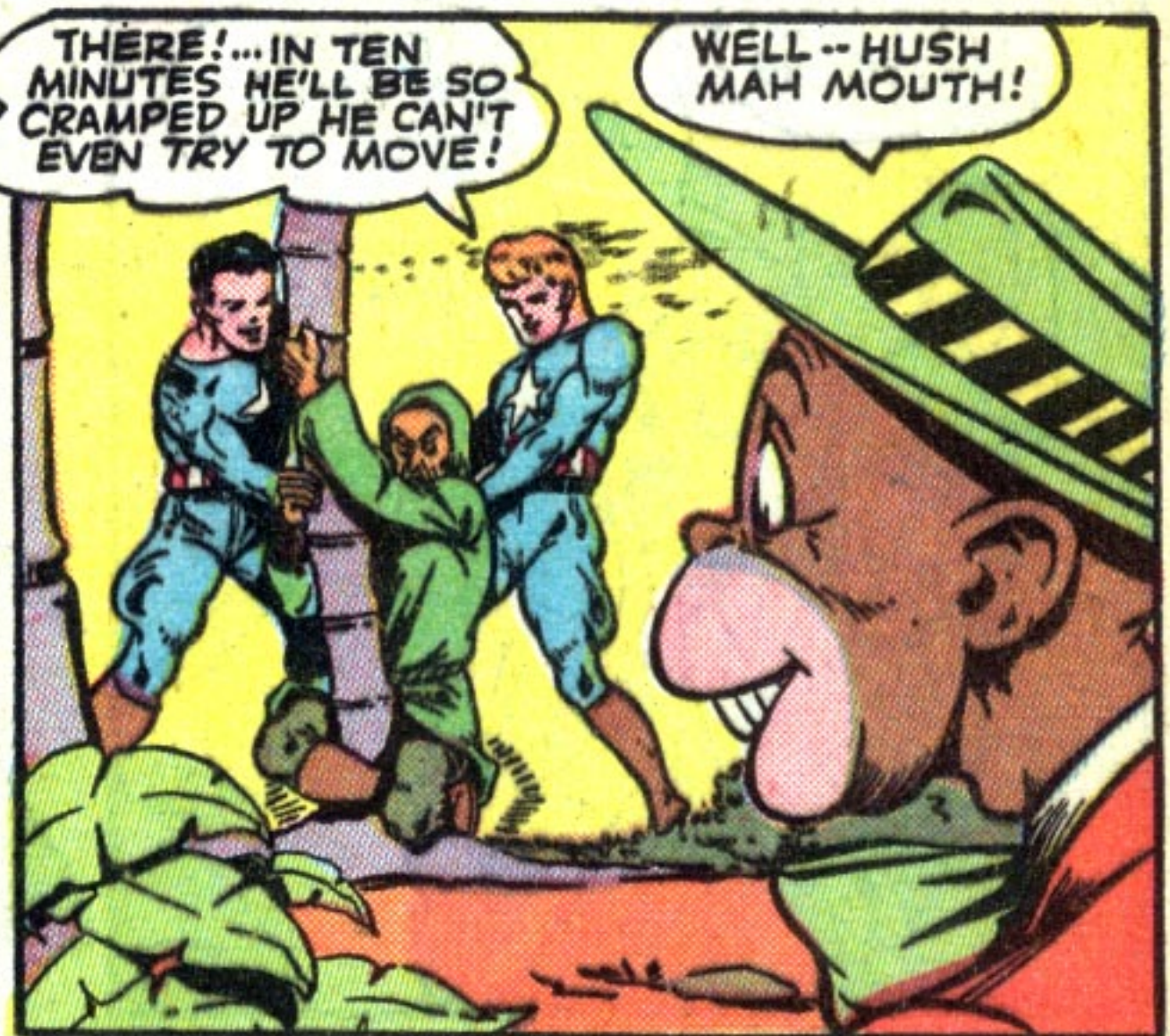


I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK HE'LL STAY THERE BY HIMSELF!

WHEN I'M THROUGH, HE WILL! THERE... YOUR RIGHT FOOT IS HOOKED BEHIND YOUR LEFT KNEE!



NOW, HOOK HIS RIGHT FOOT AROUND THE TREE AND PUSH HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND!



THERE!...IN TEN MINUTES HE'LL BE SO CRAMPED UP HE CAN'T EVEN TRY TO MOVE!

WELL -- HUSH MAH MOUTH!



C'MON, GANG! WE'LL PICK UP "STUMPY" AND HIS HEAD-HUNTERS... AND FIND OUT WHAT'S COOKING AT THE MISSION!



THOSE INFIDEL FOOLS! THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT I HAVE TURNED THE MISSION INTO A FORTRESS! HAH! THEY WILL BE SHOT DOWN LIKE RATS AS SOON AS THE APPROACH!



AND SO IT SEEMS, BUT...

WOW! THAT PLACE IS ALIVE WITH JAPS! IT'S A GOOD THING THAT I WENT OUT TO LOOK AROUND ALONE INSTEAD OF TAKING THE WHOLE GANG!

YOU SAID IT! -- WE'D HAVE BEEN MOWED DOWN IN A SPLIT SECOND!



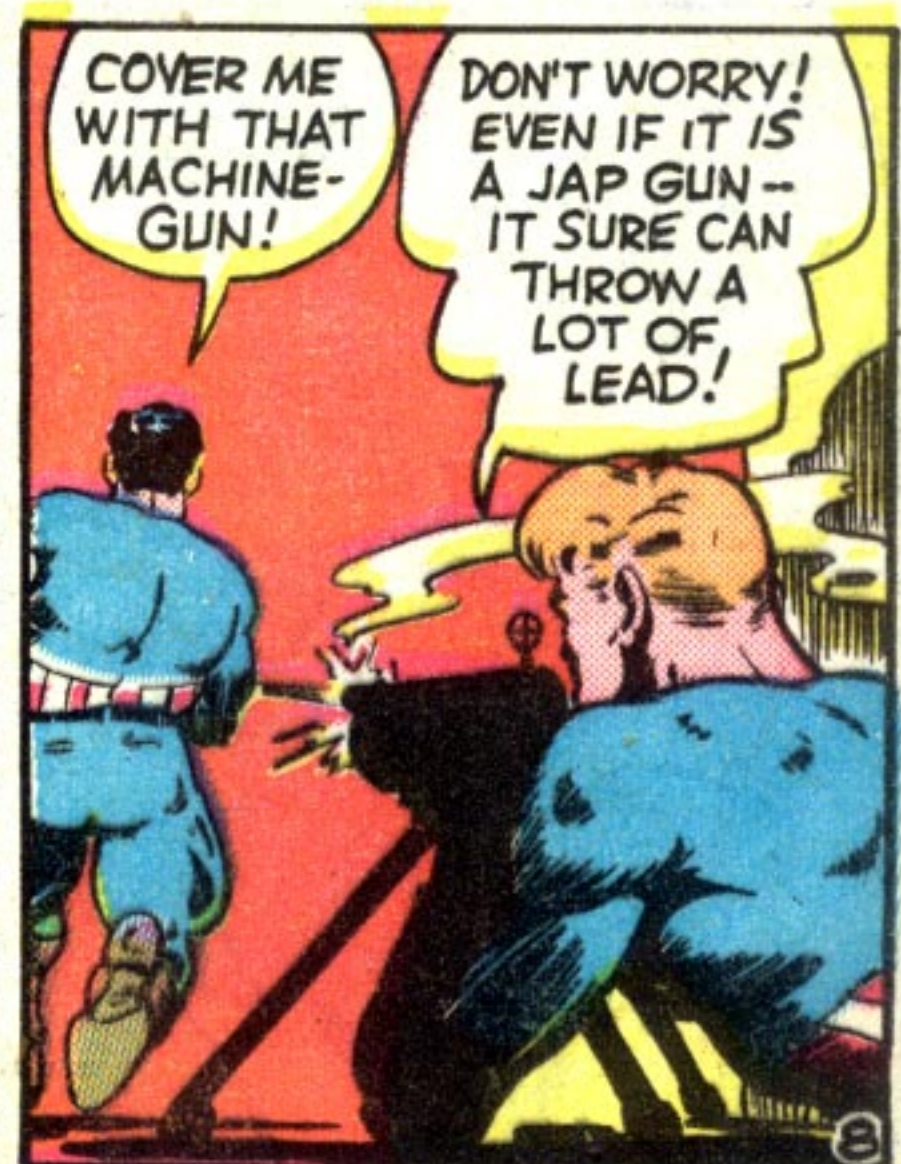
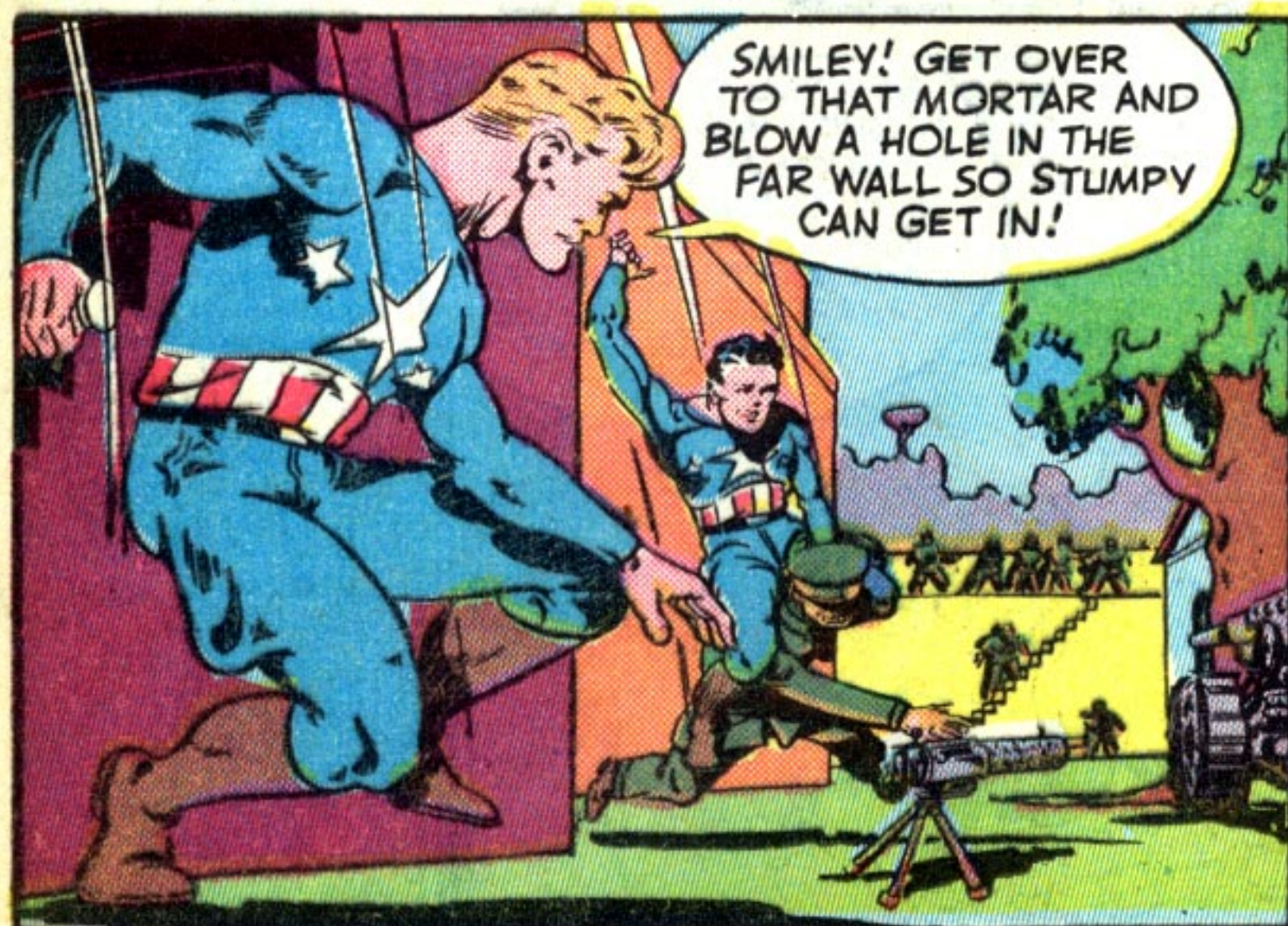
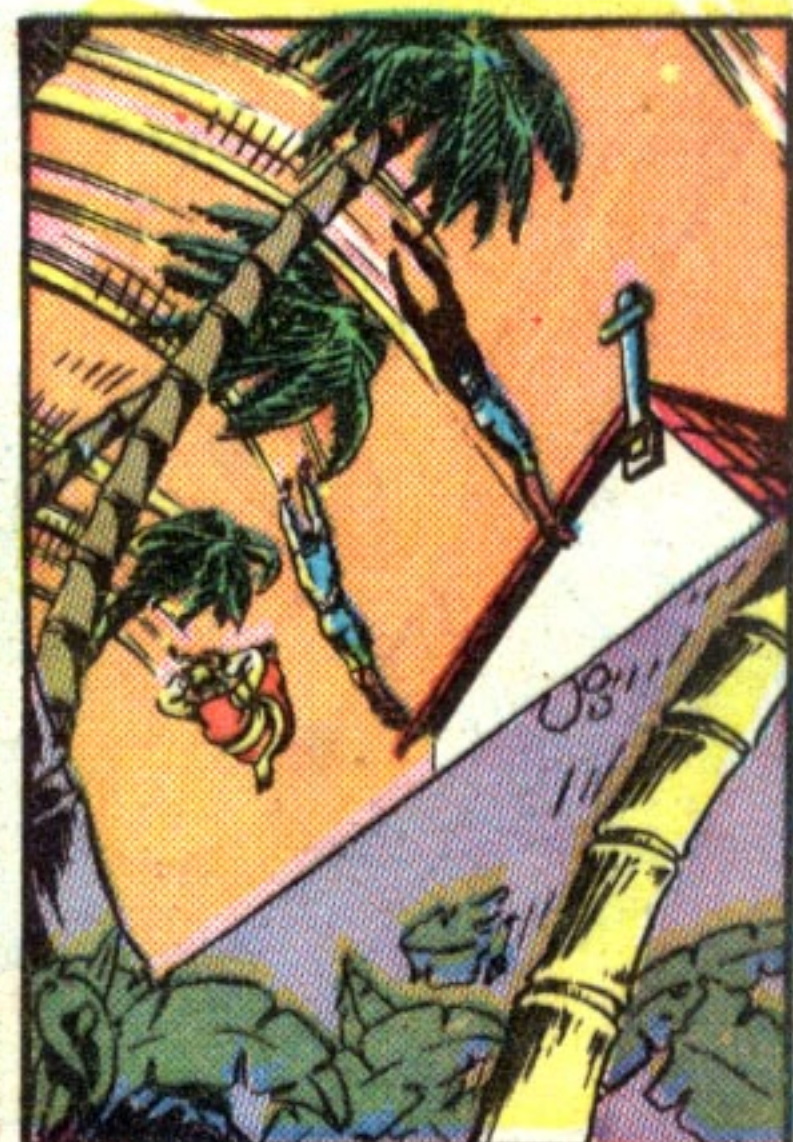
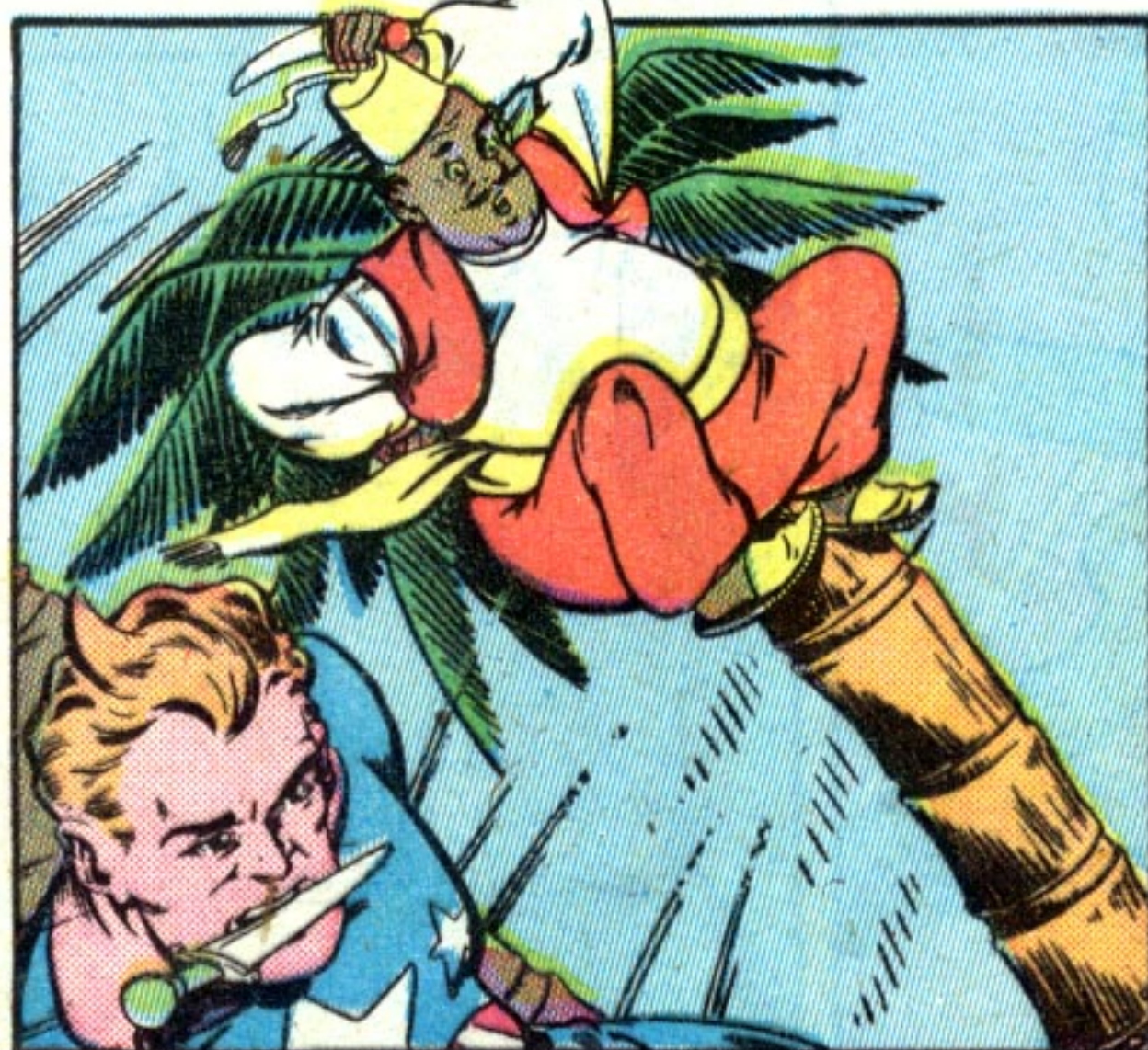
WELL, RUNNING THE JAPS OUT OF THE MISSION WAS A GOOD IDEA, ANYWAY!

MAN! WE'D ALL NEED TANKS TO CRASH THAT PLACE! AN' WE AIN'T EVEN GOT A GUN!



WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! STUMPY... THINK YOUR MEN CAN BEND EIGHT OF THESE TREES OVER SO THE TOPS TOUCH THE GROUND?

SURE! AHoy, LADS! GIVE A HAND! THIS WAY --





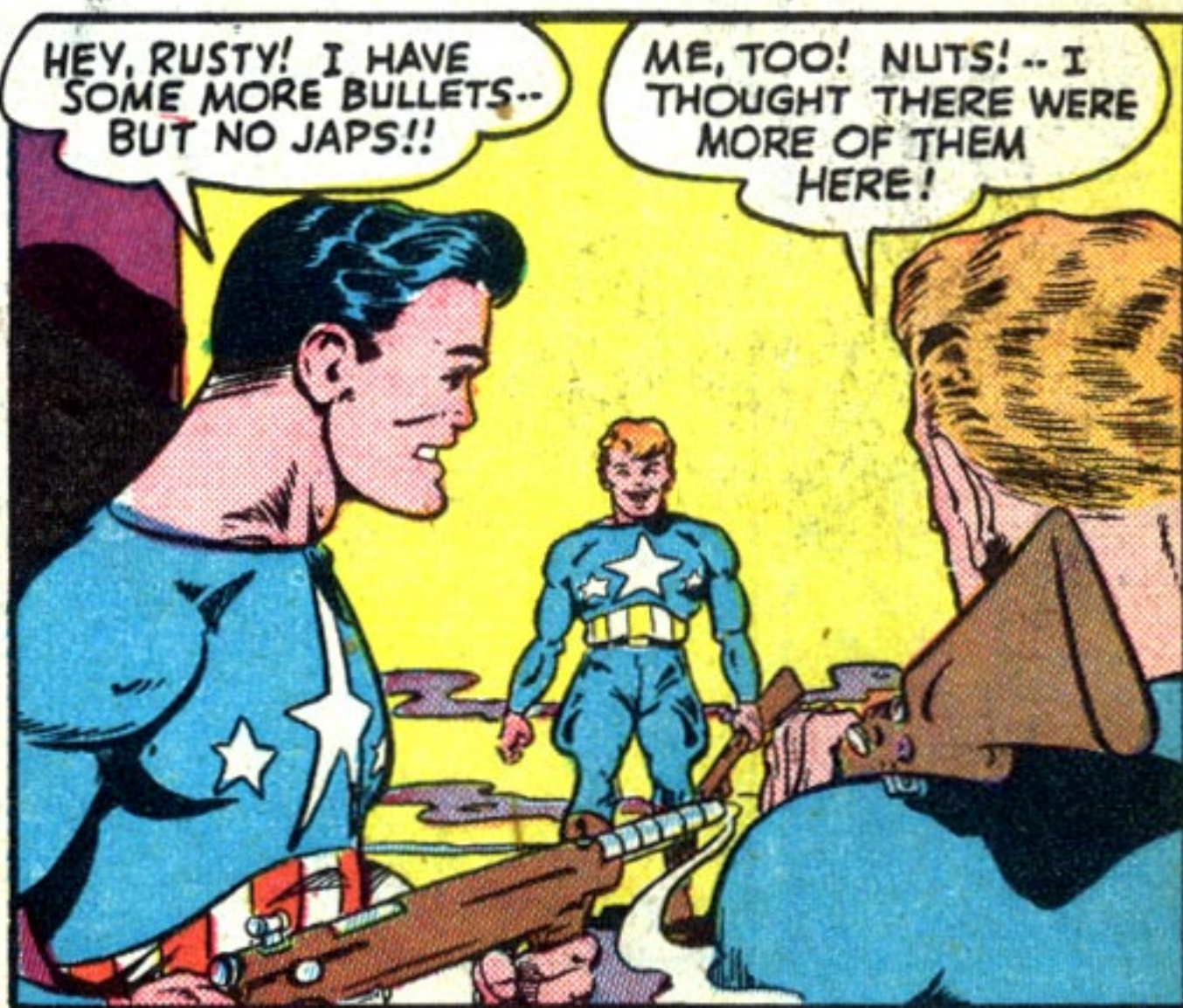
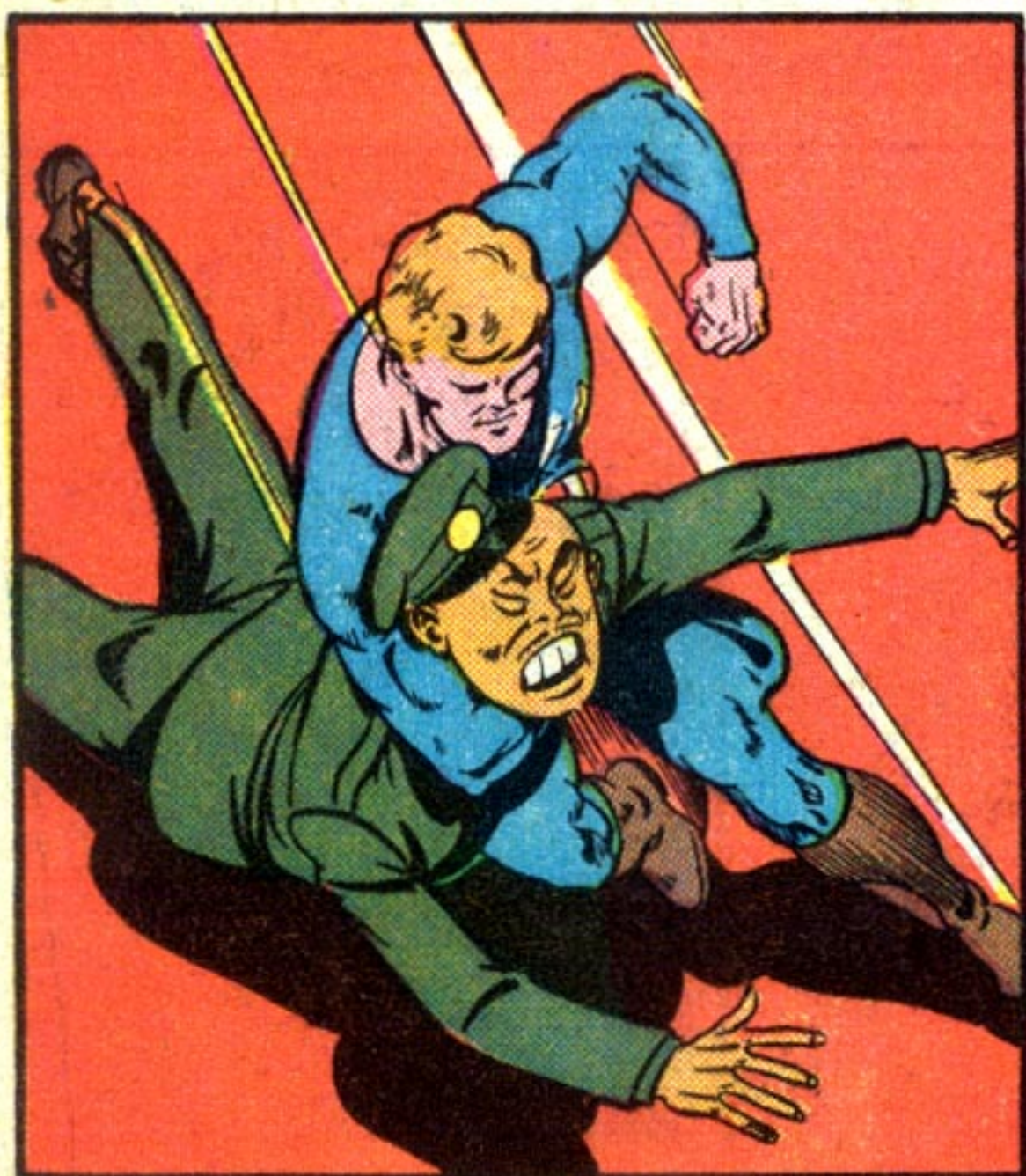
AHOY! THE LADS
ARE IN! OVER THE
SIDE WITH YOU!



GET CHINESE MISSIONARY!
--WILL USE HIM
FOR HOSTAGE!



OH-OH! THIS GUY WONG
MUST STILL BE ALIVE!
--OVER MY DEAD BODY
YOU WILL!



HEY, RUSTY! I HAVE
SOME MORE BULLETS--
BUT NO JAPS!!

ME, TOO! NUTS! -- I
THOUGHT THERE WERE
MORE OF THEM
HERE!



YOU #@!%@*!
YOU DIDN'T EVEN
GIVE A FIGHTING
MAN A LICK AT
THESE BLOODY
SWINE!

MY DEAR
STUMPY ... IF
YOU EXPECT TO
TAG ALONG WITH
COMMANDOS
LIKE US ... YOU
EITHER MOVE
FAST OR GET
LEFT BEHIND!



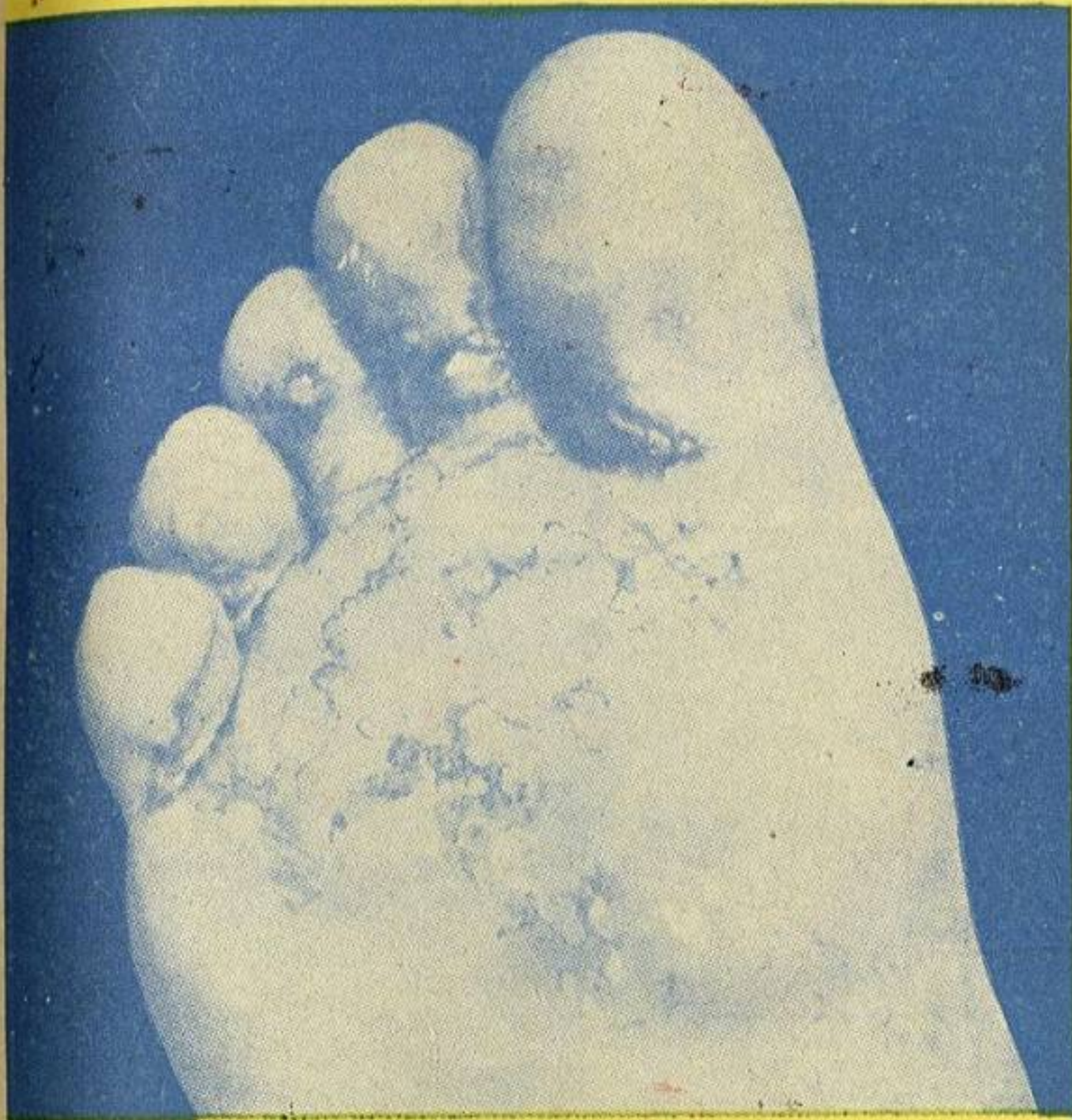
WHY ...
YOU---!

HEY, YOU TWO! CUT
IT OUT! WE ALL DID
AS MUCH AS EACH OTHER!
NOW, C'MON! WE'VE STILL
GOT TO FREE WONG
AND SEE THAT NO MORE
JAPS DECIDE TO USE
THIS MISSION AS
A FORT!

NEXT
MONTH ...
Another
**RUSTY
RYAN**
ADVENTURE
!!!!
WITH HIS
COLLECTION
OF
WACKY
FRIENDS!

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED**

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
865 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

QCC

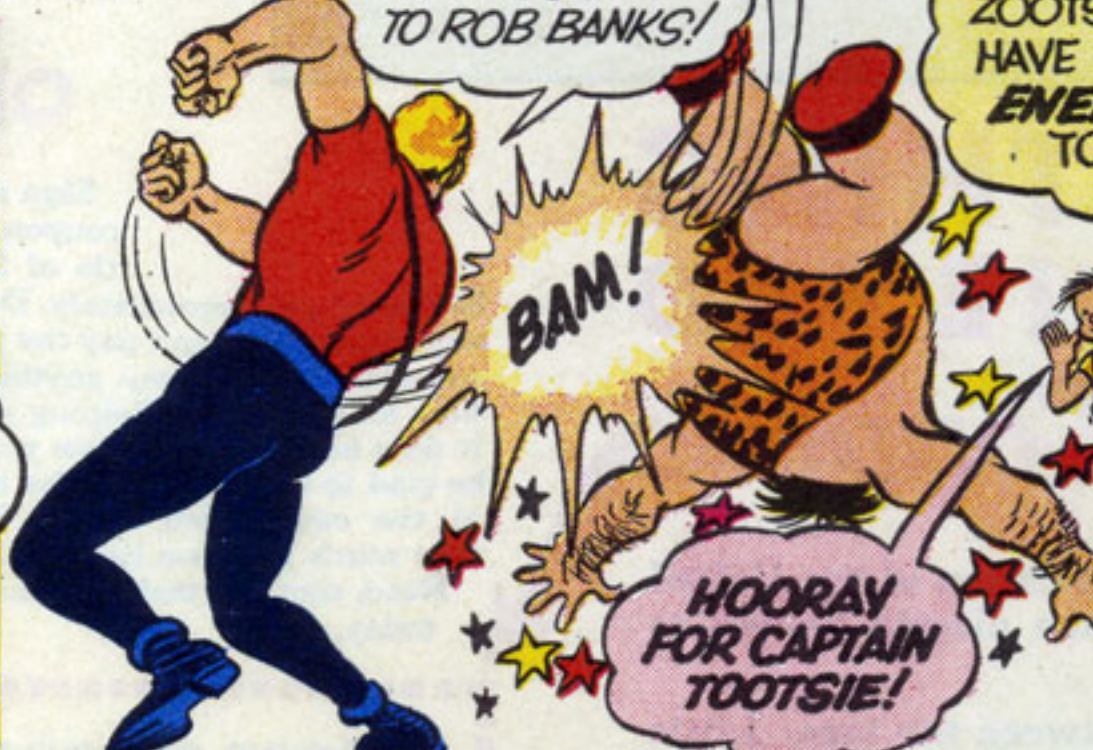
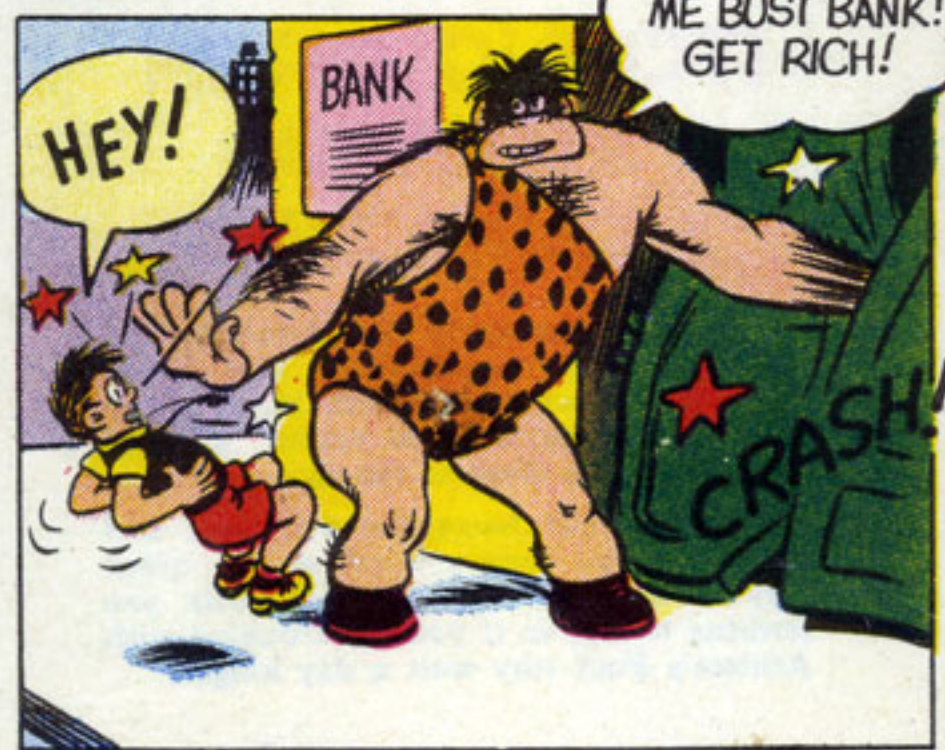
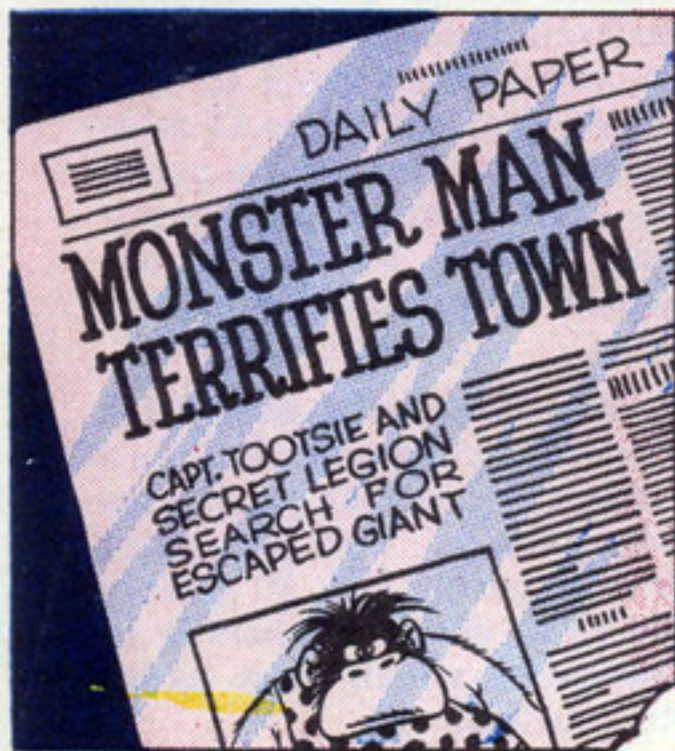
Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Captain **TOOTSIE** MONSTER MAN!



WHAT FUN!
GET THIS GENUINE
FOX TAIL
for only **10¢**
IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

For Playing Explorer!

FOR YOUR BIKE!
To Hang in Your Room!
For Playing Russian Soldier!

NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine fox tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! How your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike—hang it in your room—use it for playing explorer or soldier! Hurry! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Department Q1, Hoboken, New Jersey

Yes, I read your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine Fox Tail to me postage paid by fast mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

TOOTSIE ROLLS